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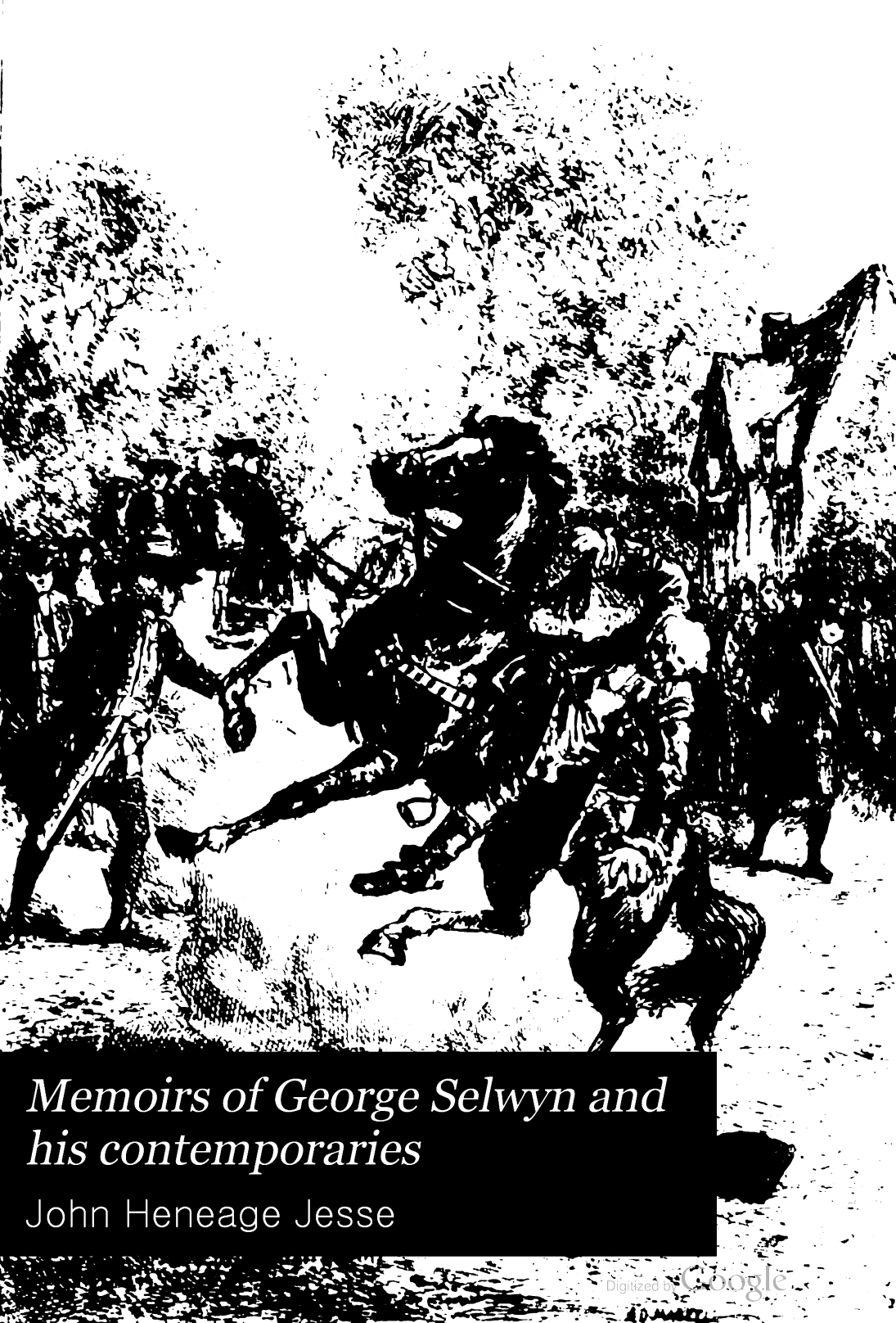

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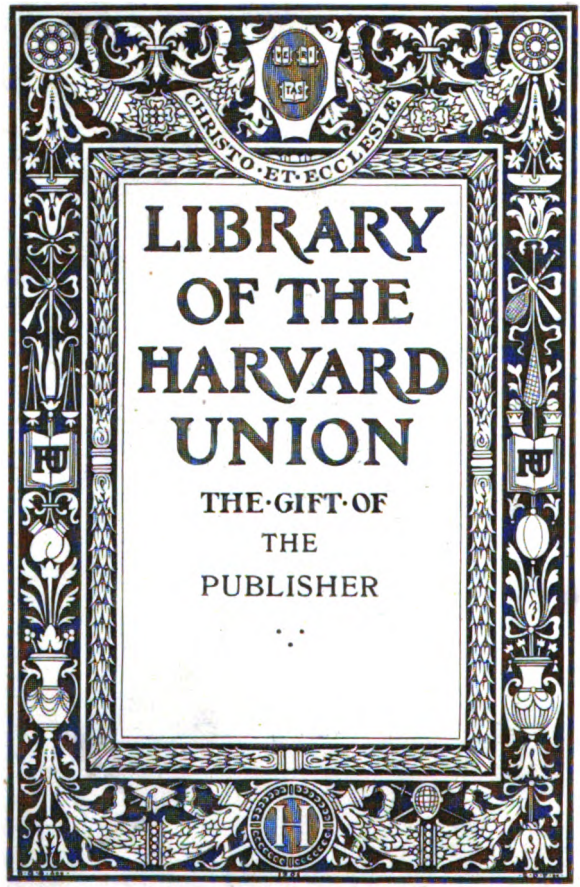


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*"Lord Talbot's horse reared up."*

Original etching by Adrian Marcel.

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# GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

## THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE, youngest son of the celebrated minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was born on the 5th of October, 1717. He was educated at Eton (where he was the contemporary of Gray, the poet, and apparently of George Selwyn), and afterward at King's College, Cambridge. Neither his "incomparable letters," nor the history of his life, which comprises the mere tame annals of one who united a love of pleasure and of society with a taste for literary pursuits, require any lengthened comments in the present work. Lord Byron observes, in his preface to "Marino Faliero:" "It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman; and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of the 'Castle of Otranto,' he is the *ultimus Romanorum;* the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the



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highest order, and not a feeling love-play; he is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may." In 1791 Horace Walpole, then in his seventy-fifth year, succeeded his nephew as fourth Earl of Orford. "The accession of this latter dignity," says Lord Dover, "seems rather to have annoyed him than otherwise. He never took his seat in the House of Lords, and his unwillingness to adopt his title was shown in his endeavours to avoid making use of it in his signature." He seldom, if ever, signed himself "Orford." There was in this, perhaps, a tinge of that affectation with which his friend Gilly Williams occasionally amuses himself in the course of the present correspondence, and which, in fact, tinged almost every action of Walpole's life. A modern writer observes of him, that "affectation was the essence of the man," and Bishop Warburton styles him an "insufferable coxcomb." Nothing, indeed, but that coxcombry, which, in fact, he carried to the verge of the grave, could have induced him to sign himself so significantly in his social letters, "The Uncle of the late Earl of Orford." These, however, are but trifling failings, and ought to detract but little from his many good qualities, and from the debt of gratitude which we owe to him as the most charming writer, apart from works of imagination, of any in our language. We learn from

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the graceful pen of Miss Berry, — the last known, but the best beloved of any of Lord Orford's friends, — that to the close of his long life, his "conversation was as singularly brilliant as it was original." The same pen has elsewhere given us a melancholy and more particular sketch of Lord Orford's closing days, the decline of a protracted career of brilliancy, literature, and wit. "The gout," says Miss Berry, "the attacks of which were every day becoming more frequent and longer, made those with whom Lord Orford had been living at Strawberry Hill very anxious that he should remove to Berkeley Square, to be nearer assistance, in case of any sudden seizure. As his correspondents, soon after his removal, were likewise established in London, no more letters passed between them. When not immediately suffering from pain, his mind was tranquil and cheerful. He was still capable of being amused, and of taking some part in conversation; but, during the last weeks of his life, when fever was superadded to his other ills, his mind became subject to the cruel hallucination of supposing himself neglected and abandoned by the only persons to whom his memory clung, and whom he always desired to see. In vain they recalled to his recollection how recently they had left him, and how short had been their absence; it satisfied him for the moment, but the same idea recurred as soon as he had lost sight of them. At last, nature sinking under the exhaustion of weak-

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ness obliterated all ideas but those of mere existence." Lord Orford died, without a struggle, on the 2d of March, 1797, at his house in Berkeley Square, in the eightieth year of his age. His remains were interred at Houghton, in Norfolk, the burial-place of his family.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, December 2, 1765.

DEAR GEORGE: — In return for your kind line by Mr. Beauclerk I send you a whole letter, but I was in your debt before, for making over Madame du Deffand to me, who is delicious; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back; but she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the regent.[1] I might go to her much oftener, but my curiosity to see everybody and everything is insatiable, especially having lost so much time by my confinement. I have been very ill a long time, and mending much longer, for every two days undo the ground I get. The fog and damps which, with your leave, are greater and more frequent than in England, kill me. However, it is the country in the world to be sick and grow old in. The first step toward being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth. Young people I conclude there

[1] Madame du Deffand had been the mistress of the famous regent, Duke of Orleans.

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are, but where they exist I don't guess; not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue. If I could but run about all the morning, I should be content to limp into good company in the evening. They humour me and fondle me so, and are so good-natured, and make me keep my armed chair, and rise for nobody, and hand out nobody, and don't stare at one's being a skeleton, that I grow to like them exceedingly, and to be pleased with living here, which was far from the case at first; but then there was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in heaven, though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred!

Your old flame, the queen, was exceedingly kind to me at my presentation. She has been ever since at Fontainebleau, watching her son, whose death is expected every day, though it is as much the fashion not to own it, as if he was of the immortal house of Brunswick.[1] Madame Geoffrin[2] is extremely what I had figured her, only

[1] The Dauphin Louis died at Fontainebleau, after a long illness, on the 20th of this month, at the age of thirty-six.

[2] Walpole writes to Gray the poet, on the 25th January, 1766: "Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense that I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness — seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship, and by a freedom and severity

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with less wit and more sense than I expected. The Duchess d'Aiguillon is delightful, frank, and jolly, and handsome and good-humoured, with dignity too. There is another set in which I live much, and to my taste, but very different from all I have named, Madame de Rochfort, and the set at the Luxembourg. My newest acquaintance is Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much taken, though his countenance and person are so like the late Lord Hardwicke. From the little I have seen of him, we have reason, I believe, to thank Madame de Pompadour for his disgrace.[1] At the Marquis de Brancas's I dined with the Duc de Brissac, in his red stockings; in short, I think my winter will be very well amused, whether Mr. Garrick and Mr. Pitt act or not.

Pray tell Lord Holland that I have sent him the few new things that I thought would enter-

which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents." Gibbon also writes to his father, on the 24th of February, 1763: "Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one: her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company in Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion." Lady Hervey (the celebrated Mary Lepel) was the means of introducing both Gibbon and Walpole to Madame Geoffrin.

[1] Maurepas had been minister of marine, and is now known to have been disgraced by means of Madame de Pompadour. On the death of Louis the Fifteenth he was summoned to assist in forming the new administration.

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tain him for a moment, though none of them have much merit. I would have written to him, had I had anything to tell him, which, you perceive by what I have said, I had not. The affair of the Parliament of Bretagne, and the intended trial of the famous Mons. de Chalolais, by commission, against which the Parliament of Paris strongly inveighs, is the great subject in agitation; but I know little of the matter, and was too sick of our own Parliaments to interest myself about these. The Hôtel de Carnavalet [1] sends its blessings to you. I never pass it without saying an Ave Maria de Rabutin Chantal, gratiâ plenâ! The Abbé de Malherbe has given orders that I should see Livry whenever I please. Pray tell me which convent was that of nos Sœurs de Sainte Marie, where our friend [2] used to go on

[1] The residence of Madame de Sévigné in Paris. Walpole's admiration of Madame de Sévigné's letters seems to have been exceeded only by that of Selwyn. The former writes to Lady Hervey, on the 3d October, 1765: "Madame Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet was; and I stopped on purpose to say an Ave Maria before it. It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto* raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her honoured half enough in her own country."

[2] Madame de Sévigné. It is needless to say that Madame de Grignan was the daughter to whom her charming letters are addressed. Livry, situated in the Forêt de Bondi, about three leagues from Paris, was frequently the residence of Madame de Sévigné, and the place whence several of her letters were addressed. Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, speaks with

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the evening that Madame de Grignan set out for Provence?

My best compliments to Mr. Williams; has Lord Rockingham done anything for him yet? or has the Duke of Newcastle his old power of dispensing with promises? I sent my Lady Townshend, as long ago as by Lady Hertford, two silver knives which she desired, but cannot hear by any way that she received them. I could ask twenty other questions, but some I had better not ask, and the rest I should not care whether they were answered or not. We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph does not desire to know them. I live with none of them but Crawford and Lord Ossory, the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England. I recommend him to Mr. Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew.

I beg your pardon, my dear sir, for this idle letter; yet don't let it lie in your work-basket. When you have a quarter of an hour, awake,[1] and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bons mots* here to send you, and I cannot hope that you will send me your own.

the greatest enthusiasm of a visit which he subsequently paid to Livry.

[1] Numerous allusions will be found in these letters, of Selwyn's habit of dozing in company, and even when risking large sums at play.

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Next to them, I should like Charles Townshend's, but I don't desire Betty's.[1]

I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's, but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and savants, of which he has a pigeon-house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers. Were ever two men so like in their persons, or so unlike in their dispositions as Doctor Gem and Brand? Almost the first time I ever saw Gem, he said to me, "Sir, I am serious, I am of a very serious turn." Yes, truly! Say a great deal for me to Lord March, and to the Rena's dog's *touffe ébourifée*. The old president[2]

[1] The mistress of a fruit-shop in St. James's Street, one of the lounging-places of the men of fashion of the day.

[2] Charles John Francis, better known as the President Hénault, was the author of several dramatic works, but was principally famous for his excellent dinners, and his work, the "Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France." Voltaire addresses him:

> "Hénault, fameux par vos soupers,
> Et votre Chronologie," etc.

Hénault was the intimate friend of Madame du Deffand, and his table was the resort of all the men of wit and talent of the French capital. He died in 1770.

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would send his compliments to you, if he remembered you or anything else.

When we three meet again at Strawberry, I think I shall be able at least to divert Mr. Williams; but till then you must keep my counsel. Madame du Deffand says I have *le fou mocqueur*, and I have not hurt myself a little by laughing at whisk and Richardson,[1] though I have steered clear of the chapter of Mr. Hume;[2] the only Trin-

[1] "High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's History, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: 'On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarisse, ni même approchant.'" Diderot says of Richardson: "I never yet met with a person who shared my enthusiasm, that I was not tempted to embrace him, and to press him in my arms." Such was the extraordinary sensation created by the dreary romances of Richardson in France, which, to use the words of Mr. D'Israeli, can be accounted for only by the presumption that "to a Frenchman the style of Richardson may not be so objectionable when translated, as to ourselves."

[2] Hume as secretary of the embassy under the Earl of Hertford, and afterward as chargé d'affaires at Paris, had rendered himself personally no less popular in France than Richardson

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ity now in fashion here. *À propos*, I see by the papers that the Bishop of London is suppressing mass-houses. When he was Bishop of Peterborough and Parson of Twickenham, he suffered one under his nose. Did the Duchess of Norfork get him translated to London? I should conclude so: and that this was the first opportunity he had of being ungrateful. Adieu, my dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

## THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.[1]

WILLIAM, fourth son of Edward, third son of William, fifth Lord Digby. He was born in 1733, and at this period was Vicar of Coleshill, and chaplain in ordinary to George the Third. He was subsequently (19th August, 1769) made Dean of Worcester, and, in August, 1777, was advanced to the deanery of Durham. He married, imme-

had done by his maudlin sentimentalities. Mason, exclaims in his famous "Heroic Epistle:"

> "Let David Hume, from the remotest north,
> In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
> David, who there supinely deigns to lie,
> The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty;
> Though drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
> David shall bless Old England's halcyon days."

[1] Afterward Dean of Durham.

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diately after the date of this letter, Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Cox, Esq., and, as will be subsequently seen, passed his honeymoon at George Selwyn's seat at Matson. His death took place 19 September, 1788.

*Rev. William Digby to George Selwyn.*

BATH, April 12, 1766.

DEAR SIR: — I should be ungrateful to the Mayor of Gloucester and his worthy deputy, if I did not take the first opportunity of acquainting you of my entertainment at Matson. I lay at Gloucester in my transit, and it being too late to visit an alderman,[1] I wrote him a note as civil as I could frame. He immediately came, and we agreed to breakfast together at Matson. Accordingly we rode to reconnoitre the *terrein*, which would at any time have appeared to me a most agreeable scene; but surveying it with the design I did, it certainly received additional charms, and appeared to me another Arcadia. It is really a sweet retreat, and answered Mr. Marlowe's description exactly. Mrs. Reneaud[2] keeps it clean and elegant in a great degree, and entertained us with a very good breakfast. My gracious queen elect and I purpose being there the beginning of next week, to stay a few days, and are infinitely obliged

[1] Alderman Harris. [2] Selwyn's housekeeper at Matson.

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to you for your civility, and should be very happy to see you there on any other occasion but this.

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

W. DIGBY.

[Selwyn's seat, Matson, in Gloucestershire, so often referred to in the course of the present work, is situated in a delightful spot, on the brow of a hill, about two miles from Gloucester. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Richard Bentley, Esq., dated in September, 1753, thus describes a visit which he paid to Matson in the autumn of that year: "The vale increases in richness to Gloucester. I stayed two days at George Selwyn's house, called Matson, which lies on Robin Hood's Hill; it is lofty enough for an alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top; has woods scattered all over it; springs that long to be cascades in twenty places; and from the summit it beats even Sir George Lyttelton's views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His house is small but neat. King Charles lay here at the siege, and the Duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. Here is a good picture of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in his latter age, which he gave to Sir Francis Walsingham, at whose house in Kent it remained till removed hither; and what makes it very curious is, his age is

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marked on it fifty-four, in 1752. I have never been able to discover before in what year he was born. And here is the very flower-pot, and counterfeit association, for which Bishop Spratt was taken up, and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower.[1] The reservoirs on the hill supply the city. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough by them; and, I believe, by some wine too." The circum-

[1] The true history of this plot and "counterfeit association," as far as the Duke of Marlborough is concerned, has never been clearly brought to light, which is the more to be regretted, because the duke's subsequent unquestionable intrigues in favour of the exiled family would lead us to presume that the plot was not altogether the bugbear which it has usually been represented. By the Duchess of Marlborough, in her "Memoirs," the existence of the plot is treated with unequivocal contempt. "Soon after the princess's going to Sion," she says, "a dreadful plot broke out, which was said to be hid somewhere, — in a flower-pot, — and my Lord Marlborough was sent to the Tower." The outline of the presumed plot is thus sketched by Smollet: "The Earl of Marlborough had been committed to the Tower, on the information of one Robert Young, a prisoner in Newgate, who had forged that nobleman's handwriting, and contrived the scheme of an association in favour of King James, to which he affixed the names of the Earls of Marlborough and Salisbury, Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, the Lord Cornbury, and Sir Basil Firedrace. One of his emissaries had found means to conceal this paper in a certain part of the bishop's house at Bromley, in Kent; where it was found by the king's messengers, who secured the prelate in consequence of Young's information. But he vindicated himself to the satisfaction of the whole Council; and the forgery of the informer was detected by the confession of his accomplice. The bishop obtained his release immediately, and the Earl of Marlborough was admitted to bail in the Court of King's Bench."

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stance, referred to by Walpole, of James the Second, when Duke of York, having "hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber," at Matson, is thus more circumstantially recorded by Wraxall, in his "Memoirs:" "He (Selwyn) told me," says Wraxall, "that during the memorable siege of Gloucester, undertaken by Charles the First in 1643, Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York (who both in turn ascended the throne, but who were then boys), remained at Matson. He added that James the Second, after he came to the throne, used frequently to mention the circumstance to his (Selwyn's) grandfather, when he came to court; observing, 'My brother and I were generally shut up in a chamber on the second floor at Matson, during the day, where you will find that we have left the marks of our confinement, inscribed with our knives, on the ledges of all the windows.'" It has already been mentioned that the burial-place of the Selwyn family is in a small chapel, situated in the pleasure-grounds at Matson, and within a few yards of the house.]

*The Rev. William Digby to George Selwyn.*

MATSON, April 16, 1766.

DEAR SIR: — I told you my sentiments of Matson before, when my judgment might be less suspected of partiality than at present, for I have introduced a companion here, who would have made any place perfectly agreeable to me. Her judg-

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ment may be taxed with partiality too; but I shall venture to tell it you, not fearing any perversions of my meaning, — *bons mots* or *doubles entendres*, — knowing you have a sensibility of delicacy as well as myself. She is much pleased with the neatness and elegance with which it is kept. She much admires your taste in china, furniture, etc., and seems surprised you can forsake so beautiful a retreat. She desires I would say everything that is handsome and proper to you from her, and is much obliged to you for so elegant a retirement, which has not been at all interrupted; only Mr. Harris, out of great civility, or perhaps a little curiosity, called here yesterday evening. We are afraid we were not civil enough to him in not inviting him to stay with us, but hope we have not thereby hurt your Gloucester influence.

Your gallery has been of much service to us this rainy day, and your old friend, King Charles the First,[1] met with great compassion. The buds and leaves are not quite out enough for you, but the garden, as well as the house, is in very good order. We endeavour to pick up a little taste here, to follow yours in some degree at our cottage at Coleshill, which I hope one day to show you when it is more complete. I shall be very happy to introduce Mrs. Digby to you the first opportu-

[1] It has already been mentioned that King Charles the First, with his two eldest sons (Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York), lay at Matson during the siege of Gloucester.

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nity, and flatter myself you will not disapprove my choice. We leave this place Saturday next.

I am, sir, your very much obliged and affectionate friend, W. DIGBY.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Monday Morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had your letter last night. The letters come here generally about supper-time. I showed Lady Spencer that part of your letter, where you preach against poor Voltaire, who, by the bye, has done more real good by his writings upon tolerance than all the priests in Europe. Your sermon has had one good effect, though it has not converted me, for it has gained you some favour with Lady Spencer,[1] which is a much better thing.

I have a card to dine with the Duke of Grafton on the queen's birthday, but I am engaged to the Duke of Ancaster;[2] at least, I suppose so. I

[1] Margaret Georgiana, daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Midgeham, in Berkshire, and wife of John, first Earl Spencer. She died in 1814. Lady Spencer was the mother of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the famous political partisan of Charles James Fox.

[2] Peregrine Bertie, third Duke of Ancaster. He married first, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of William Blundell, Esq., of Basingstoke, in the county of Southampton, widow of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholls, K. B.; and secondly, Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton, Esq., by whom he was the father of Robert, fifth and last Duke of Ancaster. The duke, who was a general in the army, officiated as lord chamberlain at the coronation

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shall set out on Wednesday or Thursday, but I will write to you to-morrow. Farewell, my dear George.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

M. AND R.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

KINGSGATE, July 24, 1766.

DEAR SELWYN: — Stephen, and Lady Mary,[1] and Charles,[2] will set out on Saturday, and probably be at my house in London between five and seven o'clock, and very glad to see you, give you a supper, and carry you to me. You can't imagine with what pleasure they think of your coming to their play at Winterslow. Luckily, the races at Salisbury will be soon after. I suppose Lord March has a horse runs there, as I see he had at Ipswich. Why, you will take a thorough survey of this country, Mr. Selwyn! I am certainly like you with regard to Pitt, at present. I heartily wish I was in everything else more like you than I am. That I stay here till the 23d of September, and on that day, if I am able, embark for Calais,

of George the Third. In 1766 he was appointed master of the horse, and was also Recorder of Lincoln. He died on the 12th of April, 1778.

[1] Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, married, on the second of April previous, to the Hon. Stephen Fox, afterward second Lord Holland. She was the mother of the late Lord Holland, and died in 1778.

[2] Charles James Fox.

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is as fixed as fate; and that I shall be very glad to see you, whenever you please, in the meantime, is no less certain.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

*P. S.* I have a man sits up with me; he shall sit up with your dog all night, and I will watch him all day, rather than that should hinder your coming to Lyons.

[Lord Holland's allusion in this letter to his great political adversary, Mr. Pitt, requires an explanation which the editor is unable to afford. At the commencement of this month, the king had notified to his ministers that he had no longer occasion for their services; and on the 7th he addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt, demanding his advice as to the mode in which a strong and dignified administration might be established. On the 2d of August, Mr. Pitt was gazetted to the office of lord privy seal; but, alas! the same gazette announced his elevation to the earldom of Chatham. "Everybody," writes Lord Chesterfield, "is puzzled to account for this step. Such an event, I believe, was never heard nor read of; to withdraw, in the fulness of his power and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons (which procured him his power, and which alone could ensure it to him), and to go into that hospital of incurables, the House of Lords, is a

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measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could make me believe it; but so it is." Lord Chesterfield elsewhere styles Mr. Pitt's advancement a fall up-stairs.]

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

August 1, 1766.

DEAR SELWYN: — What, no letter from you? This serves only to tell you, that within these two or three days whatever you'll send to my house in town will be brought here by express. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

[As this brief letter was written in the midst of the progress of the various changes in the administration, it seems to throw discredit on the repeated assertions of Lord Holland that he had ceased to take any interest in the changes and chances of political life.]

*The Rev. William Digby to George Selwyn.*

COLESHILL, 24 July, 1766.

DEAR SIR: — I should not have delayed my acknowledgment of your very friendly letter so long, had I not been thoroughly convinced that you would never impute that omission to any other than the real cause. I have lately had some of those "respectable personages," as you are pleased to style them, continually here; and what with

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masons, carpenters, and attendance upon them in this neighbourhood, my time I found fully employed.

Your old proverb[1] is much more applicable to me than to Matson, which is already silk, and as Lord Bacon says, "Proverbs are the good sense of ages," it may afford a very seasonable advice to a novice in taste as I am.

I have lately had two letters from Margate from a new cousin, which convince me that Lord Holland retains at least his good spirits still. I am very glad to find he is to have the pleasure and benefit of your company, for I really think you entertain him better than any other of his friends are able to do. Shall not you be tempted to extend your journey to the other side of the Alps? If you pass over this opportunity, I think it certain you will never tread classic ground. I flatter myself I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before you go, as I propose being at the "*Ille locus præter omnes*," whose praises you sing,[2] next Wednesday, and shortly after to call on you in Chesterfield Street.

I suppose you often see Lord D.,[3] as he is still about London. He is so kind as to write to me now and then the politics, mysterious as they are. I should be glad to be near you, to hear your

[1] That "it is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

[2] This apparently alludes to Selwyn's enthusiasm for London as a general residence.

[3] Lord Digby.

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comment upon them, as I was extremely pleased with that on the designed embassy to Madrid.

Thank you for your offer of Swift's [works]. They are arrived at this place, for you must know we are civilised enough in this country to have instituted a club called a "book club," where I never saw pipe nor tobacco, and take in all the new things we choose. This respectable corps consists of twenty neighbouring clergy and squires, chosen by ballot, our regulations excluding after the manner of White's.

I shall be very happy to show Mrs. Digby your town residence, which is a further specimen of your elegance and taste. She is already much prepossessed in your favour from everything she has seen or heard of you, as well as from the many very friendly civilities we have both experienced. The china you helped me to is the chief ornament and pride of our little table, and very much admired. We shall be much obliged to you to help us to some more, when your next cargo of commissions arrives from your favourite nation.

Yours ever affectionately,

W. DIGBY.

*Thomas Bradshaw, Esq., to George Selwyn.*

HAMPTON HALL, 30th July, 1766.

DEAR SIR: — I have heard by accident that you want a turtle for a respectable alderman of

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Gloucester; and I am happy that it is in my power to send you one in perfect health, and which I am assured, by a very able turtle-eater, appears to be full of eggs. I am with great truth, dear sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

THOS. BRADSHAW.

## FREDERICK, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

FREDERICK, second Viscount Bolingbroke, a lord of the bedchamber, succeeded his uncle, Henry, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, in 1751. He married, September 9, 1757, Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles, second duke of Marlborough, which marriage was dissolved in 1768, when Lady Bolingbroke became the wife of Topham Beauclerk, Esq. Lord Bolingbroke (from whom some lively letters will be found in the subsequent correspondence) died May 5, 1787. It is needless to repeat that he is the person so often and familiarly spoken of as "Bully," in the course of these letters.

### *Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

Lord Bolingbroke believes Mr. Selwyn will allow there was some degree of vice among the Romans during that period so wonderful for its virtues. If he will look into Lib. xl. cap. 43 of Livy, he will there see that, between the first, and

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the end of the second Punic war, the practice of poisoning was so common that, during part of a season, a prætor punished capitally for that crime above three thousand persons in one part of Italy, and found informations of this sort multiplying upon him.

In Lib. viii. cap. 18 of Livy, Mr. Selwyn will find a similar, or rather worse, instance in the more early times of that virtuous commonwealth. So depraved in private life were that people whom in their histories we are taught so much to admire!

Do not these facts seem to denote vice enough at that period for me to doubt a little the propriety of your observation, That so great was the virtue, and so trifling the vice of it, as to make the history of that age appear fabulous?

[Lord Bolingbroke has, unquestionably, the best of the argument, but still there is something to be said on the other side of the question.]

## LADY HOLLAND.

Lady Georgina Caroline Lenox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, was born March 27, 1723. She eloped with Lord Holland, then Mr. Fox, and was married to him May 2, 1744. Lady Holland survived her husband only twenty-three days, dying July 24, 1774, at the age of fifty-one.

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*Lady Holland to George Selwyn.*

KINGSGATE, 14th August [1766].

DEAR SIR: — You wish to have an account of Lord Holland's health, not from himself. I wish I could give a better, but indeed I cannot flatter myself he is in the least mended since we came to Kingsgate, and not growing better is, in my opinion, being worse. Some days he is as you saw him at Holland House, cheerful and pretty well; other days he is low, languid, and dispirited, without being able to account for it. You say London is empty. Why won't you make us a visit here? Lord Holland is quite troubled to find no mention of your coming in your letter. I tell him you certainly will. He is low-spirited to-day, and if he thought you would not come, I am sure he would be much more so.

I am much pleased to find you like my pretty Mary.[1] I should have liked vastly to have been at the play, but must have left Lord Holland quite alone. I expect my brother Richmond[2] here to-morrow on his way to France. His Grace is, I fear, not in great good humour at some late events, and I don't much wonder at it. Adieu, dear sir; when you can spare a few days you cannot bestow them on two people more your most

[1] Lady Mary Fox, her daughter-in-law.

[2] Charles, third Duke of Richmond. He had been deprived of his post of secretary of state at the beginning of the month.

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affectionate humble servants than Lord Holland and myself.

C. HOLLAND.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

NEWMARKET, Monday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I take my chance of your putting off your journey another day; if not, you will receive this in France. The Duke of Grafton goes on Wednesday to the wedding, and I shall certainly go with him. We shall be in town about six, and I shall set out the next day for this place.

The meeting begins well. How it ends is more to the purpose; but I think I shall have certainly won, in about two hours, two hundred at least. The odds are three to one on my side. Lords Gower, Bridgewater, and the usual Newmarket people are here. I expect to hear of the arrival of the Russians every minute, and have invited them to dinner, which is the only dinner I shall have at home this meeting.

Lord Northumberland is to be a duke by that title, and Lord Cardigan gives up his place, and is likewise to be a duke. If this is not known yet, it will be very soon. If you are in town don't tell it as my news; but you may whisper it to some of our politicians. I wish you a good journey, and intend nothing so much as to be with you soon. "Dit quelque chose bien tendre

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pour moi à la cara Luisina, et donnez lui mille baisers de ma part." Adieu, my dear George.

[Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, of whom there is mention in this and other letters, was the famous promoter of inland navigation in this country, to which object he dedicated his talents, his fortune, and a long life. He was born on the 21st of May, 1736. Any observations on those vast and grand undertakings, which have rendered the name of the Duke of Bridgewater an honour to the British peerage and to his country, would be little in character with the present work. The editor, however, is induced to transcribe the following lines of Mrs. Barbauld, as affording a pleasing tribute to the patriotism of the Duke of Bridgewater, and as evidence of the charm which genius can throw over the most unromantic and unpromising subjects:

" Here smooth canals, across th' extended plain,
Stretch their long arms, to join the distant main:
The sons of toil, with many a weary stroke,
Scoop the hard bosom of the solid rock;
Resistless through the stiff-opposing clay,
With steady patience work their gradual way;
Compel the genius of th' unwilling flood
Through the brown horrors of the aged wood;
'Cross the lone waste the silver urn they pour,
And cheer the barren heath or sullen moor.
The traveller with pleasing wonder sees
The white sail gleaming thro' the dusky trees;

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And views the altered landscape with surprise,
And doubts the magic scenes which round him rise.
Now, like a flock of swans above his head,
Their woven wings the flying vessels spread;
Now meeting streams in artful mazes glide,
While each, unmingled, pours a separate tide;
Now through the hidden veins of earth they flow,
And visit sulphurous mines and caves below;
The ductile streams obey the guiding hand,
And social plenty circles through the land."

The Duke of Bridgewater was born on the 21st of May, 1736, and died, unmarried, at his house in Cleveland Row, March 8, 1803, having nearly completed his sixty-seventh year.]

### *Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

CROME [1766].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I loitered so much in my way to Crome that I have but just got there, where I found your packet. You did not in the least surprise me, for you are not, by the date of your letter, on the other side of the water yet. If I hear of you in Suffolk, I shall only think March pulls stronger than all the world besides. The girls are well, and I think Nanny very much improved. The Mingotti governess is glad to see any face she is used to, especially a friendly one. The countess is as good-humoured as ever, but the house is full of odd people; the Countess of

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Cork, Sandwich's niece,[1] and the two Bladens; people entirely out of my way, and to whom I should prefer old Mother Harris and Dame Canning. I wish March was here. I think he would be behind their backs at the harpsichord, and before their faces at the tea-table; at least he would divert himself, which you know is everything. We are going to make some d——d dull visits, which prevents my saying more than that I will certainly write you a longer letter next post.

You may depend on it I will take Matson in my way from hence to Bath. I will dine, if not lie, with Alderman Harris. Mother Holcombe and her daughters are just arrived, and make such a noise that I must bid you Adieu.

*P. S.* The girls received your presents, and thank you. Maria is much the most improved of the two. Poor Nanny has a sore leg, though I think in her usual spirits. Why was not your name in the papers as visiting foreign parts?

### *Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Sept. 1 [1766].

You are welcome, my dear George, to town again, and I think you fortunate in meeting so

[1] Anne, daughter of Holland Courtenay, Esq., second son of Sir William Courtenay of Powderham Castle, by Elizabeth, sister of John, fourth Earl of Sandwich. She married, in 1764, Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery, which marriage was dissolved in 1782.

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many birds of passage, though there is but one among them that you care one farthing for. As for the rest, you would willingly resign them to the devil, or anybody else that should be pleased to take them.

What do you mean by inquiring after our ordinary? neither you nor his lordship, I am sure, will come near it. There is Boone, Varey, George Bodens, and a few provincials, that every day eat one of poor Byng's frugal, but cheerful meals. Lord Lincoln [1] exhibited his person yesterday on the Stein, to the surprise of all the vulgars, who value a Knight of the Garter much more than you seemed to do that Sunday at the Star and Garter. He dined with Lady Catherine,[2] and set out immediately with his whole suite for Jack Shelley's. As the least motions of great men are eagerly attended to, he shoots there till Thursday, and then to Nottinghamshire.

The Dublin Castle court pleases me much. Who are to be the maids of honour? What a revival of the old Chesterfield humour, of male administration and mismanagement! [3] How are

[1] Henry Pelham, ninth Earl of Lincoln, and afterward first Duke of Newcastle of his family.

[2] Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of John, Duke of Rutland, and widow of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, the celebrated minister, brother of Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle. Lady Catherine, who was keeper of Greenwich Park, died at her house at Whitehall, 18th February, 1780, in her eightieth year.

[3] This evidently refers to the appointment of George William,

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my friends to succeed by his Grace of Grafton?[1] These are wheels within wheels with a vengeance. I wish it may be in my power to see you in town before the 10th; if not, depend upon it I will pay Matson a visit before we meet again. I am glad you have laid your gardener by the heels, for he might have robbed one in the very avenue. You seem to me to have a thief to pursue wherever you go, and your chase varies from bank-notes to greens and gooseberry bushes.

I suppose the lord in waiting [Lord Coventry] will not stay longer than his week, but, as I said before, do contrive, now the town is empty, to adjust matters with him so far as not to be remarkable; I am sure it will be better for both your sakes. In your next, tell me some-

second Earl of Bristol, to the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to which he was nominated on the 26th of this month, but which he retained scarcely more than a year. As the earl was unmarried, the allusion to the "maids of honour" is of course mere badinage.

[1] In the month of May preceding, the Duke of Grafton had given the death-blow to the Rockingham administration, by suddenly throwing up his seals as secretary of state. He had no fault, he said, to find with his colleagues, except their weakness; but they wanted that strength which alone could be supplied by the accession of Mr. Pitt to office. "Under that great man," exclaimed the duke, "I am willing to serve in any capacity; not merely as a general officer, but as a pioneer; under him I would take up a spade or a mattock." In the middle of July Mr. Pitt received the king's commands to form an administration; and on the 2d of August following, the Duke of Grafton was gazetted as first lord of the treasury, and Mr. Pitt as lord privy seal and Earl of Chatham.

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thing of Lady Lisburne;[1] I hope, for his sake, she is recovered.

We hear the Earl of Chatham has again taken to his bed,[2] and now, since his name is up, there he may lie. I do not think you need be much alarmed about fathering the Creed of Athanasius.[3] They who know you, would not think you would, in your old age, come out with so stale a piece of humour as that is; and what they think of you who do not know you, I am sure is not worth your troubling your head about.

### *Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

BRIGHTON, Sept. 4 [1766].

I think myself wonderfully unlucky, my dear George, that the only time in which you did not travel with Lord March should be that when I should have had the pleasure of seeing you; but as you say, in your last, that he is not yet set out, possibly his horses may turn their heads another way, and he may think no more of us.

[1] Dorothy, daughter of John Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth, in the county of Durham, and wife of Wilmot Vaughan, first Earl of Lisburne. She died in 1805.

[2] Lord Chatham's frequent attacks of the gout, and more especially his convenient one (as was said) at this particular period, have become matters of history.

[3] This evidently refers to some blasphemous parody on the Creed of St. Athanasius (probably a bad imitation of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's irreverent piece of jocularity, "The Lessons of the Day," published in 1742), which the world had most unjustly fathered on George Selwyn.

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Madam Pitt[1] has sprained one leg, and lies at full length on her couch. Possibly his lordship might have found it to have had as great an abhorrence of the other leg as he could have wished. She met with the accident leaning on Topham [Beauclerk] as she was stepping out of her chaise, and swears she will trust to the shoulder of no Macaroni for the future.

What the devil could tempt you to act as justice of peace? This is Trapolin with a vengeance! What, evidence, party, and judge too! If you do not make it up with the man soon, some rogue of an attorney will plague your heart out in the King's Bench. Harris must have been a d—d old fool not to see the impropriety of such a warrant. What you say of Coventry pleases me. I had a letter from him the same post, by which I see he is also pleased with it. We both know him, and for G—'s sake let us have no more quarrels with him for the future, and I will confine all my ill humour and contradiction to Mother Holcombe.

If you were not such a gossip, and a foreign one too, to go where they neither know you, love you, nor even understand you, we could pass a month of this short autumn together very cheerfully. I cannot leave this place till Sunday se'night. I believe that Billy Varey and I shall travel together, and

[1] Miss Anne Pitt (sister to Lord Chatham), so often referred to in these letters.

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make much the same tour through the west of Sussex that you and I made three years ago. I wish some remorse may intervene to keep you till I come; if not, write to me often, and I will repay you when you will be more sensible of the value of England by being out of it. I think Lauragais has much more luck than his friend Pem.[1] Does not that also prove his country worse?

[Topham Beauclerk, whose name occurs in this and in many subsequent letters, was the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, third son of Charles, first Duke of St. Alban's. He was born in December, 1739, and, in November, 1757, was entered at Trinity College, Oxford. On his first entrance into the world, the elegance and fascination of his manners, his inexhaustible fund of agreeable information, his delightful conversational powers, his love of literature, and his constant and enviable flow of animal spirits, rendered him an universal favourite, as well with the grave and wise, as with the dissipated and the gay. Even the great moralist, Doctor Johnson (to whom Beauclerk had been introduced by their mutual friend, Mr. Bennet Langton), half forgave the lax principles and libertine habits of the young man of pleasure, so fascinated was he by the charm of his manner and the brilliancy of his wit. "Everything," remarked Johnson, "comes from Beauclerk so easily, that it

[1] Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

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appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing."

Not the least amusing passage in Boswell's Life of Johnson, is that in which he first introduces Johnson and Beauclerk to each other; to which he subjoins one or two agreeable anecdotes illustrative of the easy terms of companionship on which they afterward lived. This passage places the character of Beauclerk so clearly before our eyes that the editor is induced to transcribe it at length.

"Johnson at first thought it strange that Langton should associate so much with one who had the character of being loose, both in his principles and practice; but, by degrees, he himself was fascinated. Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Alban's family, and having, in some particulars, a resemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnson's imagination, to throw a lustre upon his other qualities;[1] and in a short time, the moral, pious Johnson, and the gay, dissipated Beauclerk, were companions. 'What a coalition!' (said Garrick, when he heard of this): 'I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house.' But I can bear testimony that it was a very agreeable association. Beauclerk was too polite, and valued learning and wit too much, to offend Johnson by sallies of infidelity or licentiousness; and Johnson delighted in the good qualities of Beauclerk, and hoped to correct the evil. Innu-

[1] Topham Beauclerk was the great-grandson of Charles the Second.

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merable were the scenes in which Johnson was amused by these young men. Beauclerk could take more liberty with him than anybody with whom I ever saw him; but, on the other hand, Beauclerk was not spared by his respectable companion when reproof was proper. Beauclerk had such a propensity to satire, that at one time Johnson said to him, 'You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention.' At another time, applying to him, with a slight alteration, a line of Pope, he said:

"'Thy love of folly and thy scorn of fools.'[1]

Everything thou dost shows the one, and everything thou sayest the other.' At another time he said to him, 'Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue.' Beauclerk not seeming to relish the compliment, Johnson said, 'Nay, sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him.'

"Johnson was some time with Beauclerk at his house at Windsor, where he was entertained with

[1] Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools.
— *Pope's Moral Essays.*

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experiments in natural philosophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerk enticed him, insensibly, to saunter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tombstones. 'Now, sir' (said Beauclerk), 'you are like Hogarth's idle apprentice.' When Johnson got his pension, Beauclerk said to him, in the humourous phrase of Falstaff, 'I hope you'll now purge and live cleanly like a gentleman.'

"One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal. 'What, is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at

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his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called Bishop, which Johnson had always liked: while, in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines:

> "'Short, O short then be thy reign,
> And give us to the world again.'[1]

"They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Johnson and Beauclerk were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for 'leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched unidea'd girls.' Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, 'I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the *Chronicle*.' Upon which Johnson afterward observed, 'He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!'"

Mr. Beauclerk married, March 12, 1768, Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, the divorced wife of Frederick, second

[1] Short, very short be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.
— *Lord Lansdowne's Drinking Song to Sleep.*

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Viscount Bolingbroke. By this lady he had one son, Charles George, and two daughters, of whom Elizabeth, the eldest, married, April 8, 1787, her cousin, George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke, the father of the present (twelfth) earl. Mr. Beauclerk died at his house in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, on the 11th of March, 1780.]

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Sept. 11 [1766].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — As you had fixed a journey to Kingsgate [1] for the 10th, I concluded you would have set out till I heard yesterday that March was still at Tunbridge, and expected here before he went to London. From thence concluding that you would stay to see him, I direct this as usual.

In the first place, I must tell you that the Earl of Marchmont has opened your letter to March. It was sent him by mistake, by the postman here, in his packet, so that he has seen the whole contents of it, and if it is treason, woe betide you! There is another arrived since, but I have taken care to prevent any further prying into your correspondence.

What you say as to the pursuit of the duchess,

[1] The seat of Lord Holland, near Margate, —

"Where Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution."

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I believe to be true. Our letters confirm it, and you know our friend is made of tinder, and likely to take fire at a less inflammable object. Poor little Pem! what an earl that will make in future times, with his own natural and acquired vivacity! Fanny [1] has bit her nails to the very bone, at March's having been expected here for this week past. She told me yesterday that, in the state of uncertainty, nothing but the bracing air of this place could have kept her nerves in any tolerable order. After all, I believe we shall not see him, but that, after he has pulled up his stockings at another Tunbridge ball, he will set out for London.

I believe I shall be in London on Sunday night. If you should receive this early enough to write me a line by Friday's post, let me know what I am to expect. If fortune lets us eat one meal together before you go, I shall be thankful.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

BRIGHTON, 8 o'clock [1766].

I wrote to you in the morning, and I add this to my despatch to tell you that March is just arrived from Tunbridge. The whole place is in a flutter. The windows are all open, for no knight of any order has been visible in our public diversions since the existence of the place.

I intend to thank my lady in person. For

[1] Miss Frances Pelham, daughter of the Right Hon. Henry and Lady Catherine Pelham.

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G—d's sake congratulate her for me on the recovery of her notes. Pray don't go till I come, which I hope will be on Sunday at furthest, and if it is possible to keep March a few hours longer here, I shall be sure of you. This is ball night, and possibly March and Fanny may dance together; this has not happened these twenty years.[1] I dined to-day with Mary Pelham,[2] who was ready to cry when March's chaise went by, for I am sure she expects an uproar.

Since I begun this I found the earl up three pair of stairs in an alehouse. He has opened the ball with Mrs. Brudenell;[3] stays and dines with us to-morrow, and will be in town on Saturday, to go in waiting, as he imagines, on Sunday.

Ten thousand thanks for all your news. When you take your flight, if you are not drowned by this d—d equinox, I'll remember you.

*Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

DEAR GEORGE: — Indeed I understood you had a box, and a largish one too, though up in the

[1] "Fanny Pelham" was at this period in her thirty-ninth year, having been born August 18, 1728. She died at Esher, possessed of great wealth, 10 January, 1804.

[2] Miss Mary Pelham, youngest daughter of Henry and Lady Catherine Pelham, was born in September, 1739, and died unmarried.

[3] Probably Anne, daughter of Cecil Bisshopp, Bart., of Parham in Sussex, and wife of the Hon. Robert Brudenell, third son of George, third Earl of Cardigan.

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clouds, and that is why I ventured to trouble you with Fred. I find I was mistaken, and beg your pardon.

The intricacies of law, which may puzzle some of the peers on this occasion, I fancy are great, and I do most heartily lament with you that my brother [1] has turned his thoughts to intrigue, dress, and all the personal accomplishments of the most refined macaroni. Had he not done so, I doubt not but his clear apprehension, and very distinct and short method of explaining himself, would have made him a match, upon this occasion, for a Mansfield or a Camden.

Yours, etc.,

B.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

The Monday after the Meeting.

My dear George: — I had your letter yesterday, and was in some hopes that you might have received the one I wrote to you from hence last Wednesday, because I directed it to the Cherubim, to be forwarded to you, according to the time you left London, either to Dover or Paris.

The meeting has ended very ill, and I am now near a *mille* lower in cash than when we parted. Most of the White's people are gone to Sir J.

[1] The Hon. John St. John, third son of John, second Viscount St. John, and brother of Lord Bolingbroke. He was member of Parliament for Eye, and surveyor-general of the Crown lands. He died 8 October, 1793.

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Moore's. Bully, Lord Wilmington,[1] and myself, are left here to reflect coolly upon our losses, and the nonsense of keeping running horses; and yet, notwithstanding all our resolutions, if we make any, they will end as yours do, after being doved at Almack's. Scott[2] has lost near three thousand.

Lord Northumberland has kissed hands, and is Duke of Northumberland:[3] but the most extraordinary thing in the world is that Lord Cardigan wrote to the Duke of Grafton declining the offer that was made him of being a duke.[4] What his reasons are I don't know; I only know that he had desired it, and that he had the king's promise that whenever any were made, that he should be one.

Bully dines here, and I think of going to-night to Bury to the ball and fair. Farewell, my dear George; I wish with all my heart that I was with you instead of in this d——d place. "Mille choses à la cara Tondino." Tell her I have had her letter, and will write to her soon.

[Lord Cardigan never positively declined the dukedom of Montagu, as stated in this letter.

[1] Charles, afterward ninth Earl and first Marquis of Northampton. He died 24 May, 1828.

[2] Apparently the well-known General Scott.

[3] Created Duke of Northumberland October 18, 1766.

[4] George Brudenell Montagu, fourth Earl of Cardigan. He subsequently relented, and was created Duke of Montagu on the 28th of this month.

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It was, indeed, the height of his ambition to attain to that high honour, but there were reasons which induced him to display some hesitation in accepting it. The circumstances of the case are somewhat curious. Lord Cardigan had married the sole heiress of the Dukes of Montagu, and George the Third had unquestionably promised to advance him to the extinct dukedom at some future opportunity. Subsequently, however, the king had been induced by Lord Chatham, on his accession to office, to promise another dukedom to the Earl of Northumberland, as the price of that nobleman's adherence to the new administration; and being unwilling to confer two such high titles at the same time, it appears that the king would gladly have found some means to induce Lord Cardigan to forego his claim. Accordingly, when Lord Chatham represented to his Majesty that a favourable opportunity had now arrived for gratifying that nobleman, and securing his valuable political aid and support, the king replied, that, as the Earl of Northumberland had been satisfied with his advancement in the peerage without any place or employment, so, if Lord Cardigan accepted a dukedom, he ought to resign his post of Constable of Windsor Castle. As Lord Cardigan was known to be much attached to his office, the king had, unquestionably, flattered himself that the earl would prefer the alternative of retaining his old post: the earl, however, contrary to general

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expectation, made choice of the dukedom; to which he was accordingly advanced in October following.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

October 13, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I suppose that the wind has been contrary, and prevented me from hearing anything from you since you left Boulogne. I stayed at Newmarket with Bully till last Friday, and was to have gone back there to-day in my way to Lord Orford's,[1] where all the Newmarket people are gone, if the Duke of York had not asked me to dine with him to-day, which I thought I could not refuse, having supped with him last night *en parti fin*, with some of the opera-girls. I am going this morning to Watts's, in order to be prepared for the next meeting, which begins this day fortnight. As I am very deeply engaged, I shall perhaps be obliged to make use of your money, that in case of the worst I may not be a lame duck; but if I do, you may be sure that you need not be under any apprehension of confining yourself in any shape where you are on that account.

I shall be able, after Newmarket, to be more certain about my journey to Paris, which I still intend. The Duke of Northumberland does not go till after the meeting of Parliament, and wants

[1] George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, died December 5, 1791. With Lord Orford expired the pursuit of the venerable sport of hawking, of which he was the last supporter.

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me to stay for him, but I think that will make it too late. Lord [1] and Lady Rochford set out next week. There are very few people in town. To-morrow morning I set out for Lord Orford's. The Duke of Northumberland's high living, where I dined last Friday, has given me an indigestion, which I have had ever since. I am something better now, or I should not venture to dine with the Duke of York; but I have been as bad as you were when you dined with Madame de Villars.

I long to hear from you from Paris, and to have your account of the little Teresina. Tell the Rena that I have had three of her letters, and will write to her either by this post or the next.

I had not time to finish this morning, so I give you two or three words after dinner. The Duke of Cumberland [2] dined with his brother. Pembroke, General Harvey, and Sir Francis Delaval,[3] with their families, made up the rest of the company. Delaval lights up Lord Lexborough's house,

[1] William Henry, fourth Earl of Rochford. On the 1st of July he had been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, whither he was now proceeding. He married Lucy, daughter of Edward Young, Esq., of Dunford, in Wiltshire, and died without issue in September, 1781.

[2] Henry Frederick, brother of George the Third, created within the last few days Duke of Cumberland. He was born November 7, 1744, and died September 18, 1790.

[3] Sir Francis Blake Delaval, a Knight of the Bath. He married Isabella, daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Paulett, but died without issue, August 7, 1771, in his forty-eighth year.

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who is in the country, and gives us a supper with the opera-girls, who are very pretty. We live high; but I wish more to be where you are than anywhere else. "Mille choses de plus honnête et de plus tendre à la cara Luisina." Tell her that there are great expectations about the opera, and that the *connoisseurs* like Giardini[1] better than Manzoli.

Yours very affectionately,

M. AND R.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

CROME, October 15, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I will pay you for being so bad a correspondent as soon as I get to a place where I can write something that will be more worth reading. In the first place, the children are well, and your child remarkably so. Our house is livelier than usual, for the Bladens, especially March's favourite, the musical one, are two of the best-bred girls I ever saw, and infinitely entertaining.[2] As to Sandwich's niece, the Countess of Cork and Orrery, she is sprightly, as anything with a dash of the Rochester blood must be, but

[1] A celebrated singer. In the preceding year he had rendered himself somewhat unpopular by the indifferent manner in which he had conducted the management of the opera.

[2] The daughters, apparently, of Col. Thomas Bladen. The eldest married the Hon. Henry St. John; the youngest, Harriet, William, fourth Earl of Essex. She died in 1821.

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has neither parts nor person to be of any great use in the funny way.[1]

The outside passenger did not come in her stage this year. The mistress of the house is, if possible, better-natured than ever, and you would love the master of it passionately if you was to hear him, with black Brookes at his elbow, describe his place and the whole economy of it. He exceeds himself, and, as well as I know him, I sometimes cannot help staring at him. I suppose I shall stay here about a week, and then set out for Bath. I shall write to Alderman Harris to give me a meeting at Matson, where I propose to lie one night. I will take possession of your room, so I need not remove the old lady. I will employ my time in giving you a minute description of the premises, and the good order which I do not doubt to find everything in.

The mobs are about the country; but having nothing to lose is a sure but melancholy state of security. I can give you no account of what March has done at Newmarket; by the papers I believe not much, as his name is scarce mentioned; neither do I know anything of politics, but in about a month we shall be in the thickest of in's, out's, etc. I think it will be but an ill compliment to the ministers if you stay where you are. Pray make much of the Duke of North-

[1] Lady Cork was granddaughter of the celebrated John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

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umberland. Is it not strange that this man should do what the proudest Percy of them all could not accomplish?[1] This is public day, and the parsons in motion, so God bless you, my dear George, and

Adieu.

*Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.*

October 19, 1766.

DEAR SIR:—I was much ashamed yesterday, when I received yours, to recollect that I had another letter from you unanswered, and have no better excuse for my negligence than the constant noise of two of Lady Midleton's children, added to our own.[2]

All the dignity which title can give, you will find your friend, whom you are so impatient for, has acquired. Lord Cardigan is also made a duke; many old earls are angry. It is said Lord Townshend is to be a marquis.[3] Mrs. Townshend is much obliged to you for your offer of sending the tambour immediately, but she is not in a hurry for it; she would be glad of a few needles with it.

Your countrymen must have had a very bad taste not to have admired Mrs. Fitzroy. I believe

[1] His recent advancement to the dukedom of Northumberland. It was certainly an elevation which, as a Yorkshire baronet, he might well be proud of.

[2] Lady Midleton was sister to Miss Townshend, and both, it is needless to repeat, were nieces of George Selwyn.

[3] George, fourth Viscount Townshend. He was not created a marquis till 1787.

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my friend is not popular among yours. Though her character is perfectly to my taste, I never thought it would suit theirs; and as for essential good qualities, I am a prejudiced Englishwoman enough to think that *mounseer* and *madame* never take them the least into their consideration. We do not talk of moving yet, but I suppose we shall be in town by the meeting of Parliament.

You ought to have stayed in England to have taken care of your constituents, who are very riotous. I hear that one of the rioters, who is secured, is worth £190 a year; it is thought he will be hanged. If you could persuade them of the wholesomeness of *soup maigre* and barley bread, it might be of great use to them, though I think the attempt would be rather a dangerous one, and might not promote your interest. Lord Berkeley[1] has gained great reputation by his behaviour on this occasion. The family here are in good health, and all desire to be kindly remembered to you, but fortunately for you, who have offered so freely, are not inclined to presume on your goodness by troubling you with any commissions. Little Mary[2] complains that you promised to take her to France, but are gone without her. I am, sir,

Most affectionately yours.

[1] Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley, died August 8, 1810.

[2] Youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Midleton.

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*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

PICCADILLY, 18th October, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Yesterday morning I received both your letters. I went after dinner to Guerchy's, where I found the Marquis de Fitzjames,[1] and we have agreed to go together to Newmarket. They talked a great deal about you, and I took an opportunity of saying how much you thought yourself indebted to them for the civilities you receive at Paris. There is no harm in a word of that kind now and then, which I hope you will remember for me where you are, that I may be received well, if, after these d——d races, I should have money and spirits to set out.

After Guerchy's, I went to Lady Shelburne's[2] where were all the people that can be gathered together at this time of the year. Lady Hertford made a thousand inquiries about you; asked how long you intended to stay, and hoped you would soon be tired of blind women, old presidents, and

[1] John Charles, Marquis of Fitzjames (descended from James the Second, by his mistress, Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough), was born 26 November, 1743; he was grandson of the celebrated Marshal Duke of Berwick, and great-grandson of James II. He married a daughter of Charles, Count de Thiard, and subsequently succeeded as third Duke of Berwick. His death took place at Paris, on the 12th of August, 1805.

[2] Sophia, daughter of John Carteret, Earl Granville, and wife of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterward first Marquis of Lansdowne.

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premiers.[1] Mademoiselle Guerchy gave me an account of the little Teresina, but I long to hear what you think of her, and I know you will be so particular, that it will be like having seen her myself. I shall stay for the first night of the opera, which is next Tuesday, and shall go to Newmarket on Wednesday.

Lord Cardigan has kissed hands for being Duke of Montagu, and keeps his place. There is no news. Lady Townshend has sent me a fan for you, which I will send you by the first opportunity if I don't bring it myself. I shall see the Duke of Grafton at Newmarket, and will find out what they expect about your coming to the meeting of Parliament. The Duke of Northumberland intends setting out the day after the Parliament meets. I have had a very civil letter from Monsieur du Barri: say something for me in case I should not write.

I shall write to the Tondino by the post tomorrow. Adieu, my dear George, it begins to grow late, and I must go to bed.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

MATSON, October 23, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am just arrived from Crome, and am writing this from your fireside, with Alderman Harris over against me. We have

[1] Alluding principally to Madame du Deffand, the President Hénault, and the Duke de Choiseul.

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passed this morning among the labourers in the avenue. It is a spacious approach, and promises rather a better house at the end of it than the present mansion. You could not have made a better use of the old house than to have thrown it into the road; it will keep you dry under your feet, and it would not have done so overhead. Your house is as clean and neat as if Reneaud had been Dutch, as well as the gardener, and everything is really in as perfect order as if you had left it but this morning.

I beg a truce of your nonsense of the regard and friendships you find where you are. For God's sake, what respect and value have you for Haslang, Carraccioli, Bruhl? It is all buckram, and I know you so well, that I am sure you would have given up your princes, presidents, all your old blind women, and all your mad ones, to have passed the twelve hours which I shall do here, before I get into my chaise for Bath to-morrow morning. I hope to God you will not see Lord March on the other side of the water, except he comes with his Grace of Northumberland. There is no chance of him, and without him I think you will not let the Parliament meet a second time, and you at dinner with Monsieur le Premier[1] at Paris. My *vis-à-vis* thinks you have done wrong to let even the music-meeting go off unattended, but there is no talking to you; all that is serious you

[1] The Duke de Choiseul.

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turn to farce, so that when I go to town, I intend to talk you over with Amy and myself.

My late landlord, Coventry, has been better than ever. He intends, I believe, to wait till there are further lights before he decides. To the astonishment of black Brookes, he says he has again refused everything. The chaplain wonders at his self-denial, and thinks the country suffers much from the loss of such a minister.[1] If I mistake not, the eldest Bladen, who is extremely shrewd and sensible, will not forget him for some time. I believe in the winter we shall have many a laugh, on the importance of that scene she saw represented.

Did not you tell me Ball was in better circumstances? Poor man! it was only a lightning before death, for one of the autumnal epidemical fevers carried him to Abraham's bosom on Sunday last, and it is thought his wife and family will come to the parish.

I asked Bell to dine here, but he is too weak to venture so far, so the Methodist and I will taste your new and your old claret. I have been down in the cellar; there are about nine bottles old, and five dozen of new. Reneaud says Doctor Digby drank nothing but port, and his wife nothing but

[1] Lord Coventry was a lord of the bedchamber, and lord lieutenant of the county of Worcester; but he never filled any office in the state, nor does it appear that any ministerial appointment was ever offered him.

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jelly.[1] Pray put some handles (those handles that the ladies make bell-ropes on) in your pocket; I want some for my women. Have you asked about my velvet? As much as would make a large pin-cushion would do for me, and I should like another suit like my last, if I could smuggle it.

*Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

My dear Sir: — The little gentleman[2] is gone to dine with his brother, but shall pay his respects to you to-morrow or next day, before his departure for Wandsworth.

As to dinner, you know I leave it to you; and whether it is in town or out of town, early or late, I care not, as my object is only to dine with George Selwyn. But if you have thought of no place to dine at, or company to dine with, or feel yourself inclined to dine elsewhere, for God's sake don't let your civil offers of yesterday be any hindrance to you. All I shall require will be the pleasure of dining with you some other day. Pray do as you like, and let me know.

Yours sincerely,

B.

[1] The Rev. William Digby, who has been mentioned as spending his honeymoon at Matson.

[2] Probably Lord Bolingbroke's eldest son, who succeeded, in 1787, as third Viscount Bolingbroke. He was at this period in his sixth year.

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*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

28th October, 1766.

My dear George: — This time, my dear George, your money has been lucky indeed. I am returned with my pockets full; by the second meeting, clear gain, four thousand one hundred guineas. This good fortune has come very apropos, and I have the pleasure of being indebted to you for it, which makes it still more welcome, for without your money I could not have risked near so much. Shafto and Parker have been the chief losers. In these high circumstances I must remember Dick Edgecombe, and not think, because I am rich now, that I shall never be poor again. I have ordered the Cherubim to replace your money. If you had occasion for any, I should offer to be your banker. Pray let the Tondino know these lucky events, in case I should not have time to write to her by this post.

The Marquis de Fitzjames liked Newmarket, and everybody liked him. I hesitate a good deal about the journey to Paris, and have determined, if I go at all, not to go till after the meeting of Parliament. All the French expeditions are put off till that time. The Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Charles and Lady Sarah,[1] certainly go then. I have two fans for you from Lady Townshend, which you shall have by the first opportunity.

[1] Sir Charles and Lady Sarah Bunbury.

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This moment your two letters are arrived. If you mean Fish Crawford, he is in perfect health, so you may comfort your blind woman. I shall take care to send her the tea you desire, as soon as I can get anybody to carry it. I hear and believe that the Bedfords are coming in.[1] The Duchess of Hamilton is gone to Scotland for six weeks, upon election business. I don't hear Grenville's name mentioned. Lord Gower and Rigby are gone to Bath to the Duke of Bedford. Farewell, my dear George. I must go to the Duke of Queensberry this morning. He desired that I would call upon him; I believe to talk to me about some election business. He interests himself for Captain Ross, so that I fear Murray of Philiphaugh will have a bad chance. I told the Duke of Grafton that you would be here whenever he thought it necessary. I found that he did not expect much opposition. Adieu, my dear George.

Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

BATH, Nov. 1, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am arrived so far in my autumnal progress, where I received yours this

[1] The weakness of Lord Chatham's administration induced him, about this period, to make overtures to the Duke of Bedford and his powerful party. A personal interview took place, on two different occasions, between Lord Chatham and the duke;

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morning, and am sorry you seem to differ so much in your two sheets. You complain of no indigestion in your first, and I hope it is only March's indigestion occasions your *cours de ventre* in your second.

I returned this morning from Weymouth's, at Longleat, where I have passed three days with Rigby and Lord Gower, as pleasantly as you could possibly have done at Versailles, though you had been every night with your passion, the queen.

Lord Chatham is here, with more equipage, household, and retinue than most of the old patriarchs used to travel with in ancient days. He comes nowhere but to the pump room; then he makes a short essay and retires. Our friend Ball makes a better figure in the newspapers at his death than he ever did alive. Horry[1] unluckily left this place before I came. He is certainly better, though not in good humour; that, I think, is out of the reach of politics to occasion. He has wrote a pretty little piece on the Patagonians. When I go to town, if I can wrap it up within the compass of a letter, I'll send it to you.

As for the velvet, I care little about it. If you can buy me a suit, and find an easy way of con-

but the king considering the demands made by the latter to be too "extravagant," the negotiation produced no favourable result.

[1] Horace Walpole's letters, written at this period from Bath, are full of complaints of the discomforts and disagreeable society of Bath.

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veying it, I should be obliged to you; if not, I am totally indifferent at my time of life what I wear. Your old friend Mrs. Lunn is of the Duke of Bedford's party, and I believe carries pams in her pocket to the loo table. Lord Chesterfield [1] comes on Monday. I shall leave this place on Tuesday, but shall be longer on my road to London, as I go by Lord North's in Somersetshire. God bless you, and Adieu.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, à Paris.*

### *The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

4th November, 1766.

I had your two letters last night, and I suppose you have had mine with an account of my success at Newmarket. The Duke of Northumberland still continues his resolution of going to Paris immediately after the meeting of Parliament, and presses me very much to go with him. Whether I shall or not I swear I don't know. I dined yesterday with the Marquis de Fitzjames at the Duke of Grafton's, and dine to-day at the Duke of York's. The town is very empty yet. Bully is not in spirits with the world, and continues at Newmarket with his girl, though he is as much tired of her as of anything else. The weather is

[1] The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, whose ill state of health rendered him a frequent visitor at Bath. He died 24 March, 1773.

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excessively fine. I am just going to ride out to see if air and exercise will get me a stomach, which I have not had for several days. I don't know what the devil's the matter, "mais j'ai l'estomac dérangé, et avec cela les grands diners ne valent rien, et je ne puis pas rester à un coin de la table comme vous la faites." In case I have not time to add anything to you in the afternoon, farewell. Remember me to the Rena.

We had at dinner the Prince of Anhault, and some Germans with him; Lord Huntingdon [1] and myself; the Princess of B. and Lady Susan; and the duke's family. It was a very agreeable dinner, without any form.

Lord Spencer [2] and Lord Hillsborough [3] are to move and second in the House of Lords, and Lord Lisburne [4] and Augustus Hervey in the House of Commons. Lord Chatham and the Duke of Bedford have had a great deal of communication at Bath, and people expect the Bedfords will certainly come in. I don't hear Mr. Grenville mentioned, and very little about politics.

Adieu.

[1] Francis, tenth Earl of Huntingdon.

[2] George, first Earl Spencer.

[3] William, second Viscount Hillsborough, and first Marquis of Downshire.

[4] Wilmot Vaughan, fourth Viscount Lisburn, to which title he had succeeded on the 19th of January preceding. In 1770 he was appointed a lord of the admiralty, and was advanced to an earldom in 1776. He died 6 June, 1800.

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*P. S.* Vernon wishes that you would send him a velvet, something of this pattern, for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches; and send it to M. Pierre Grandin, à Calais, to be kept there till he has orders how to send it.

*The Duke of Northumberland to George Selwyn.*

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, Nov. 4, 1766.

DEAR SIR: — I am infinitely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and should have troubled you myself much sooner, but that I could not absolutely fix the time of my journey, which I now hope to undertake in a few days after the meeting of Parliament, and to pay my compliments to you at Paris about the 19th or 20th of this month; I likewise expect the duchess, who is now in Holland, to meet me. You are very obliging to have inquired after an hotel for us. That which the Duke of Buccleugh had, will, by your description, answer our purpose; may I therefore beg you to secure that or some other for us: I don't mind the price if I am well lodged. I am ashamed at the liberty I have taken in giving you so much trouble, but I flatter myself that you will pardon a friend who loves and esteems you. Allow me to assure you of my best thanks for your obliging congratulations, and that I am, with the most perfect truth and regard, dear sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

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*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

Tuesday, November 11, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I date on this day to make you blush to find yourself among your priests and presidents, at a time when you should be serving your king and country in old England.[1] For God's sake don't talk to me any more about them; if they can do one thing more disagreeable than another, it is keeping you from us. Well, you give over March at last; if I am not misinformed, he diverts himself as well on this side of the water as he could do on the other. I asked the Duke of Northumberland last night at White's what commands he had for you, and he desired me to tell you that he holds his resolution of being at Paris about the 20th. It is agreed, you will be an incomparable bear-leader, and her Grace will be no bad bear.[2]

How could I be more particular about Matson! It is clean and neat, and infinitely improved by the approach. Your wine is incomparable; Cadogan can't beat it.

Don't lead your new favourite, Carlisle,[3] into a scrape. Horry Walpole is quite recovered, and

[1] Parliament opened on the day on which this letter was written.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Percy, the last great heiress of the Percies, married, in 1740, Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., created this year Duke of Northumberland. She died in 1776.

[3] Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, who will subsequently be found playing a distinguished part in these letters.

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in tolerable humour. He says they have castrated his letter to Hume, and spoiled it.[1] If you have read his Patagonians, I am sure you will be pleased with it.

As to my velvet, do what you will with it; I do not care one farthing about it. Remember, I do not want bell riband; it is that instrument that the ladies work the bell-ropes upon; any woman will show you what.

Lord Coventry did not come up to the meeting. He is still at Crome, so I cannot send you any account of the children. While you stay you shall hear from me once a week. God bless you, and adieu.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, at Paris.*

### *The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, Friday [Nov., 1766.]

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I intended to have written to you last Tuesday, but we sat so late at the House of Lords that I had no time. It was a dull debate, though it lasted a great while. Lord Chatham

[1] This alludes to a letter [dated 26 July, 1766] which was addressed by Horace Walpole to David Hume on the subject of the famous quarrel between the latter and Rousseau; which letter had recently been published by Hume, together with other particulars of the quarrel. The publication of this letter, in a curtailed form, seems to have given some offence to Walpole, who thus writes to Hume on the 6th of November following: "What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it you, it was for your justifi-

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spoke very well, and with a great deal of temper, and great civility toward the Duke of Bedford; who spoke and approved of the measure at the time of laying the embargo, because of the necessity; but complained of Parliament not being called sooner, because what had been done was illegal, and only to be justified from necessity, which was the turn of the whole debate. Lord Mansfield trimmed in his usual manner, and avoided declaring his opinion, though he argued for the illegality. Lord Camden attacked him very close upon not speaking out his opinion, and declared strongly for the legality. Upon the whole, I think we shall have very little to do in Parliament, and your attendance will be very little wanted. Coventry is not in town. I suppose he waits to see the turn that things are likely to take; so much so that I am persuaded he will be more attached to his old friend Pitt than ever. Farewell, my dear George; I have only time to add that I am always,

Very affectionately yours,

M. AND R.

cation; and, had it been necessary, I could have added as much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed, at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour. I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me."

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[The debate alluded to by Lord March in this letter occupies an important page in history. The king, in his speech from the throne, after deploring the scarcity of corn, which had almost amounted to a famine, and regretting the spirit of insurrection which, in consequence of that scarcity, had manifested itself in many parts of the kingdom, had thus expressed himself: "The urgency of the necessity has called upon me in the meantime to exert my authority for the preservation of the public safety, against a growing calamity, which could not admit of delay. I have, therefore, by the advice of my Privy Council, laid an embargo on wheat and wheat-flour going out of the kingdom until the advice of Parliament could be taken." By the opposition it was insisted that the laying this embargo was an unjustifiable exercise of the prerogative; and further, that under the critical circumstances in which the country was placed, a needless and criminal delay had taken place in the summoning of Parliament. It was on this occasion that the eloquence of Lord Chatham was for the first time listened to in the House of Lords. His manner was courtly, dignified, and conciliating. He dwelt on the feelings which impressed him on finding himself, for the first time, in the "unaccustomed place" in which he now spoke, — before the most knowing in the laws, and in the presence of the hereditary legislators of the land; and he added, turning toward

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the throne, that he could not forget it had only just been filled by majesty, and by all the tender mercies which accompanied it. But he no sooner changed to discuss the subject in debate, than he adopted his usually forcible and impassioned manner, and the discussion terminated by the new ministry finding themselves in a triumphant majority.]

## THE ZAMPERINI.

SIGNORA ANNA ZAMPERINI, the subject of the annexed portrait, and whose liaison with Lord March is referred to in several subsequent letters, was born at Venice about the year 1745. Educated from her infancy for the opera, she was not only unrivalled in her day for that grace and elegance in the dance, which has been happily denominated "the poetry of motion," but her talents as a singer must also have been of a high order. This fact is proved beyond a doubt, from the circumstance of her having been entrusted with the difficult part of the "Marchesa," in Piccini's "Buona Figliuola Maritata," on the first production of that opera in 1767. The music of this piece — a sequel to the celebrated "Buona Figliuola" of the same eminent composer — is said by the critics of the day to have been of a very superior character; remarkable for its originality and replete

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with fine effects. It was, however, so difficult that the singers, we are told, soon grew heartily tired of it; and such was the manual exertion required to give it effect, that the performers in the orchestra are asserted "at the rehearsals to have quite forgotten that it was winter." Like most sequels (and the one to our own "Beggar's Opera" is especially a case in point), this opera never seems to have attained to the popularity of its predecessor. Still, from the circumstance of the principal character in so difficult a performance having been entrusted to Madame Zamperini, it is evident that her talents as a prima donna could have been of no common order. This supposition is, to a certain extent, confirmed by the fact of a quarrel which, three years afterward, took place between the Honourable Mr. Hobart, who at that time held the patent of the Opera House, and the celebrated singer, Guadagni. The latter, it seems, had taken great offence at what he considered to be an undue preference accorded to the Zamperini over his own sister, and on Mr. Hobart refusing to accede to a different arrangement, he threw up his engagement at the Opera House in disgust. It is not improbable that the distinguished patronage enjoyed by the Zamperini may have contributed to turn the scale in her favour. Indeed, while, on all hands, her personal charms are spoken highly of, Burney and others agree that the effect which would otherwise have been produced by her singing

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was much impaired by her intolerable affectation. However eminent may have been the merits of the Zamperini as a cantatrice, it is certain that as a dancer she was unrivalled.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

17th November [1766].

MY DEAR GEORGE:—The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously; vastly better than if it had been *tigré*, or of any glaring colour; several are now making after it. I send you by this post full directions about all my commissions, as I quite despair of coming to you. I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls.[1] This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you and the Rena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much, and as such, I hope she will have some indulgence for my follies. A contrary behaviour will only separate us entirely, which I should be sorry for, and upon the footing that we have lived for some time past

[1] The Zamperini.

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it would be quite ridiculous and affected. You may talk to her a little about this at a distance.

I spoke to the Duke of Grafton about your being in France, and I will take an opportunity of saying something about it to him again, only to show your attention as to the Parliament. This moment my servant brings me your letter by Le Roi. I will inquire for a lodging for the Rena, for I agree with you entirely, that you have no room for her in your house, and it is as well to avoid all the nonsense that would be said about it. I shall have everything in readiness, that she may immediately go to her own hotel, for she certainly cannot come either to yours or mine. Etc., etc.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, 18 Nov. [1766].

I thank you, my dear George, for including me in your pacquet of friends. Not even March himself is worthier of that appellation, for no one can love and esteem you better. Well, now you are convinced that Messiah will not come, why wait you, Jew-like, with your open windows for the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland? Don't comment on my nonsense, but send me some of your own. You will find, I suppose, about three months hence, all factions and parties subsided, and acquiescing under one sole and omnipotent minister. The Bedford click has not yet acceded,

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and will for a time secede; but there is no standard of opposition set up, nor will there, I believe, be above forty very important people left to decide on any question in the House for the rest of the session. Lord Chatham, thank God, is perfectly well, and, as Draper would say, will be the saviour and redeemer of this people; but, like our friend Lumley, you would rather be told by Choiseul that you are grown fat, than hear what a figure your country is likely to make under the present governor of it.

Lord Granville[1] is come into the world again, and with the same high spirits as when he quitted it twenty years ago. He rides every morning in the park with a fresh mistress, in mourning for the late countess, for whom he has put an escutcheon over his door, with his own single arms, though blacked on the woman's side: so that he appears in the street to be paralytic and dead on one side only. As to my velvet, if you see any prospect of conveying it to me, make it up; if not, when I want a new skin I will repair to Spittal Fields, and take the best their looms will afford me.

I called this morning on Horry. Lord Hertford and the *beau Richard* were with him, so I had not that freedom of conversation which a *tête-à-tête* would have afforded. They have translated his

[1] Robert Carteret, third Lord Carteret, and second Earl Granville. Lord Granville, who was the son of the celebrated minister, died in 1776, when his titles became extinct.

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letters. I told him you liked his Patagonians, and that half Paris were mad after it, though probably neither you nor they have read it. Adieu.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Monday [19 November, 1766].

My dear George: — For fear that I should not have any other moment to write to you, I write this in the king's rooms. I was obliged to dress early to come here, it being the princess's birthday. I dine at Lord Hertford's,[1] which, with the ball at night, will take up the whole day; you know that he is chamberlain.

The Duke of Bedford comes to-day, and on Wednesday I suppose they will kiss hands, but nothing is known. Everybody agrees that this resignation of the Cavendishes[2] is, of all the resignations, the most foolish, and I hear they begin already to repent of it. They make a fine opportunity for Chatham to strengthen his ad-

[1] Francis, first Earl and Marquis of Hertford, well known from his correspondence with Horace Walpole, was born in 1719. In August, 1757, he was installed a Knight of the Garter; in 1763 he was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France; in August, 1765, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in August, 1766, master of the horse; and in December following, lord chamberlain of the household. He died 14 June, 1794.

[2] William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland, about this period resigned his post of lord chamberlain, on account of an imperious act of Lord Chatham, the dismissal of Lord Edgecombe from the situation of treasurer of the household, to make room for the Duke of Newcastle's relation, Sir John Shelley.

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ministration. They want T. Pelham[1] to resign; Ashburnham certainly will now. The only people that do well are those that never resign, which Lord Hertford seems to have found out long ago. Saunders and Keppel[2] resign to-morrow.

My dear George, I certainly long to see you excessively, but I wish the Rena did not come so soon. I shall be miserable to give her any mortification, and I am afraid she will not be pleased if she comes now. The king is coming, so farewell!

Yours, etc.,

MARCH AND R.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Bully inquires after you very often. Milady Bully[3] came last Sunday to Guerchy's, where I dined with the Bedfords and Lord G. I suppose she was not invited upon his account. Women are so much more impudent than men; I never saw anything like it. She came just after we had drank coffee; handsomer than ever I saw her, and not the least abashed. *Pauvre Milor Gower il ne savoit*

[1] Thomas, Lord Pelham, afterward first Earl of Chichester. He was at this period comptroller of the household, which post he continued to hold till 1774. He died 8 January, 1805.

[2] Sir Charles Saunders, first lord of the admiralty, and Admiral Keppel, a junior lord, resigned their appointments at the same time with the Duke of Portland, the Earls of Besborough and Scarborough, and others, on account of the dismissal of Lord Edgecombe.

[3] Lady Bolingbroke, afterward Lady Diana Beauclerk.

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*que faire de sa personne.* I was sorry for him, because I know what he suffered.

Bully is coming again into the world, and swears he will seduce some modest woman; I have no doubt he will. Williams never meets me without abusing you for being so affected as to stay at Paris. We both agree that Coventry has stayed in the country, to see what turn politics will take. Between Temple and Pitt, he is like Captain Macheath, "How happy could I be with either!" The Bladens were at Crome when Williams was there, and is more enchanted with them than you can possibly imagine. Farewell! my dear George; I am determined to write to you every post, if only to say that I am always

Your very affectionate friend,

MARCH AND R.

## VISCOUNTESS BOLINGBROKE.

LADY DIANA SPENCER, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, was born on the 24th of March, 1734, and on the 9th of September, 1757, was married to Frederick, second Viscount Bolingbroke. This lady, who is better known as Lady Diana Beauclerk, was divorced from Lord Bolingbroke on the 10th of March, 1768, and two days afterward was married to Topham Beauclerk, Esq., only son of Lord Sidney

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Beauclerk, fifth son of Charles, first Duke of St. Alban's. The two letters which immediately follow this lively note (the one from Lord Bolingbroke, and the other from his brother, Henry St. John) will be found interesting, from the references which they contain to the unhappy estrangement between Lord Bolingbroke and his lady.

*Viscountess Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

Lady Bolingbroke is *actuellement à sa toilette*, and will be very glad to see Mr. Selwyn, particularly as she goes out of town to-morrow.

Lord Bolingbroke intends being at home also, in order to see Mr. Selwyn, and to prevent any mischief that might happen from Mr. Selwyn's inclination this morning to that *posture horizontale*.

*Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

Friday evening [1766].

DEAR GEORGE: — I intended to sup with you this evening, but I am so low, dejected, and miserable that I cannot speak; I can only cry. The just parting with her, whom I know (though she does not yet) I shall not see again this long while, quite overcomes me; I shall therefore go and lie out of town this evening.

Do, my dear George, contrive to meet Lady Waldegrave [1] as soon as you can, and immediately

[1] Afterward Duchess of Gloucester.

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set about what we were talking of this morning. Do, dear George, and let me know what success you meet with in your application to Lady Waldegrave; I mean, tell me whether she is sensible about it. But you can make her so.

If ever you happen to talk of me to Lady Di., represent me as appearing to you altered and unhappy. Excuse my plaguing you with my nonsense. You know too well the comfort it affords to an afflicted man, to talk to his friend of his affliction, not to forgive me.

Adieu, dear George, yours sincerely,

BOLINGBROKE.

*Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

SACKVILLE STREET, Friday, Nov. 21, 1766.

DEAR GEORGE: — I give you many thanks for your obliging letter of the 13th instant, and the readiness you show to execute my commissions. You may buy for me the books you mention, and whatever others your judgment may direct. I certainly should desire Montesquieu, Rousseau, Mémoires Historiques, Anecdotes des Reines Régentes, Maintenon's Letters, Molière, Racine, etc., etc. I believe Voltaire's works are dearer at Paris than here; but I leave it to you to purchase them as you think proper. Let me have a history of France, but not a voluminous one; I really don't know the best author for that purpose. I want to have La Bruière's works. I would not have the

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commission exceed twenty-five or thirty pounds in books. I hear there is a beautiful set of prints lately published, after Vernet's views of the French seaports; if they are not very dear, I should like to have them. In regard to the watch, I will repeat what I said in a former letter, that if I can have a repeater made by Verneaux for forty louis, and well enamelled, I will; if not, I must content myself with a watch that does not repeat. Though the pattern-cup I sent by you is *des plus communs*, I want to have half a dozen more of them, with saucers, to complete my set. I shall then have given you a monstrous deal of trouble, and fear I shall have presumed rather too much on your good nature.

My brother,[1] whom you inquire so kindly after, is not sunk into such low spirits as you seem to have heard. I think, on the contrary, though he laments the loss of a home, he does not whimper and whine after the object that has been these two years past the cause of his melancholy, and I fancy he at least sees that object in its true light. From a desponding lover and husband, as we have seen him, he is determined to become more a man of the world, and not to sacrifice his pleasure and interest in life to the indulgence of a grief, brought on by an accident originally, and afterward continued by the foolish obstinacy of a woman, and promoted by the unfeeling behaviour

[1] Lord Bolingbroke.

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and indolence of her brother. I need not illustrate to you my meaning; you are master of that subject, and I am sure was always much concerned at the rupture.

As my brother is, as you properly style him, a vagabond, he eats every day his own mutton at my house; for he parted with his cook, and all his establishment, together with his house, and now we club a dinner together, and hope, when you return to London next month, you will sometimes be of the party, if you can bear our *petit couvert*, after Mons. le Premier's *repas*.

The little Iülus is very well, and improves much at school. I see sometimes your friend Williams, and Lord March often. The latter I meet *aux coulisses de l'Opéra* very frequently. You know his taste for Italian women, and the Zamperini seems to have *réveillé* that passion. I hear Lord Coventry is confined in the country with the old sprain in the sinews of his leg, which I remember to have seen, and was partly, though very innocently, the cause of. Many people are gone, and are going into the country, and I hear the Parliament will be adjourned next week.

My friend Kitty is not married to little Ranthos Morris, but to Mr. Norris, a young man and member of Parliament, whose father lives in Kent. I suppose you will have heard by this post that

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Shelley has kissed hands for Lord Edgecombe's white staff, who in recompense was offered, but has refused, the bedchamber. I hear the Cavendishes are very angry at this removal. Lord Gower, and some of the Bedfords, are still talked of to come in place. I know no news from White's, as I seldom ever go there. I shall be glad to hear from you once at least before you leave Paris, and the oftener the better. Adieu, mon cher ami; je reste, comme j'ai toujours été,

Votre très humble, et très fidèle serviteur,

H. St. John.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Friday, 21st November, 1766.

To town last night. Williams is in love with the Bladens; he found them at Crome. I have long known that they are the most agreeable women in London; but you know he never thinks anything can be so, but what he is accustomed to see every day.

Cadogan and Thomond are gone into the country to shoot. Lord Farnham [1] is gone to Ireland. Say something for me to the Rena, that she may not think she is forgot, which she certainly is not, and don't lose an opportunity when it offers of remembering me to my friends at Paris. I told the Duke of Grafton that you was ready to order

[1] Robert, first Earl of Farnham, in Ireland, died 16 November, 1779.

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your post-horses whenever you were really wanted. Farewell, my dear George.

Yours very truly and affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

[This letter contains the earliest notice, in the present work, of those unhappy disturbances in America which subsequently led to the great war of independence. Even Lord Chatham, with all his foresight and discernment, seems to have regarded the excited state of the North American colonies rather as the prelude of their own certain ruin in the case of their rushing into open rebellion, than as threatening disgrace and disaster to the mother country. "The advices from America," he writes, about this period, "afford unpleasing views. New York has drunk the deepest of the baneful cup of infatuation, but none seem to be quite sober, and in full possession of reason. It is a literal truth to say that the Stamp Act, of most unhappy memory, has frightened those irritable and umbrageous people quite out of their senses. I foresee that, determined not to listen to their real friends, a little more frenzy and a little more time will put them into the hands of their enemies." One person alone, the celebrated "Single-speech" (Gerard) Hamilton, seems to have been keenly and sensibly alive to the impolitic and tyrannical conduct of England toward her powerful colonies. To Mr. Calcraft he writes: "In the

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Massachusetts government in particular, there is an express law, by which every man is obliged to have a musket, a pound of powder, and a pound of bullets always by him; so there is nothing wanting but knapsacks (or old stockings, which will do as well), to equip an army for marching, and nothing more than a Sartorius or a Spartacus at their head requisite to beat your troops and your custom-house officers out of the country, and set your laws at defiance. There is no saying what their leaders may put upon them; but if they are active, clever people, and love mischief as well as I do peace and quiet, they will furnish matter of consideration to the wisest among you, and perhaps dictate their own terms to you at last, as the Roman people formerly in their famous secession upon the Sacred Mount. For my own part, I think you have no right to tax them, and that every measure built upon this supposed right stands upon a rotten foundation, and must consequently tumble down, perhaps upon the heads of the workmen." According to Mr. Hamilton's calculation, there were at this period at least two hundred thousand men in America, who were not only capable of bearing arms, but were already provided with them.]

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

[November, 1766.]

My dear George: — Jack Shelley has kissed hands for Lord Edgecombe's place. He was

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offered to be of the bedchamber, which he has refused, and wants to have the post-office, which they won't give him.

I find it is imagined that we shall be obliged to send troops into North America, to bring them to a proper obedience. It is whispered about that the Cavendishes, and Rockingham's friends, will take the first opportunity they can to be hostile to government, and likewise that Norton [1] and Wedderburn [2] will certainly oppose; if these things are so, we may perhaps have some more convulsions in the state.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are gone to Woburn. That set seems to be quite separated from Grenville, but have made no bargain yet; I suppose we shall not know much what turn these things will take till after the holidays. I wish every day more and more that I had come to you.

I have not yet received some champagne that Monsieur de Prissieux has sent me, but I expect it every day, and I am looking out for a horse to send him. It is a difficult commission, though I had a great many that I wish he had, if I thought he would like them. Etc., etc.

[1] Fletcher Norton, afterward first Baron Grantley, was at this period attorney-general. He was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1770, and died 1 January, 1789.

[2] Alexander Wedderburn, afterward the celebrated lord chancellor. In 1780 he was created Baron Loughborough, and in 1801 Earl of Rosslyn. He died 3 January, 1805.

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*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1766.

You are, my dear George, such a French bore, and all against your poor country, that I believe you imagine your letters are opened at the post-office, and are willing to be better with the ——s, for your extreme partiality to them. The Crome girls are come up safe. I shall sup there to-night after the opera with the Bladens. Nanny hopes you will remember her. You ask why their father stayed in the country? You know him almost as well as I do, and too well to ask that question, but for God's sake, when you come, let us have no more passions, but as he is disposed to be well with you, keep so with him.

I have ordered your stone steps and baize door this morning, and have told the men to hurry them. As to my velvet, think no more of it. If the Duchess of Northumberland was my friend, she could put it out of the reach of the custom-house officers, but, as it is, when I want to be fine I'll repair to your old weaver's, and take some remnant of an old pincushion, which will do for me.

What the deuce! do you read Horry Walpole's sterling wit in a French translation? We like it here; but bobbing for whales is such a characteristic of his style, that it would be impossible not to know him by it; he is in good health and spirits;

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no minister, but near the throne, from his connection.[1]

We see little more of Lord Chatham than if he was minister of France instead of England; and yet, if I mistake not, this eastern minister, if let alone, will do his and the king's business as effectively as any one of his predecessors. God bless you, my dear George; it vexes me that you should pass so much of your time at such a distance from me, as no one can love you and esteem you better than I do. Etc., etc.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, Paris.*

[Lord Chatham, having formed his heterogeneous administration, contenting himself with the large sums which he drew from the public treasury, retired in the first instance to Bath, and afterward to his estate of Burton Pynsent. Within a few months after his acceptance of office, the greatest statesman that England has ever seen had become remarkable for his uselessness as a man of business, and his unpopularity as a minister of state.

[1] Alluding to the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester with Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave, which was solemnised on the 6th of September. In a contemporary poem, entitled "To Lady Bab Evergreen, at Bath, from Miss Vizard, on the masquerade," we find:

"Whole groups were attentive while Lane talked so clever,
And Waldegrave's fair widow looked buxom as ever;
Full many a lover who longed to accost her,
Was kept at a distance by Humphry of Glo'ster."

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"When he had executed his plan," says Burke, "he had not an inch of ground to stand on. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister. When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass."]

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

[November, 1766.]

At the custom house there is a red bed upon my list, which I have not made use of, and which you may take if you want anything of that sort, and think it worth while. Send my shoes to Mademoiselle Morel, at Calais, in case you find no opportunity of sending them directly from Paris, and I will find some method of getting them over.

Pray don't let the commode be too much ornamented. J'aime le grand simple comme le prince; but as it will be a principal piece at the end of the room, between the two windows, it must be handsome, so as to be an object.

Bunbury and Lady Sarah set out next week, and I will get them to take your tea and fans. I wish I could muster up resolution to come to you, if it was but for ten days. Besides French resources, you have a very good English set, which is always a great comfort.

I was prevented from writing to you last Friday, by being at Newmarket with my little girl.

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I had the whole family and Cocchi. The beauty went with me in my chaise, and the rest in the old landau. I have intended a thousand times to have wrote to the Rena; something or other, however, has always prevented me, but I certainly will write by this post. I would not for the world give her any mortification, for I really love her much, and it is for that reason that I wish her not to come here just now. Pray say something to her for me, for not writing, which I certainly should not have put off so long, if I had not always said something about her in my letters to you. Contrive anything rather than she should appear to be neglected.

I shall endeavour to negotiate the £500, provided I can do it with Guerchy or Fitzjames. He has been confined for some days with a little fever, but is now much better.

Lady Fortrose[1] is so ill that they do not expect her to last many days longer. She has killed herself by putting on white; and I suppose has hastened her end a good deal by lying constantly with little Gimcrack. Though she has been up this great while, she is so weak that she has hardly been able to walk or speak.

[1] Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu, 12 December, 1766: "That pretty young woman, Lady Fortrose, Lady Harrington's eldest daughter, is at the point of death, killed, like Lady Coventry and others, by white lead, of which nothing could break her."

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Get me the best chambertin you can, and you may give any price for it. Chavigny, I should think, will be able to advise you as well as anybody.

All I have learnt here is, that Keppel is turned out of the bedchamber, — he meant only to have resigned the admiralty, — and that Lord Harcourt's son is appointed. Augustus Hervey and Cadogan are in a long bore. When they have finished, if they tell me anything, you shall know it. T. Pelham does not resign, and everybody thinks that those who have are now d——d sorry for what they have done. Hervey tells me that Sir Edward Hawke is to be first lord of the admiralty.

I cannot learn one word about the Bedfords; I suppose they make difficulties in order to have a better bargain. I wrote a short letter to the Rena last week, but will write her two or three words by this post. Farewell, my dear George.

Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

December 2 [1766].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I take it so ill of your missing me my usual Monday's post, that I have a great mind to be as silent and as sulky as yourself.

The resignations I told you of in my last are made. The Bedfords are come up, and at this

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instant negotiating, though Willis says nothing will transpire till Wednesday. Your friend yellow Saunders[1] gave up yesterday. He gave for the only reason, that at his time of life he could not think of living without the Keppels. I think all your family are too sensible. I do not hear of one of them being guilty of these childish indiscretions of quarrelling with two or three thousand a year.

March has been a tour to Newmarket with his new mistress; I do not think these frolics go off at our age as they used to do. Why do not you tell me something of the Northumberlands? We hear of your falling asleep standing at the old president's,[2] and knocking him, and three more old women, into the fire: are these things so? Horry Walpole is in rapture with an apposite application of a passage in relation to David Hume and Rousseau. Tell her[3] he talks of nothing else, and that about February he will make another meal in her bedroom.

Pray, George, send me my bell-rope instrument. If you knew how I was teased about it, you would put it into the pocket of the next courier, with particular orders for the delivery of it. Say

[1] Sir Charles Saunders, first lord of the admiralty.

[2] The President Hénault.

[3] *Sic orig.* There is evidently an omission either in this or the preceding sentence; the person alluded to is probably Madame du Deffand.

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something in your next about your return. The birthday[1] was crowded. Nothing remarkable happened at it, but that Lord Hertford, who has now the chamberlain's staff, was in a long conference with Miss Vansittart. Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the other Miss Windsor, Lady Mountstuart's sister.[2] I believe Lord Gower will be master of the horse; Rigby, cofferer; and Lord Weymouth, postmaster. It is said Sir E. Hawke has got the admiralty. I have sent you more than you deserve, for I am not in charity with you for not writing. Adieu.

[Of the appointments referred to in this letter, the only one which took place was that of Sir Edward Hawke as first lord of the admiralty. As Lord Gower was the first cousin, and Rigby the most intimate friend, of the Duke of Bedford, the rumours of their having been nominated to the posts allotted to them by Williams, could only have been founded on the belief that the duke had acceded to Lord Chatham's terms. Lord Gower was unquestionably offered the post of

[1] Of the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of George the Third.

[2] Francis, Viscount Beauchamp, afterward second Marquis of Hertford, married, February 1, 1768, Alicia, second daughter and coheiress of Viscount Windsor. Walpole observes, in announcing the marriage to George Montagu, "Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the second Miss Windsor. It is odd that those two ugly girls, though such great fortunes, should get the two best figures in England, him and Lord Mountstuart."

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first lord of the admiralty, but he declined accepting it, except with the entire concurrence of the Duke of Bedford.]

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

3d December [1766].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I send you four fans and some tea by Lord Fitzwilliam, and shall send you two or three more fans by the Bunburys, who set out the end of this week, or the beginning of the next.

Sir Edward Hawke kissed hands to-day; Sir Piercy Brett and Jenkinson, lords of the admiralty, which does not look as if Bute was quite out of the question. The Duke of Ancaster is to be master of the horse. The Bedfords want to come in, but they would not give them the places they wanted.

Yours, etc.,

MARCH AND R.

After the Opera.

Vernon tells me that there is an end of the Bedford negotiation. Lord Chatham has filled up all the places. Lord Lisburne is to be of the Admiralty Board. I have not heard who is to be master of the horse. I am quite astonished that Lord Chatham should have sent for the Duke of Bedford, and that negotiation not take place; surely our old friends are not very well treated.

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The king was at the opera, which he scarce ever misses, and Coventry was in waiting. Lord Temple has told him that this administration will not last above two months, but that he is quite attached to the king, and will go with it as long as it lasts. I think there is no danger, for if the king is in earnest there will be support enough. By the next post I shall let you know how everything is settled. My dear George, adieu.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

The Duke of Bedford is gone back to Woburn, so that negotiation is at an end; I am sorry for it, and so are they too. The Duke of Bedford wanted Lord Lorne to be made a peer,[1] and I believe would have stood out for that as much as for any other thing; but, in short, he could have nothing in his own way. Wedderburn does better than ever in the House of Commons; he and Norton both oppose. I fancy, by Jenkinson coming into the admiralty, that none of Lord Bute's friends will be long in opposition. Lord Beauchamp, they say, is to have the other Windsor. Egmont is more gloomy than ever.

Pray bring me a dozen of the kind of gloves I

[1] Lord Chatham, though his negotiations with the Duke of Bedford signally failed, on the 22d of this month actually advanced Lord Lorne to the English peerage by the title of Baron Sundridge, of Coomb Bank in Kent. "My great point," said Lord Chatham, "is to destroy faction."

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bought at Dulac's. They are lined with a kind of wash-leather, and the tops were lined in the inside with silk. I am sure they will remember them, for they sent me some of them after I left Paris. I am going to ride out, and will finish my letter at White's and send you the news of the day.

ARTHUR'S.

Lord Hillsborough has kissed hands for the post-office; Stanley, cofferer; Nugent, Board of Trade. The Duke of Bolton is named for the government of the Isle of Wight. Adieu, my dear George.

[The ministerial appointments, which were gazetted shortly after the date of this and the preceding letter, are too numerous to be mentioned in detail; indeed, they will be found fully particularised in the subsequent letters. It is sufficient to observe, that the persons selected by Lord Chatham to fill up the vacancies in the ministerial ranks were enlisted almost entirely from among the friends and adherents of the ex-ministers, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Bute; thus, to use the words of Lord March, putting "an end to the Bedford negotiation."]

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, 5 December [1766].

As a proof, my dear George, how well I love you, I must tell you that half my spleen against

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the present people that possess you, is because they keep you from me. I wish to God they would be content with a Plymouth or Scrimshire, and not borrow those that are absolutely necessary to our existence!

Imprimis for the politics. The Bedfords have absolutely refused; and the Butes, at least some of that court, have acceded. Ancaster is master of the horse to the king, and Lord Delawar to the queen; Stanley, cofferer; Despencer and Hillsborough, postmasters; Nugent, the head of trade; Sir E. Hawke, Sir P. Brett, and Jenkinson, the new Board of Admiralty. Lord Hertford, to secure his chamberlain's staff, is marrying his son to Lady Mountstuart's sister, by which you know he immediately becomes one of the grand coterie.[1] Horry Walpole is more violent, I think, for the present arrangement than for any I have yet seen. He is for ever abusing the white Cavendishes, who are whispering in every corner of White's, and declare their intention of storming the closet in a few months. I know they will have your support, for I think that is a measure you were always fond of. Lord Rothes is dead:[2] whom shall we

[1] This of course alludes to Lord Bute's presumed ascendancy in the Cabinet. Lord Bute's eldest son (John, Lord Mountstuart, afterward first Marquis of Bute) had married, this year, Charlotte Jane, daughter and coheir of Herbert, second and last Viscount Windsor.

[2] This was a mistake; John, ninth Earl of Rothes, survived till 10th December, 1767.

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give the green riband to, for that county is in your department? I believe the Duke of Gloucester will have the regiment.

Now for your question about March. I believe I told you in my last that he has returned from Newmarket with his new mistress. Signora Zamperini, for that's the dear creature's name, comes to the house; but as he finds a difficulty in separating her from that rascally garlic tribe, whose very existence depends on her beauty, I do not think he means to make her what our friend the countess was.[1] Will she come over with Rosamunda's dagger? You must be prepared for all the artillery of wit that will be opened against you if this Dulcinea succeeds, and probably you will despise it, though I do not agree with you in your constant declarations that, except three or four people, the rest are indifferent to you. Jew or Gentile, in all probability you will live among them, and I hope, a great while hence, will die among them; therefore, for God's sake, live upon as good terms as you can, and since you must sail in the ship, do not contrive to make ninety-nine out of a hundred of the crew your enemies.

In one page you say nothing of your return, and in the next you talk of not staying long, but taking the first frost. If that is the case, why should we not eat a Gloucester chine at Matson together? I have flattered Harris with the thoughts of it. He

[1] The Rena.

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is now important in the special commission to try the rioters. This makes an additional assize at Gloucester, and gives them some holidays for the terror they have been occasioned in burning their mills and eating up their cheeses; did I tell you they mobbed old Ducie[1] as Robinson Crusoe? What! are the Northumberlands five nights in a week at supper by themselves? — cannot you take them under your protection, and fix her in a good set at the old president's? If anything could fix one by the root in one's own country, it must be the reflection that half the wealth of it cannot make one happy out of it. Poor woman! I pity her hephitic complaint, for that is far out of the reach of ——'s buckle and stomacher too.

Lord Lisburne[2] has been dying of an inflammation in his bowels. For God's sake, what speeches can a man make in such circumstances but to his nurse or apothecary? Don't abuse my friend Thomond. Sleeping or waking, I adore him, as I do our common friend, the Skipper Cadogan. You will never find anything in that man but the strictest notions of honour, quickened by a most excellent understanding. Coventry is in good humour. He is in waiting this week, and intro-

[1] Matthew Morton, second Baron Ducie, Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, in which county the riots took place, died 25 December, 1770.

[2] Wilmot Vaughan, first Earl of Lisburne. He survived till June 6, 1800.

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ducing all these angry politicians to the closet. The countess is better natured than ever. We have a supper and a song there now and then with the Bladens; but Alcibiades's[1] heart is in the field, and totally engrossed at present with this new plaything, who is certainly pretty; but fifteen and forty, George, are not made to run long together.

Nanny is well, and her cousin, the Duke of Hamilton, is by much the handsomest boy I ever saw in my life. Lord Bristol makes his levee sit.[2] He receives them so, and it is rather a council than our common way of mobbing a minister; I have a great mind to go, though I am sure I have no Irish excuse about me for intruding. He is perfectly well in health; in short, there is no prescription equal to a good employment. I cannot take leave of you, my dear George, without desiring you to remember you are an Englishman; and among all of that denomination, none loves you better than

Yours ever, etc.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Friday morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Yesterday I received your letter, dated Thursday morning, which I suppose

[1] Lord March.

[2] George Williams, second Earl of Bristol, died, unmarried, March 20, 1775. He was at this period Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

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came by Mr. Granville. Pray let them keep to the first directions about the *lit à la Polonaise.* They may vary as to the height, provided it will mend the proportions; in short, what I desire is to have it of a good proportion, so that it may look well; and you will be so good as to give directions accordingly.

I sent you some tea, and four fans, by Lord Fitzwilliam, and I shall send you two more by the Bunburys, who set out to-morrow. Pray do not forget my *vin de Chambertin;* I only desire a packet of sixty bottles; send it directly to Calais.

I would not advise you to make a very fine *vis-à-vis,* because it will not look well unless your horses and servants are very fine too. It can only come here by the means of some foreign minister. I suppose you will be able to get one cheaper than you could make it here, and, if you think it worth while, I imagine you may depend upon getting it over. But if you do not give very particular directions, it will appear very clumsy when you come to see it with our equipages. Certainly I would only have the body made in France, and that with particular directions to keep it as light as possible. You may then have your carriage made here, which will be beyond all comparison better, and your equipage will then be very handsome. The painting, and the fitting it up with cushions in the inside, will be better done

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in France, but I would avoid much finery, as the *grand simple* is the thing.

The Duke of Ancaster is master of the horse to the king, and Lord Delawar to the queen.

*Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

SACKVILLE STREET, Dec. 9, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I thank you much for your last of the 30th November, and am glad to find we are so near having the pleasure of seeing you. I hope to be in town on New-year's day, in order to have your company over a *gigot*, and a bottle of claret. As I am soon going with my master[1] to Grantham and Althorp, I shall not be sure of giving you that fête. I do desire, however, you will very repeatedly assist at our coterie this year, as I dine at home four or five times a week, *à trois ou à quatre couverts.* My brother tells me he has wrote to you, to trouble you with some commissions, and to answer some passages in your letter to me, which I communicated to him.

Harry Thynne has desired me to tell you that he wishes you would send his waistcoat to M. Dessein at Calais. I am glad to hear my books are already packed up and ready to come to England, and that you have executed my china commission also. I hope you will bring the watch with you.

You ask me how play uses me this year? I am

[1] The Duke of York.

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sorry to say very ill, as it has already, since October, taken £8,000 from me; nor am I in a likely way to reimburse myself soon by the emoluments of any place or military preferment, having voted the other evening in a minority. I own it appears ridiculous, in my situation in life, to be a patriot, but I think I can explain to you, when we meet (for it would be vastly too borish in a letter), my reasons to justify to you the opposition even of a poor younger brother on half pay. I hear my master is to have his money, but I do not understand he will have it before the holidays.[1] This is a better country for a subject to live in than a prince of the royal family. There are many rich men of the former class, none of the latter.

I know no particular private news, unless that I hear Lord Beauchamp is going to follow the example of Lord Mountstuart, and to marry the other Miss Windsor. I hope to pass a few days with my discarded friends at Woburn this Christmas. You have certainly heard of the negotiations between them and Chatham being broken off. Many people think that it would have been more for their credit, had they never *entamé* that negotiation, but people are sure to be abused if they take a right or wrong part, equally the same;

[1] An annuity of £8,000 a year was settled on the Dukes of York and Gloucester in the course of the ensuing session of Parliament.

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I own I am very sorry, on my own private account, they had not terms offered that were acceptable.[1]

Adieu, dear George, I have wrote a most unreasonable long letter; it is time to assure you I am very sincerely your obedient and faithful friend,

H. St. John.

*P. S.* If you should think of it, pray order your servant to buy me four bags; let them be rather large, with a large plain rosette; they will not be very troublesome to bring over, I hope.

*Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

My dear Selwyn: — I am infinitely obliged to you, and so are the boys, for your invitation. But they are not acquainted with, or even known to, Lord and Lady Spencer, and I cannot any longer pretend to intrude anything upon the Spencers.[2]

Yours most sincerely,

Bolingbroke.

[1] The failure of the negotiation between the Duke of Bedford and Lord Chatham was unquestionably owing to the personal prejudice conceived by George the Third, and with no slight reasons, against the duke. Those reasons have been recorded with sufficient bitterness by Junius, in one of the finest of his philippics.

[2] Lord Spencer was first cousin to the divorced Lady Bolingbroke.

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*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

9th December, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received this morning your letter from Versailles. I have wrote to you very constantly lately, and do not recollect to have missed any post but when I was at Newmarket. I like your letters prodigiously, they are so descriptive. All our old Paris friends come around in their turn, but you never mention Madame de Juvalin; I suppose she is not at Paris.

By the neglect of my servant you did not receive two fans that I intended to have sent you by the Bunburys. They are finer than those which I hope you have received by Lord Fitzwilliam, but I shall have an opportunity soon of sending them. Did you ever get any from Lady Townshend? She sent me two when she thought I was going to Paris, but she was in great haste to get them back again; I believe she was afraid they might be seized upon by some of the opera people if they remained in my house.

Charles Townshend, I hear, is to be secretary of state in the room of Mr. Conway. Elliot thinks there is no danger from the opposition. If Lord Chatham is strong in the closet, which in all appearance he is, and likely to be so, he will certainly be strong everywhere else. I think the Bedfords were wrong. They might have come in. There was no room for everybody. Gower was to

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have been master of the horse; Rigby, cofferer; Weymouth, postmaster. I would rather you did not speak to Lauregais's brother, it is not worth while; I shall meet Lauregais himself some time or other. Sir J. Moor and Thynne are just returned from Longleat, where they have been living in the usual manner. Sandwich has not been in town this winter, and does not come till after Christmas. I never heard his name or Lord Halifax's in all these negotiations. I am in waiting for Orford. I suppose Nugent and Shelley will kiss hands to-morrow.

Pray let me know exactly the day you are to set out, that I may secure a lodging for the Rena. I shall be very glad to see her. I hope she will have more sense than to affect any ill humour about this opera-girl. There is no harm in your saying that you hear I am very fond of her, and that they have been down with me at Newmarket, which will prepare her for a hundred stories.

Etc., etc.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Tuesday, near four.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I did not write to you by the last post, as some accident or other prevented me, but I certainly should have written to you if I had received your letter in the morning, but I only got it when I came home at night. For God's sake do not stay one minute where you are, upon

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any idea you may have about what will happen when you arrive. The Rena must be mad if she takes anything of this sort in a serious way. If she does, there is an end of our society; if she does not, we shall go on as we did. I am sure I have all the regard in the world for her, for I love her vastly, and I shall certainly contrive to make her as easy and as happy as I can. I like this little girl, but how long this liking will last I cannot tell; it may increase, or be quite at an end, before you arrive.

I am just dressed, and going to dine at Lord R. Bertie's, and am afraid of being too late, so farewell. Pray do not let anything prevent us having the pleasure of seeing you here, without you like better to be where you are. Adieu.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

CLIFFORD STREET, December 9.

I am sorry, my dear George, to miss your hand on a Monday's post, but you are so taken up with your old women, that I dare say the attendance on them is the cause of it. Cannot we get you a hospital in this island, where you can pass your evenings with some very sensible matrons? and if they are not quite blind, they may have some natural infirmity equivalent to it. What do you do with the Northumberlands? Coventry is very glad to hear they are not in the highest life, and that they sometimes sit alone. Say something in

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your next about his tapestry. Write the letter rather ostensible, and I will read it to him.

Once more, pray send me over my bell instrument. I am the reverse of Charles Townshend, and love to perform my promises. March goes on but heavily with his poor child. He looks miserable, and yet he takes her off in her opera dress every night in his chariot. I told you all the politics in my last. Nothing has happened since but Jack Shelley's introduction to the Privy Council. I told Charles you had bought his china, and he desires you will also contrive to smuggle it, or he will be obliged to pay seventy-five per cent. above the prime cost. Bully says he intends to take to politics. He sits every night next to Lord Temple, and has a complete bore of two hours. What that arch-politician will make of him, I cannot determine. The viscountess [1] is shut up altogether with Topham [Beauclerk]. His mother is dead, by which he has some considerable moveables.

Your baize door is up, and the steps will be finished by the time you will want a servant to make use of them. Old Alice is impatient to see you. If she could fret one of her eyes out, I imagine you would raise her wages. Be more particular in your next as to your return, that I may not have my manuscripts thrown away on Mr. Foley's counter.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, à Paris.*

[1] Lady Bolingbroke.

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*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

Tuesday, December 16 [1766].

I did as you desired me, and asked March whether he had the least thoughts of crossing the water, and he scouted the very notion of it. Believe me, he is not tired enough as yet of what this little paltry island affords to leave it, and would rather make love to fifteen than sleep with seventy. My heart's service to the old blind woman.[1] If you had commissioned me to have sent her over a lover, I would have remembered your commission much better than you seem to have done my poor bell-rope.

Your friend Bully told me he writes to you by this post. He is quite altered; goes to every assembly; is clothed every day in purple and fine linen; and swears he will at last be minister through Lady B., to whom he professes very amorous intentions. I think he begins to be diverting in his old way, and we know he has great capabilities. To-morrow Lord Lorne kisses hands for a peerage. I think the title is Combe; if it is the name of Coventry's house it may possibly make a coolness.[2]

You judged wrong of me as to the Christmas

[1] Madame du Deffand.

[2] John, Lord Lorne, was created a peer of Great Britain on the 20th of this month, by the title of Baron Sundridge of Coomb Bank. He succeeded as fifth Duke of Argyll in November, 1770, and died May 24, 1806.

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congress at Woburn. I like comfort, not numbers, and the mob there will admit of no sociability. I kept myself open for you as long as I could, and would now attend you if you came in time, but till this foreign frenzy wears off you will be lost to your friends and everything else. You are now interesting yourself in the love-affairs of Lord Carlisle with the same assiduity you have hitherto in March's, at a time when Draper would tell you "*tibi vivas quod super est ævi.*" Lady Townshend talks to me of letters from Bell, which I cannot understand. She has been to your mother about them, and she says your mother expresses a most unusual tenderness for you; unusual from the company before whom it was expressed, — the whole blood of the Townshends.

If you stay a fortnight longer in Paris, which I dare say you will do, you will see Harry Thynne, the Knight Walters, and Garnier. They set out in about a week; stay about a month; and depend upon your introducing them to Monsieur le Premier, the President, Geoffrin, Du Deffand, etc., etc. They will do credit to our country, and convince them there is yet a spirit left among us, of which they have not at present a true idea. The report of yesterday was that his Grace of Northumberland was sent for over to be made something, — either secretary of state, or something like it; for people will insist that Conway has no intentions to draw long with the man-mountain, espe-

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cially if the match is true, which they say is fixed, between the Duke of Devonshire and his daughter.[1] Nanny is well and in beauty. I told her you would not forget her, which would have been the truth had she been Lauregais's niece or daughter. What have they done with Master Scot's body? We hear nothing of it, and the mother is kept at home in tears for its arrival. Lord Lisburne has taken an excellent house in Grosvenor Square, and will give dinners. Pray come over and eat them. Our king has been ill, but, I thank God, is now well, and comes about as usual. You do not so much as mention the Dowager Rena; what do you intend to do with her? Raton, likewise, you are silent about. There is in favour at present one of the little, naked, shivering, Italian dogs, — the prettiest I ever saw, and has a thousand tricks; I am sure you will love it. Cadogan thinks so as well as I. I am going this instant to Zamperini's at the opera; so, dear George, Adieu!

*To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, à Paris.*

### *Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

My dear George: — My brother showed me a long, half French, half English letter, which you

[1] The marriage never took place. William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, married, in 1774, Georgiana, daughter of John, first Earl of Spencer, celebrated as the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

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honoured him with. You have admired Madame de Sévigné till your letters are as full of words, and as void of matter, as hers. To your admiration of her, and to the *ennui* which I am persuaded you suffer at Paris, I attribute the change of your epistolary style. For God's sake return home. Nature never meant you for a Frenchman. Burn your formal bag-wig, and put on your far more agreeable scratch.

In your letter you talk of politics, and give the preference to those of France rather than ours. Do not let that preference keep you at Paris, for indeed you will find the court of London not so antigallican as you may fancy. It is equal to that of Versailles in dullness, and it will soon be equal to it in power. As to the brilliancy of it, I confess your friends of Orleans, Condé, Conti, etc., etc., dazzle one's eyes rather more than the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Cumberland; but by following your doctrine of striking off pensions to the members of the House of Commons, and giving the money to our princes, we may live to see them as shining ornaments to our country. It is more particularly in your power than anybody's, to forward this excellent scheme for the happiness and honour of Old England, by giving up that additional salary annexed to your office. I dare say such an example, set by you, would be followed by many, and I am confident that I shall no sooner see the one event than the other.

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But all this is only a much-wished-for reformation. I will tell you of one that has happened in private life. Lord Bolingbroke is more like a gentleman than he has latterly been, and mixes more in the polite world. He not only thinks you better qualified than anybody to form and polish the mind of a fine gentleman, but also, by your present situation, very much qualified to adorn and improve the outside, and has, therefore, a mind to desire you to bring him over two or three pair of laced ruffles. He does not, however, desire that his hands should be the only fine part about him, and therefore wishes Mr. Selwyn may choose him some that are not deep, nor too dear; two pair for winter and two for spring would be sufficient for this campaign; and as Lord B. much admires the taste and elegance of Colonel St. John's Parisian clothes, he wishes Mr. Selwyn would order Le Duc to make him a suit of plain velvet. By plain, is meant without gold and silver; as to the colours, pattern, and design of it, he relies upon Mr. Selwyn's taste. A small pattern seems to be the reigning taste amongst the Macaronis at Almack's, and is, therefore, what Lord B. chooses. Le Duc, however, must be desired to make the clothes bigger than the generality of Macaronis, as Lord B.'s shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves, and length of the waist, Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaronis now

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about town, and become the object of their envy.

If Mr. Selwyn has leisure to do all this, and can bring, or safely send these commodities to London, Lord B. would think himself greatly obliged to him; but Lord B. has not so set his heart upon rivalling all the Macaronis in dress, as to wish Mr. Selwyn to give himself much trouble about it. There is nothing Mr. Selwyn can import from France that will give Lord B. half the satisfaction as the immediate importation of himself; for no one, neither the Queen of France,[1] nor the President Hainault, can possibly admire Mr. Selwyn more, or love him with half the sincerity and warmth, as his

Obedient humble servant,

B.

*P. S.* I have been in such a hurry that I fancy this letter is neither intelligible, nor even legible.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

23d December [1766].

My dear George: — I never read your letters without wishing myself at Paris, which is a very vain wish indeed, when I am so fond of this little girl that I have not resolution to go out of town for two or three days to Lord Spencer's, though I promised to go there. I still intend going. If

[1] This is another of the many allusions in these letters to the pleasure which the Queen of France took in Selwyn's conversation.

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I do, I must stop at Woburn, as it would not be decent to go by without making them a visit.

You see what a situation I am in with my little Buffa. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen; in short, I like her vastly, and she likes me because I give her money. I wish I had never met with her, because I should then have been at Paris with you, where I am sure I should have been much happier than I have been here. As to the little Tondino's coming, I should wish it vastly, if I thought she would like it; but I am persuaded she diverts herself much better where she is than she would here.

The Zamperini has a father, mother, and sister; but they all like their own diet better than anything else, so that we dine very little together. They sometimes dine here, but not often; and we shall therefore have our dinners as usual, though perhaps not quite so frequently. I have had a letter from the Tondino to-day. She tells me that she never passed her time so well at Paris as she does now: "*Monsieur du Barri est un homme charmant, et nous donne des bals avec des princesses.*" Pray, my dear George, find out something that will be agreeable to the little Teresina. Consult the Rena about it; *une jolie robe*, or anything else she likes; and let her have it from me *pour la nouvelle année*. I would send her something from here, but you will be able to get her something that will please her better where you are.

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I shall write two or three words to the Rena by this post. I told her, in my last letter, that I was supposed to be very much in love with the Zamperini, which certainly would not prevent me from being very happy to see her. Our attachment as lovers has been long at an end, and when people live at as great a distance as we have done for some time past, it is ridiculous to think of it; but I have really the greatest friendship and regard for her, more than I have for anybody in the world, except yourself, and there is nothing I would not do for her. I have been too long accustomed to live with her not to like her, or to be able to forget her, and there is nothing that would give me more pain than not to be able to live with her upon a footing of great intimacy and friendship; but I am always afraid of every event where women are concerned, they are all so exceedingly wrong-headed.

I am just come from White's. I found nobody there; everybody is gone out of town. Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, but do not let me have anything that has the least smell of amber or musk. I wish also you would bring me some patterns of spring velvets and silks for furs, and that you would make inquiry at Calais about my black silk coat lined with an astrakan; you have a memorandum about it. Farewell, my dear George.

Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

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*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

PICCADILLY, Thursday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Letters that go in trunks never arrive, and consequently I have not yet got the one you say you have sent of six sheets of paper, which I long for exceedingly. I have only received the one from Paris which is dated from your bed, early in the morning, and in that you say nothing of the Teresina, so that I know not whether you have seen her or not. There is also little about the Rena, only that she is in good spirits and well.

Your letter, however, is charming, and I like vastly your account of everything. I see you like Paris better than ever, and even if I had no inclination to come, which I really have, you would make me wish to do so by your description, but I can come to no resolution till after Newmarket. If I have bad luck there will be no money. I shall be obliged to take a thousand of yours to go down, but it will be replaced in a few days, let what will happen, the Cherubim having found a person who can let me have it.

Since I wrote to you last I have continued here, and lived chiefly with his Royal Highness, le Chevalier Delaval,[1] and the opera people, and now I do not propose going to Newmarket till Sunday. Everybody is at Orford's, but it would be too far to go there for one day.

[1] Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

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I received yesterday the enclosed letter from Thynne. Jonathan Bray, who once lived with the Duke of Kingston, and understands horses well, is set out this morning with a horse for the Duke of B., which Charles Townshend sends him. I have given him a packet of mustard for you, and if you can do him any service I wish you would, for he is a very honest fellow, and you may venture to recommend him as such.

Monsieur de Guerchy is expected to-day. I do not hear any news. Lord Chatham is at Bath, and there is very little talk about him here. I am told they want Huntingdon to go to Spain, but he likes to be where he is, which nobody wonders at, if he can keep there. Our Spaniards are frightened lest some person should be sent that is not of their rank. Lady Rochford is in great spirits about Paris.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

Friday, December 26 [1766].

My dear George: — I missed my Tuesday's post, as we were keeping our Christmas at Shortgrove. Cadogan, Lord Lisburne, and I, remembered you in our cups, which, peradventure, was more than you did by us in your circle of d——d exotics. I suppose by this time Watteau and Thynne have joined you. If anything could make me fond of France, it would be seeing so many English faces in it. God be thanked, their Graces

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of Northumberland are safely arrived, and he seemed to be as glad to get back to that smoky room at White's, as I should have been if I had been tied to the old president's spitting-pot for a month.

Can you possibly expect March? By the questions I am asked I suppose you do; but take my word for it, you will not see him till you meet him with the little posture-mistress [1] on this side of the water. In their way to Newmarket, they lay at the place the poor countess used to call Cockerall, and surprised the inn with their imports and exports beyond measure. You have one enemy less in the world than you had; the Countess of Guildford [2] expired yesterday. It is imagined she has left her estate among the St. Johns, but as the will is not yet opened, all is conjecture. Lord Sondes gets a rent-charge of £2,000, and the house in Grosvenor Square. Bully and his brother are comforting the earl at Waldershare.[3]

All our politics are at a stand. Lord Chatham is gone to Bath, and the heads of my department are now eating brawn and minced-pies in their respective counties. Rumour says Conway will resign; but till I see it, I will never think the word resign and that family will ever

[1] The Zamperini.

[2] Anne, widow of Louis Watson, Earl of Rockingham, and daughter of Sir Robert Furnese, Bart.

[3] The seat of the Guildford family in Kent.

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go together. You have pleased my lady by your last letter, and she is all good humour. As for Charles, he is as you left him, and so am I. Lord Lisburne will go into the admiralty, and your humble servant into office, I believe, the same day. I told Coventry that he and Count Caylus were joined together as to the standard of taste, and he made me repeat it ten times; I believe by this time the breaches are healed; for God's sake, let nothing for the future open them.

You are too serious about Thomond and Cadogan. Could I have said anything to occasion so grave a defence? I dare say you love them as they love you; making the proper allowances for your respective oddities and irregularities. Lord Lisburne has an excellent house in Grosvenor Square, and some of the best old claret I ever drank; but your mouth, I suppose, is altogether for Burgundy. Horry Walpole is in a paper war about Rousseau and the King of Prussia's letter. There is one of the pamphlets that calls him (Horry) a "prince of cockle-shells," which I believe will hurt him more than a grave confutation. Lord Lorne's title is Baron of Sundridge, and is collaterally entailed on his brothers. I think old Gunning's blood will have honours enough at last centre in her, or the devil's in it.

The Duke of Beaufort has got a son, and Prince William's[1] establishment is settled; two grooms

[1] The Duke of Gloucester.

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and two equerries. Your friend Colonel Clinton is a groom; the rest are names I know nothing of. The primate of all Ireland is supposed to be in the last stage of a dropsy; he has been scarified and emptied, but in all probability the water at his age will return. I hope Lady Tavistock is breeding. I think his Grace is too good a father not to have his race continued. Topham Beauclerk is arrived. I hear he lost £10,000 to a thief at Venice, which thief, in the course of the year, I suppose, will be at Cashiobury. Adieu, my dear George. The best news you can send me is, that I shall see you soon.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

Thursday, Dec. 30 [1766].

I hope, my dear George, this will be the last of my epistles for some time, and that so much land and sea will not be between us till you begin to be again tired of our faces, and shift, like a person in a fever, to a fresh place for a cooler reception. The Bullys are disappointed in their aunt's[1] death, at least in her will, for she has left Bully but one hundred, the Baptist a thousand, and John two thousand.[2] Her estate real and personal, which is called six thousand per annum,

[1] Lady Guildford. She was sister to Lord Bolingbroke's mother.

[2] The Hon. John St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's youngest brother.

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she has left to Lord Guildford, which God, in the fulness of his time, will I hope give to my good friend and relation, his son.[1] I am glad to find your spirits rise as you see your return near. Your last letter was much the most cheerful I have received from you, and more in your own way, without that d——d French bore, which March, Frenchman as he is, detests as much as I.

Will Finch[2] is dead, and old Pluto trembles. *Proximus ardebit;* for he looks miserable. How you can date on Christmas day, and say nothing of Thynne and Watteau, is to me amazing. They must have changed their route, and taken Flanders in their way. March is more diverted with that party than with any that has disembarked from this country for some time; we hope you will begin by exhibiting them first at old Du Deffand's.

Horry Walpole is lost in loo and politics. It is this day Conway, and the next Chatham, and he is behind them both alternately at the opera.

[1] Frederick, afterward the celebrated Lord North. He succeeded as second Earl of Guildford in 1790, and died August 5, 1792.

[2] The Right Hon. William Finch, second son of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham; he died on the 25th of December in this year. The person alluded to as "old Pluto" was unquestionably Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchelsea and third Earl of Nottingham, who had represented Rutlandshire in the reign of Queen Anne, and since that period had filled some of the highest offices of the state. He died at the age of eighty, August 2, 1769.

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I thought he would have been more regular in his correspondence with you, as he intends passing the next spring in that very round of foreign ecstasy which you so rapturously describe. I have not seen her Grace, but his Grace of Northumberland does not seem to think the month he passed at Paris the best disposed of, of any which he has experienced. Louis the Fifteenth was very civil to him; but his country is undone, his people in distress, and their way of living totally inconsistent with the manners, temper, and constitution of an Englishman. He talked as I should have done; and you, in one of your passions, would have told me I knew no more of them than I did of the inhabitants of the next planet, and therefore had no right to abuse them. Mynheer Cadogan is much yours. He is gone to pass the remainder of this holy season with his wife, and may possibly be the father of a seventh son before he returns. Adieu, my dear George, till we meet. I must refer you to the great joy I shall have in seeing you, for the great regret I have had in losing you. May your next forty years be passed, each happier than the preceding one.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, Tuesday [January, 1767].

I conclude the foreign mail has not arrived, because I have had no letter; and I am impatient to have one, because I want to know if you left

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Paris as you intended. I have not taken the old lodging for the Rena, because I waited for your letter; however, I saw a bill upon the door, and if I do not hear from you before night, I shall order it to be taken to-morrow.

The king talked of you at his dressing, and told me something that you had said of the Macaronis, that he thought very good. "Voilà de quoi vous encourager à vous presenter à la cour. Mille compliments des plus honnêtes à la cara Louisina," and many happy years to you both. I do not expect you before Saturday. I have a nervous headache and want my dinner, so farewell, for it is past four.

Just come from the opera; the king was there. The foreign mail arrived and no letters; at least I have not had any. Thomond and Cadogan are returned from their Christmas gambols. Adieu, my dear George.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Tuesday night.

My dear George: — I want a dozen pairs of silk stockings for the Zamperini, of a very small size, and with embroidered clocks. I should also be glad to have some riband, a cap, or something or other for her of that sort. She is but fifteen. You may advise with Lady Rochford, who will choose something that will be fit for her, and that she will like.

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Panton dined with me to-day with the Zamperini, and I write this from her house, with such ink and pens that it will not be easy to read it. Adieu, my dear George; pray remember to bring any patterns that are new and pretty.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Monday morn., 12 January [1767].

My dear George: — By the last post, and the post before, I received several of your letters, by which I find your setting out is now rather uncertain as to the day, and that it may still be put off if the Rena does not come. The best way is to let her follow her own inclination, for if she should dislike her situation, and be very much *ennuié*, which may very possibly be the case, you will be blamed for having persuaded her to come; and though I shall certainly be, as I told you, very glad to see her, it is impossible to live both with her and the Zamperini, and that passion at this time is not at all abated.

You say that you saw my letter, and that I do not encourage her to come. I do not recollect what I said, but I meant, as gently as possible, to let her know that she must not expect that I can be as much with her as I used to be. After she has had the trouble of such a journey, I would not have her disappointed and vexed; in short, if she comes, we must endeavour to make her as happy and easy as we

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can, for you know there is not much resource for her here.

I promised to go to Lord Spencer's, but stayed in town expecting that you would arrive. I intend going to-day, and shall return on Thursday, which will certainly be before you arrive. I would not go at this time if I had not a very particular reason, which I will explain to you when we meet. If this finds you at Paris, remember the commission I gave you about a cap, or something or other for the Zamperini. I said that I wished you would get Lady Rochford to choose it. Adieu, my dear George.

*P. S.* We had a dinner last week at Charles Townshend's with Cadogan, Soame Jenyns,[1] Lord Lisburne, etc., etc. Coventry was there, and there is to be a rebound at his house on Sunday.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Friday, 15th [January, 1767].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — The weather is so excessive bad that I do not know when to expect you, particularly as I know you are a miserable traveller. I went as far as Woburn in my way to Lord Spencer's, but I found so much snow, and such

[1] Soame Jenyns, so celebrated for the wit and shrewdness of his writings, as well as for his delightful conversational powers, was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, Knight, of Bottisham Hall, in Cambridgeshire. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; in 1741 he was returned to Parliament as repre-

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roads, that I returned. I met Mrs. Pitt and Meynel at the inn at Woburn, and I went back with them to Dunstable that night, and came here the next morning.

Lord Lorne took his seat to-day in the House of Lords, and Lord Northington [1] is given over, with the gout in his head and stomach. People are gathering together as fast as snow and bad roads will let them. Everybody wishes to see you again, and I am sure no one so much as myself, *comme de raison*, for I am sure you love me more than anybody else does. There is but one thing that I depend upon in this world, which is that you and I shall always love one another as long as we remain in it.

Farewell, my dear George; I am going to the Zamperini. *Nous avons boudé un peu pour deux jours*, but we shall make it up. This is an unlucky passion; I wish I had never seen her. She is the prettiest creature in the world, but the most complete coquette that ever existed. It is her trade,

sentative of the county of Cambridge; and in 1755 was appointed one of the lords of the Board of Trade; his colleagues, at one period, being Gibbon the historian, and Cumberland the dramatic writer. His death took place at his house in Bury Street, in 1787, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

[1] Robert Henley, created Baron Henley in March, 1760, and appointed lord chancellor in January, 1761. In May, 1764, he was created Earl of Northington, and at this period was president of the Council. He survived till January 14, 1772. Lord Northington sat as high steward at the trial of Lawrence, Earl Ferrers, in 1760, and of William, Lord Byron, in 1765.

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and she knows it very well. I had taken the old lodgings for the Rena, but I shall put them off. It is always best to let women have their own way.

Yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

## FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE.

FREDERICK HOWARD, Earl of Carlisle (to whom we are indebted for some of the most pleasing letters in the present collection), was the eldest son of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, by Isabella, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron. Lord Carlisle was born on the 22d of January, 1748, and when only in his eleventh year succeeded his father as fifth earl. He was sent at an early age to Eton, from whence he was removed to King's College, Cambridge. At Eton he was the contemporary and friend of Hare, Fox, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Storer, the three latter of whom he celebrated, while yet a schoolboy, in verses which, while they discover an amiable warmth of feeling, reflect no discredit on his genius. On quitting Cambridge, Lord Carlisle (accompanied during a period of his travels by his friends Lord Fitzwilliam and Charles Fox) made the tour of Europe. The portraits of these three friends are still preserved among the interesting collection of old

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Etonian faces which decorate the walls of the provost's lodgings at Eton. The portrait of Storer also hangs in the college library, to which, by his last will, he bequeathed a valuable collection of books.

Several letters, written by Lord Carlisle during his travels in Italy, will be found in the present collection. Had they been the production of a man of mature years, and of acknowledged talent, they could not fail to attract attention, as containing the remarks of a man of talent and observation in the course of his progress through a classical and deeply interesting country. But when we consider that they were written by a young man of pleasure, in his twenty-first year (one who, both by age and constitution, seemed far more likely to plunge into a course of self-gratification than to take an interest in more refined pleasures and graver pursuits), we cannot fail to do justice to the strong sense displayed by the writer; to the interest taken by him in the classical scenes through which he passed; as well as to his charming epistolary style. During his travels, it may be remarked that Lord Carlisle — though still under age, and not a peer of Scotland — was elected a Knight Commander of the Thistle, with the ensigns of which Order he was invested by the King of Sardinia, at Turin, on the 27th of February, 1768.

On his return to England, in 1769, Lord Carlisle took his seat in the House of Lords, and on the

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*Frederick, Earl of Carlisle.*

Photo-etching after the painting by Hoppner.

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22d of March, the following year, married Lady Caroline, second daughter of Granville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford. For some years from the date of his marriage, Lord Carlisle continued to be regarded as one of the most brilliant luminaries in the hemisphere of wit, rank, and fashion. Endowed with talents of no mean order; of high rank and acknowledged wit; handsome in his person, and with manners which his contemporaries describe as having been eminently distinguished by courtesy and high breeding; there was no individual whose society was more courted, or who was better qualified to shine in every relation of social life. At this period, it may be mentioned that his name was coupled with that of Charles Fox, as being the two best-dressed men of their day.

Considering that Lord Carlisle had married at the early age of twenty-two; that he was of an ardent temperament; that he delighted in the congenial society of wit, youth, and merriment; and that the club rooms of White's and Brooks's tempted him with the brilliant conversation of such men as Fox, Fitzpatrick, Hare, and Storer, it becomes more a matter of regret than surprise that he should occasionally have been lured from the quiet enjoyments of his own fireside, to mingle in the dangerous society of the Macaronis and wits. For some years, his absences in London from his splendid palace at Castle Howard seem to

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have been perilous epochs of allurement and self-gratification; and though married to a lady for whom, in his letters, he ever expresses the warmest feelings of admiration and esteem, and though surrounded by a young and increasing family, who were evidently the objects of his deepest affection, he nevertheless at times appears to have been unable to extricate himself from the dangerous enticements to which he was exposed. These observations have entirely reference to his addiction to the gaming-table. His passion for play — the source of adventitious excitement at night, and of deep distress in the morning — seems to have led to frequent and inconvenient losses, and eventually to have plunged him in comparative distress.

In recording these failings of a man of otherwise strong sense, of a high sense of honour, and of kindly affections, we have said the worst that can be adduced to his disadvantage. Attached, indeed, as Lord Carlisle may have been to the pleasures of society, and unfortunate as may have been his passion for the gaming-table, it is difficult to peruse those passages in his letters, in which he deeply reproaches himself for yielding to the fatal fascinations of play, and accuses himself of having diminished the inheritance of his children, without a feeling of commiseration for the sensations of a man of strong sense and deep feeling, while reflecting on his moral degradation. It is sufficient, however, to observe of Lord Carlisle, that the deep

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sense which he entertained of his own folly; the almost maddening moments, to which he refers in his letters, of self-condemnation and bitter regret; and subsequently his noble victory over the siren enticements of pleasure, and his thorough emancipation from the trammels of a domineering passion, make adequate amends for his previous unhappy career.

> "Brave conquerors, for so ye are,
> Who war against your own affections,
> And the huge army of the world's desires."

When the revolution took place in the conduct of Lord Carlisle, to which we have just had occasion to recur, he could scarcely have completed his twenty-ninth year. Henceforward we find him pursuing a nobler and more profitable career; nor was his victory over his passions without its speedy reward. On the 13th of June, 1777, he was appointed treasurer of the household, and sworn of the Privy Council; and in April, 1778, was despatched on his important mission to America, as principal commissioner for "treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in his Majesty's colonies, plantations, and provinces in North America." The other commissioners were Admiral Lord Howe, Gen. Sir William Howe, William Eden, Esq., and George Johnstone, Esq., the celebrated Governor Johnstone.

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When we remember that the Americans were at this period flushed with their recent successes, and that their golden prize, independence, was already within their grasp, we cannot be astonished that Lord Carlisle should have failed in the arduous, and perhaps impossible task of reconciling the revolted colonies to the mother country. The failure, indeed, of his mission reflects no discredit either on his abilities or his judgment. On the contrary, though he failed in accomplishing the desired object, it was universally acknowledged that he had done his utmost to advance the interests of his country, and that he had discharged, with admirable prudence and moderation, the delicate trust which had been confided to his charge.

Among other positions of difficulty and embarrassment, in which Lord Carlisle found himself involved during the course of his American mission, may be mentioned his misunderstanding with the celebrated General Lafayette, who at this period was engaged in the service of America. Some strong expressions, reflecting on the conduct of the French court and nation, had been published in the manifestoes of the English commissioners. These expressions, Lafayette, with more of intemperate bravado than good taste or proper judgment, chose to interpret into insults offered to his country by the commissioners in their capacity of private individuals, rather than

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as the act of a public body of men, for whose proceedings their country alone could be held responsible. With this view of the case, Lafayette addressed himself to Lord Carlisle as principal commissioner, and insisted on an hostile encounter. "I deign not," he writes, "to refute the aspersion, but I desire to punish it. It is from you, as chief of the commission, that I demand a reparation as public as hath been the offence, and which must give the lie to the expression you have used. — M. Guinot, a French officer," adds Lafayette, "will settle on my part the time and place of our meeting, to suit your lordship's conveniency. I doubt not but, for the honour of his countrymen, General Clinton will attend you to the field." The meeting was very properly declined by Lord Carlisle. "I have received," he says, "your letter, transmitted to me from M. Guinot, and I confess I find it difficult to return a serious answer to its contents. The only one that can be expected from me as the king's commissioner, and which you ought to have known, is, that I do, and ever shall, consider myself solely responsible to my country and king, and not to any individual, for my public conduct and language."

On the 6th of November, 1779, shortly after his return from America, Lord Carlisle was appointed a lord of trade and plantations. On the 9th of February, 1780, he was nominated lord lieutenant of the east riding of Yorkshire; and

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in October following, at the age of thirty-two, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His administration of Irish affairs was distinguished by a moderation, and a desire to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy and depressed people over whom he ruled, which deservedly obtained for him the gratitude of Ireland. A national bank was established during his administration, and several bills were passed for improving the trade of the country. His dominion over Ireland, however, was destined to be of short duration. On the dismissal of Lord North from office, in April, 1782, Lord Carlisle was superseded by the Duke of Portland, as lord lieutenant, and retired into private life. He quitted Ireland, however, with the satisfaction of knowing that he was followed by the good wishes of a large portion of the Irish people; the Parliament of that country passing a vote of thanks to him, on the 15th of April, for "the wisdom and prudence of his administration, and for his uniform and unremitted attention to promote the welfare of that country."

On the death of Lord Rockingham, Lord Carlisle obtained the appointment of lord steward of the household, and on the 2d of April, 1783, was advanced to be lord privy seal. The last honour conferred on him was that of the Order of the Garter, which he received in 1783. As he was the political opponent of Mr. Pitt, the accession of that minister to power, and his long tenure of

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office, effectually excluded Lord Carlisle from any share in the administration. He continued, however, to distinguish himself in the ranks of opposition. For many years he took an active part in the debates of the House of Lords, and was regarded by his contemporaries as an able, an influential, and occasionally a powerful speaker.

As a poet, the reputation of Lord Carlisle has long since passed into oblivion. Not that his verses are deficient in poetical talent, for in general they possess the characteristics of strong sense, of easy versification, a classical taste, and an intimate acquaintance with the motives of human action. But in awarding the honourable meed of poetical merit, the world has ever refused to admit a mediocrity of talent; it acknowledges no second class in the order of imaginative genius, and awards to those alone a niche in the temple of fame who have attained to high and indisputable poetical excellence.

"Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

The poetry of Lord Carlisle unquestionably possesses not those high attributes of genius which alone can confer the gift of immortality. In an age, however, singularly deficient in poetical talent, it was no discredit to the taste of his contemporaries that they were admirers of the poetry of Lord Carlisle. Among his lighter poetical produc-

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tions, his "Ode on the Death of Gray," though little in unison with modern taste, is certainly a poem of no mean merit. The following are the opening stanzas; and as the verses of the noble poet have long ceased to be in general circulation, a specimen of his poetical powers may not be unacceptable to the reader.

I.

"What spirit's that which mounts on high,
Borne on the arms of every tuneful muse?
His white robes flutter to the gale;
They wing their way to yonder opening sky;
In glorious state through yielding clouds they sail,
And scents of heavenly flowers on earth diffuse.

II.

"What avails the poet's art?
What avails his magic hand?
Can he arrest Death's pointed dart,
Or charm to sleep his murderous band?
Well I know thee, gentle shade!
That tuneful voice, that eagle eye!
Quick, bring me flowers that ne'er shall fade,
The laurel wreath that ne'er shall die.
With every honour deck his funeral bier,
For he to every grace, and every muse was dear.

III.

"The listening Dryad, with attention still,
On tiptoe oft would near the poet steal;
To hear him sing upon the lonely hill,
Of all the wonders of the expanded vale;

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The distant hamlet, and the winding stream,
The steeple shaded by the friendly yew;
Sunk in the wood the sun's departing gleam,
The gary-robed landscape stealing from the view.
Or wrapt in solemn thought, and pleasing woe,
O'er each low tomb he breathed his pious strain,
A lesson to the village swain.
And taught the tear of rustic grief to flow!
But soon with bolder note, and wilder flight,
O'er the loud strings his rapid hand would run:
Mars hath lit his torch of war,
Ranks of heroes fill the sight!
Hark! the carnage is begun!
And see the Furies, through the fiery air,
O'er Cambria's frightened land the screams of horror bear!"

Lord Carlisle's tragedies, "The Father's Revenge" and "The Stepmother," are of a higher order of genius. In both of these productions we discover not only striking imagery and depth of thought, but also a propriety and copiousness of language, and an elegance, and occasionally a power of versification, in which few of his contemporaries could compete with him. Horace Walpole, speaking of "The Father's Revenge," observes in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated 11 October, 1783, "I have seen Lord Carlisle's play, and it has a great deal of merit, perhaps more than your lordship would expect. The language and images are the best part, after the two principal scenes, which are really fine." Doctor Johnson, also, difficult as he is to please, is re-

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corded by Boswell to have spoken with commendation of the poetical powers of Lord Carlisle. Moreover, shortly after the publication of "The Father's Revenge," the great critic, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Chapone, was induced to give his opinion of it in writing. "Of the sentiments," he says, "I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy succeeding grief to light rushing on the eye accustomed to darkness.[1] It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please: it is new, just, and delightful. With the characters, either as conceived or preserved, I have no fault to find; but was much inclined to congratulate a writer who, in defiance of prejudice and fashion, made the archbishop a good man, and scorned all thoughtless praise which a vicious churchman would have brought him. The catastrophe is affecting. The father and daughter both culpable, both wretched, and both penitent, divide between them our pity and our sorrow."

"The Father's Revenge" first appeared in quarto, in 1783. The plot appears to have been borrowed from Boccaccio, and may be found also in

[1] Doctor Johnson evidently alludes to the following passage:

"I could have borne my woes; that stranger Joy
Wounds while it smiles; — the long imprisoned wretch,
Emerging from the night of his damp cell,
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams; and that which flings
Gladness o'er all to him is agony."

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Dryden's "Guiscardo and Sigismunda;" in Robert Wilmot's tragedy, "Tancred and Gismund," and in Mrs. Centlivre's tragedy, "The Cruel Gift." On the contrary, the plot of "The Stepmother" has the merit of originality. It was, however, never produced on the stage; although, from the author having furnished it with a prologue and epilogue, it may perhaps be inferred that it was composed with a view to public representation. This play, also, possesses considerable merit. The scene, more especially, between the Countess and Lord Henry, in which the former stimulates him, by dark hints, to undertake the murder of her husband, is conceived and executed with considerable ability. The Countess (adverting to the previous murder of Henriquez, in which they had been confederates) affirms that the remembrance of their guilt had neither dulled their sense of pleasure nor disturbed their slumbers.

"*Countess.* I have heard
Of no convulsive heavings of the tomb
To set its tenant free, and scare our slumbers.
*Henry.* Thy rest, then, has been tranquil? — calm thy nights and days?
*Countess.* What should disturb them?
*Henry.* The pale form
That's never absent from these tortured eyes.
*Countess.* Oh, childish vision! — and you view this spectre?
*Henry.* Oh! I have seen it take all shape and size:
Sometimes, as it did fill the mortal case

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That nature gave it; — anon, 'twould dwindle
Into so small a speck, that I have marvelled
How, with my eyes, I have pursued its changes;
And yet, in that appalling miniature,
Most horribly distinct. Lady, have done
With blood. Again, it was but yesterday,
As I do live, it met me like a giant,
Striding the valley's space. 'Twas outline all,
For substance it had none. Through its gray film
I viewed the distant prospect; yet there was
One spot opaque, one spot that sadly marked
Where once a noble heart had beat; but now
Withered and gone! In that dark bed of gore,
You might have found the dagger that you lent me!
Lady, no more of blood! no more of blood!"

We have been induced to dwell thus at some length on the merits of Lord Carlisle as a poet, in consequence of the disparaging manner in which they have the misfortune to be spoken of in the works of two of the most popular writers in our language. We allude to the slighting remarks made by Boswell and Lord Byron on his literary talents. As Boswell was indebted for some trifling civility to Lord Carlisle, it is difficult to account for the insidiousness, and the evidently studied ingenuity, with which he slurs over the literary reputation of the noble poet. But as regards the connection of Lord Carlisle with the poetry of Lord Byron, — inasmuch as the name of the former will probably be only known to after ages from its occurring in the verse of the great poet,

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— some more extended notice may be considered necessary.

Lord Byron, it is almost needless to remark, was nearly related in blood to Lord Carlisle. The mother of Lord Carlisle was sister to John, fourth Lord Byron, the grandfather of the poet; Lord Carlisle and Lord Byron were consequently first cousins once removed. Had they happened to have been contemporaries, it would be difficult to form an idea of two individuals who, alike from tastes, feelings, and habits of life, were more likely to form a lasting and suitable intimacy. Both were men of high rank; both united an intimate knowledge of society and the world with the ardent temperament of a poet; and both in youth mingled a love of frolic and pleasure with a graver taste for literary pursuits. But there existed between them one great disparity, that of years; for it must be remembered that, at the time of their memorable difference, the one was in his nineteenth, the other in his sixty-first year.

Lord Carlisle (with reluctance, it would seem) had been induced to become the guardian of his young relative. Whether he fulfilled the charge entrusted to him with proper kindness and diligence cannot now very easily be ascertained. To the mother, indeed, of Lord Byron, — a woman of coarse and boisterous manners, — it seems not unlikely that Lord Carlisle had conceived a fixed aversion, which may have served in a great degree

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to estrange him from his ward. But, on the other hand, Lord Byron, up to the period of his attaining his majority, seems to have been fully satisfied with the attentions which he had received from his guardian. On the 11th of November, 1804, he writes: "You mistake me if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him my mother has an antipathy, — why I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me; but I dare say he would assist me if he could; so I take the will for the deed, and am obliged to him, exactly in the same manner as if he succeeded in his efforts." Again, Lord Byron writes, a few days afterward: "To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than I can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. For the future I shall consider him as more my friend than I have hitherto been taught to think." In addition to these evidences from Lord Byron's own pen, it may be mentioned that he dedicated to his guardian his earliest poetical productions, the "Hours of Idleness;" in the preface to which work he speaks of Lord Carlisle as one "whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which by their intrinsic worth they were well entitled." In his celebrated satire, also,

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the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Lord Byron paid a no less pleasing compliment to the poetical talents of his noble relative:

> "On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
> And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

However, during the period which intervened between the publication of the first and second edition of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Lord Carlisle gave that famous cause of offence to his young kinsman, respecting which a few remarks are rendered necessary. Lord Byron, it must be remembered, had passed his childhood in obscurity, and almost in indigence, among the wilds of Scotland; and though, both at Harrow and Cambridge, he might have formed the acquaintance of young men of his own rank and station in life, yet, on his entrance into the world, he seems to have been singularly in want of the support of persons of an acknowledged position in society, from whom he might naturally have expected countenance and a desire to advance his views. Accordingly, when, on his coming of age, he proposed to take his seat in the House of Lords, there was no individual, with the exception of Lord Carlisle, from whom he could look for a creditable introduction to his peers.

For some reason, which it is to be regretted was never explained by Lord Carlisle, the latter declined to perform this kind office for his young

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kinsman ; who, to use the words of his biographer, Mr. Moore, "presented himself in the House of Lords in a state more lone and unfriended, perhaps, than any youth of his high station had ever before been reduced to on such an occasion, not having a single individual of his own class, either to take him by the hand as friend, or acknowledge him as an acquaintance." The state of Lord Byron's feelings, on finding himself in this desolate and mortifying position, as well as the indignation which he felt at his guardian's neglect, may be more readily imagined than described. The couplet in his satire, in which he had previously eulogised the talents of Carlisle, was immediately expunged, and the following bitter invective introduced in its room :

"No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away ;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse ?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer !
Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer !
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage ;
But managers for once cried 'Hold, enough !'
Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff."

It was to the credit of Lord Byron, that in after years he deeply regretted the personalities which

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occur in his satire, and more especially reproached himself for his attacks on Lord Carlisle. In the year 1814 an attempt was made by the late Lord Holland, apparently at the request of Lord Carlisle, to effect a reconciliation between the two kindred poets. This proposal appears at first to have been listened to by Lord Byron with some coldness. However, he subsequently writes to Mr. Rogers, in the month of June, 1814: "Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do anything reasonable or unreasonable to effect it?" Though it does not appear that any formal reconciliation took place between them, yet there is sufficient evidence to prove that all acerbity of feeling had passed away in the minds of both. Subsequently, Lord Byron introduced into the third canto of "Childe Harold" those fine stanzas on the death of Lord Carlisle's youngest son, who was killed on the field of Waterloo, which, while they reflect no less credit on his genius than on his better feelings, must, in the absence of any other motives for Christian forgiveness, have banished every trace of resentment from the mind of Lord Carlisle. With this touching and beautiful apology for the former wrong which he had done his kinsman, we will conclude our notices of their memorable misunderstanding:

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,

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Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly, that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard!

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw round me the wild field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

We have now brought our notices of Lord Carlisle very nearly to a close. Although, as a writer, he has added but little to the stock of English literature, yet, as having encouraged and fostered the fine arts, he deserves no slight credit. On two different occasions he presented windows of painted glass to York Minster. His museum contained a splendid collection of antiques, and he had also purchased, at a vast expense, a collection of pictures, medals, and spars, which were contained in a gallery at Castle Howard, one hundred and sixty feet long.

As regards the merits of Lord Carlisle as a letter-writer, the reader will presently be enabled

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to judge for himself. To the editor, however, his letters appear to embrace all the qualities considered essential to form an agreeable epistolary style. They unite a lively freedom of thought and language, — the more charming from evidently being unpremeditated, — with an intimate knowledge of men and books; a gay and graphic description of the trifling occurrence of the moment, or the passing event of the day; together with the adoption of a graver and more eloquent tone of thought and feeling, as the occasion or necessity requires. In a word, the editor will be no less mistaken than disappointed, if the credit, which Lord Carlisle has long since ceased to enjoy as a statesman and a poet, be not again revived by his epistolary correspondence.

One word remains to be said respecting the friendship which existed between George Selwyn and Lord Carlisle. Notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, — and Selwyn was the senior of his friend by nearly thirty years, — their intimacy was as lasting as it was sincere. Selwyn, indeed, appears to have been no less an admirer of the good qualities and the rising talents of his young friend, than Lord Carlisle appreciated the sterling wit, the sound sense, and the thorough knowledge of human nature and the world, which, strange as it may appear, were not the least distinguishing characteristics of the veteran frequenter of Brooks's and of White's. When, as will hereafter be seen,

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the early follies of Lord Carlisle plunged him in some unhappy difficulties, we shall find that it was in the friendship of Selwyn that he took refuge; that it was his counsels which were followed; and that it was his good opinion which was principally regarded. The affection which Selwyn had conceived for Lord Carlisle he extended to the children of his friend; and those passages in the subsequent correspondence which have reference to the nursery annals of Castle Howard will be found not the least interesting in the present collection.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

LONDON, March 8, 1767.

DEAR SELWYN: — I would not before give you the trouble of a letter, having (by not minding politics, by not listening to scandal, or by giving any attention to the numberless lies of this town) nothing to say. My servant returned from Paris the day before yesterday, and has, I hope, executed your commission right. I enclose you a packet of letters, which, if they are French, the Lord deliver you from the bore. Poor Tavistock continues very ill. The night before last they discovered another fracture, and cut away two large pieces of the skull, and are now not sure if the fracture does not extend farther; if so, it is much doubted whether he will be able to survive another

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operation. I hope Lord March is better for the Bath. Pray make my compliments to him, and believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely,

CARLISLE.

*P. S.* Remember me to Bunbury. The accounts of Lord Tavistock to-day are more favourable.

[Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, was born September 26, 1739, and married, June 7, 1764, Elizabeth, daughter of William Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle. The accident referred to in this, and some of the following letters, is thus noticed in the Annual Register for 1767: "On Tuesday, the 10th instant, his lordship, being a-stag-hunting, leapt his horse over a low hedge toward the end of the chase, when the horse, being much fatigued and jaded with the length of the chase, fell with him, and his lordship, not being able to quit the reins, was trampled on, whereby several fractures were made in his head." Lord Tavistock died from the effects of the injuries which he received, twelve days after their occurrence, at the age of twenty-eight, and the next year was followed to the grave by his young wife, whose death, it was said, was occasioned by her grief at his loss.]

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*Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

Tuesday [1767].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I meant to have written you a letter of ceremony only, merely to inquire how your gouty great toe did, and how the bathing agreed with Raton; but, as I hear that Lord March is really ill, I write to inquire with great earnestness how he does; I hope much better than I heard he was. I think you are now fulfilling one of the first of duties, that of attending a sick friend; but I believe the Earls of B. and Ch.[1] will think you have neglected the first of all duties, that of being ready to vote as they order. I promise you, your vote, though a silent one, is what they have wanted lately; yesterday they would have been glad of it, and so they will tomorrow. In short, George, you, who love your namesake,[2] and hate to see a poor helpless young man like himself oppressed by the obstinacy of such men as George Grenville and Lord Rockingham, must fly to his assistance. Consider the obligations you have to him, and do not let him be forced to give your place away to somebody who will attend. This is the language of ministry, if Shelley is to be credited.

I ask Williams after you; he knows nothing of you, and therefore it is that I take the liberty to trouble you with this letter.

[1] Lords Bute and Chatham. [2] George the Third.

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When you have acquainted Madame du Deffand, or whatever her name is, with the history of your own and all your acquaintances' diseases, remedies, purgings, etc., etc., do find time to let your humble servant know, by two lines, how you, and particularly Lord March, are. There is an express come to-day for Gataker to go to Lord Tavistock at Dunstable, who has had this morning a dreadful fall from his horse, and was left senseless and speechless. The account, I assure you, sounds very bad, but I am in hopes of hearing to-morrow a better.

Have you ever written, or given any orders, about my velvet clothes at Calais? Adieu, dear George.

*P. S.* I have just heard that Lord Tavistock has been blooded twice and is better; there can therefore be no danger.

*J. Crawford, Esq., to George Selwyn.*

[March, 1767.]

DEAR GEORGE: — I am sorry to hear of Lord March's being so much out of order, but I hope he is better now. I wanted to force my way up to his chamber this morning, but the servant seemed very unwilling. I should have been glad to have seen Lord March and you, as you would have been glad to have heard a very favourable account I have received from Robinson of Lord

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Tavistock. He says he is perfectly easy and quiet, without pain or fever. Nobody has seen him but Rigby. He desired him to call upon Lady Tavistock and comfort her, but she is still ignorant of this terrible accident. He suffered so little during the operation of trepanning, that he told Rigby he found it quite borish. I do not believe it will be in my power to call upon you this evening, but if I can I will.

J. C.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NAPLES, March 17, 1767.

DEAR SELWYN: — I am just stepping into my chaise for Rome, where Lady Mary and Stephen have been this week, and Lady Holland and Charles went yesterday. Charles is much mortified at never hearing from my Lord Carlisle or you.[1] I might say I was mortified at your neglect of me, but I won't, — I won't flatter you so much. I have long looked upon you to be like no other man in the world, and I am just going out of it, so what does it signify?

As soon as I read in the news of Lord Carlisle's arrival in England, the ode in Horace beginning "Lydia, dic per omnes" came into my head. I send you my imitation of it, which this post car-

[1] Lord Carlisle and Charles James Fox had been schoolfellows at Eton. The former was born May 28, 1748; the latter, January 13, 1749.

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ries to Lady Sarah. Pray show it Mr. Walpole, and with Lord Carlisle's leave, to anybody. Indeed, I do not expect compliments, but I am not ashamed of it, for consider it is wrote by a sick old woman near her grand climacteric; for such indeed is your faithful and forgotten friend,

HOLLAND.

IMITATION OF AN ODE IN HORACE.

"Lydia, dic per omnes," etc.

*To Lady Sarah Bunbury.*

I.

Sally, Sally, don't deny,
But, for God's sake, tell me why
You have flirted so, to spoil
That once lively youth, Carlisle?
He used to mount while it was dark,
Now he lies in bed till noon;
And you not meeting in the park,
Thinks that he got up too soon.

II.

Manly exercise and sport,
Hunting and the tennis-court,
And riding-school no more divert:
Newmarket does, for there you flirt!
But why does he no longer dream
Of yellow Tyber and its shore;
Of his friend Charles's favourite scheme,
On waking, think no more?

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III.

**Why does he dislike an inn?**
**Hate post-chaises, and begin**
**To think 'twill be enough to know**
**His way from Almack's to Soho?**
**Achilles thus kept out of sight**
**For a long time; but this dear boy**
**(If, Sally, you and I guess right)**
**Will never get to Troy.**

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

The letters are just arrived. By one, which Lady Spencer had yesterday by the coach, we had the melancholy news of poor Tavistock's death, which gives everybody the greatest concern. I pity the Duke of Bedford very much.

What do you mean by my things being at Calais? What things? My furniture is to come by water from Paris, and I have had no letter from *le tapissier*, so I imagine that the *meubles* are not sent, or he would otherwise have sent me a letter. He must likewise send one to Mons. Roussac, as they must be claimed at the custom house in his name, specifying what there is. I hope he will not confound the Duchess of Queensberry's with mine.

I have had but a bad night, but I have been better since I got up. My doctor thinks it was something I eat for supper which disagreed with

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my stomach. Farewell, my dear George. I cannot write any more now, as I am going to pour down more water, and then go out in the coach till three, for the weather is too bad for riding. Hervey keeps pretty well, and the Rena desires *mille compliments.*

[Here is inserted, in the almost illegible handwriting of the Rena:

"Caro Georgino, vi prego di portarmi una di quelle piccole veste bianche, che vi comprò la nostra vecchia per tenervi caldo la notte." [1]]

I believe she means a bedgown, such a one as you had upon the road. Farewell, my dear George.

### *Sir Robert Smyth to George Selwyn.*

Sir Robert Smyth, Bart., M. P. for Colchester, was born January 10, 1744, and married, September 20, 1775, Miss Blake, by whom he was the father of the present (sixth) baronet. He died April 12, 1802.

WINCHESTER, April 12, 1767.

DEAR SIR: — Doctor Thistlewaite is dead, and since he has no further use for his horses, they are to be sold by auction.

Amongst them is a little bay gelding, about thirteen or fourteen hands high, with a flaming, full, long tail; strong enough to carry you, the mayor,

[1] Dear George, I beg you to bring me one of those little white vests, which our old servant (vecchia) bought for you to keep you warm at night.

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and all the money you ever spent [in elections] at Gloucester together. The doctor (some eight and forty stone weight) always shot off his back, and the keeper killed all the deer from him. I mention these circumstances as proofs of his sedateness. He goes fast enough to carry you close to fox-hounds in full chase; but if your affairs do not require so much expedition, a snail would distance him. His figure is such, that if you were to meet a tailor on his back you would pull off your hat to him, though you did not owe him one shilling. I know twenty men of weight who want him, but the weight of metal will have him. He is six years old, and cost five pounds. Peter Bathurst will bid fifteen or twenty for him, and perhaps others may bid more. Some one will buy him who, perhaps, may be wise enough to think that five or six guineas, on a point of health, pleasure, and safety, are not absolutely thrown away.

I only mean, by this long story, to convince you that I have not forgot the commission you gave me. If you will have him at all hazards and any price, he shall be bought for you. If you do not choose to risk an opposition, I can only wish you may never meet with one to any object you may have in view. I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

R. SMYTH.

*P. S.* I hope Lord March and yourself left all your complaints at Bath.

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*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

GENEVA, May 9, 1767.

Am not I very good to sit down, and thank you so soon for your letter of April the 11th, or, indeed, to thank you for it at all? But I love you, and will hope that, if you may, you will continue to love me. You would have frightened me by disliking the application of my ode, — for I should be sorry to offend Lord Carlisle, — if sweet Lady Sarah had not sent me her entire approbation of it. And now, my lord dare not be angry; I have desired her to tell him it is as much as his place is worth.

I shall leave this place by Monday, the 11th, and in all probability be at Calais the 22d. I shall not go to Paris, or near Paris. Lady Caroline will look in at Kingsgate, and go on to Holland House; I shall stay at Kingsgate till I hear from her. Will you really meet me at my landing, or soon afterward where it may be most convenient to you? I will compound for that. But I do not know how to believe you, and yet if you go to Spa before I have seen you, I shall be very sorry. Charles and Lord Fitzwilliam are together in Italy. Stephen and sweet Lady Mary are making haste through France to Winterslow. I have not heard of my Lady Townshend a long while; I hope, if you should fling away a line upon me at Calais, it will tell me that she is very well.

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Our journey, whatever you may have heard, was not undertaken one day too soon, and I have mended every day since I set out; but I am an old woman still. I will laugh at, and make, many a silly joke; but if anybody talks politics, — why, then, Selwyn, you and I will go to sleep. I have an ear for poetry still, and made some as I came over Mount Cenis, which I will show you. Has Madame du Deffand done your character justice? If she has not, will you write one yourself? or shall I write one for you? Shall it be in verse or prose?

Yours ever most affectionately,

HOLLAND.

*P. S.* Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Walpole, and tell him that if I had anything that could be the least entertaining I would write. I have just heard that Stephen and Lady Mary have left Lyons very well, and will probably be in England before this letter. Tell Lady Sarah so.

[William, second Earl Fitzwilliam, whose name occurs in this and in several subsequent letters, was the nobleman afterward so celebrated for his public services, his private charities, and princely magnificence. He was the contemporary at Eton of Lord Carlisle and Charles Fox, and the portraits of the three friends, painted shortly after their quitting school, hang together in the inter-

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esting collection of portraits, in the apartments of the provost of Eton College. In 1794 Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed president of the Council, and in 1795 accepted the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, where he rendered himself so beloved, that, at the termination of his government, the citizens universally closed their shops, and are even said to have put themselves in mourning. In 1806, on the death of Mr. Pitt, Lord Fitzwilliam was again appointed president of the Council, but quitted office on the resignation of the Grenville administration, the following year. He died February 8, 1833, in his eighty-fifth year. Lord Carlisle, in his verses "On his Schoolfellows at Eton," thus eulogises his youthful friend:

"Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart,
Cheerful his ready blessings to impart?
Will not another's woe his bosom share, —
The widow's sorrow and the orphan's prayer?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?
Who feeds the hungry, who assists the lame?
All, all reëcho with Fitzwilliam's name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see."]

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

KINGSGATE, May 26, 1767.

DEAR SELWYN: — At landing here last night, I found yours of the 23d, for which I most sin-

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cerely thank you; and will do it in few words, because I will certainly see you before you go, and, for that purpose, either stay here longer, or leave it sooner, as you shall tell Lady Holland you choose. She will be at Holland House to-morrow night, and you know will be very glad to see you. I will only add that there is not a word of truth in what Lord Mansfield told you the other day, and that I have seen your picture by Madame du Deffand. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

*P. S.* Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Walpole, and tell him that Lady Holland comes to Holland House to-morrow.

[Lord Holland's allusion in this letter to his "landing" at Kingsgate, after his tour in Italy, induces the editor to transcribe the following verses, which were privately printed at the period, on a handsome broad sheet, entitled "Lord Holland Returning from Italy, 1767." It would appear, by a passage in Lord Holland's letter of the 9th of May, that the veteran statesman was himself the author of them.

"Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis."

"Thus Holland spoke, as from the summit vast
Of Cenis, eastward his fond eyes he cast:

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'Regions of health, adieu! to you I owe
Doctors dismiss'd with their whole train of woe.
Regions of health, adieu! you knew t' assuage
The ills of sickness and increasing age.
When shatter'd nerves, that worst of evils, brought
Spleen, that to misery swells each anxious thought;
Your cloudless sky dispersed it, and I find,
With health restored, serenity of mind.
White-liver'd Grenville, and self-loving Gower,
Shall never cause one peevish moment more.
Not that their spite required I should repair
To southern climates and a warmer air:
Slight was the pain they gave, and short its date;
I found I could not both despise, and hate.
But, Rigby, what did I for thee endure!
Thy serpent's tooth admitted of no cure;
Lost converse, never thought of without tears;
Lost promised hope of my declining years!
O! what a heavy task 'tis to remove
Th' accustom'd ties of confidence and love!
Friendship in anguish turn'd away her face,
While cunning Interest sneer'd at her disgrace.
And what has he, mistaken man! obtain'd
For broken faith? — for truth and honour stain'd?
Shelburne and Calcraft, — O! the holy band,
See, see, with Gower caballing where they stand!
O! may nor time, nor accident divide
This knot, by mutual love of virtue tied.
It will not be; — for lo! the words scarce spoke,
The league confirming, but the league was broke.
Soon Shelburne's falsehood taught thee to repent,
Then, Rigby, why didst thou not then relent!
But I was doom'd to long and bitter grief,
Till time and Italy have brought relief;
Drawn every sting of memory from my breast,

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And soothed each passion of my soul to rest.
Nor do I go in dread of a return,
Again to trust false friends, again to mourn.
But fear and sorrow to the western breeze,
To be transported to yon Cretan seas,
I give; resolved my close of life to spend
In idle cheerfulness, the Muse's friend!'"]

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

KINGSGATE, May 31, 1767.

DEAR SELWYN: — I intend to come in one day on Wednesday next. When all the world are at the birthday on Thursday,[1] if you do not go (or soon afterward if you do), I hope to see you; indeed, I long to see you. Charles T——'s speech to Sir Lawr. Dundas is delightful; does not Lady Townshend think so?

Why should I write any more when I shall see you so soon? Adieu.

Yours most affectionately,

HOLLAND.

*To Geo. Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, past nine o'clock.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — When I left you, I went to court, where I learnt nothing either concerning my own affair, or anything else that can interest either you or me. The Duke of Grafton dined at

[1] The 4th of June, the anniversary of the birth of George I.

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Panton's and took Carlisle aside to tell him he is to have the Order given him at Turin,[1] with which he seems perfectly satisfied, as I think he ought to be. I am glad it is done, and that the Duke of Grafton has had an opportunity of obliging him.

Billy Vernon and Sir J. Moor are come from Bedford, and Ossory comes to-morrow. Carlisle is just gone to Lady Ailesbury's to meet the little B.[2] I do not think he will wait there much longer than he has for his green riband. I would not bet high odds that he has not been already installed.

I have deposited your cash as you desired. I am just going to Vauxhall, so farewell.

Yours very affectionately,

M. AND R.

*P. S.* The Duchess of Queensberry says that she does not like delays, and thinks that it is decided against me; otherwise, if it was intended, it would have been done with a good grace.

[There is no evidence to show to what post Lord March was desirous of being nominated. In the course of this year he was appointed Vice-Admiral of Scotland, but this could scarcely be the situation for which he was an applicant, and for which, it

[1] The Order of the Thistle, with which Lord Carlisle was subsequently invested at Turin, by the King of Sardinia.

[2] Apparently Lady Barrymore.

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will be seen, Lord Frederick Cavendish was a rival candidate.]

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Saturday night.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I wrote to you to let you know that Carlisle's affair is settled; I wish mine was also, but I hear nothing of it. Vernon tells me that Miss Wriottesley[1] says I am beat, and I say that she knows nothing of the matter.

There are a great many people at White's every night. Bully has lost £700 at quinze. I was last night at Vauxhall with the princess, Carlisle, and Lady B. We go to-morrow to walk in Richmond Gardens, and they are all to dine here at three o'clock, that we may be in time. Adieu.

Yours, etc.,
M. AND R.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

PICCADILLY, Monday.

Mademoiselle Kobel[2] is to be married to a Mr. Paine, a rich West Indian. The princess[3] talked

[1] Apparently Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Wriottesley, Bart., and subsequently Duchess of Grafton.

[2] Mademoiselle Kobel, daughter of General Kobel, had arrived in England with the Princess Poniatowski, sister to the King of Poland. She married, on the 1st of September, 1767, Ralph Payne, Esq.

[3] Apparently the Princess Amelia, aunt to George III.

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with so much concern for the loss of her friend, and showed such a real affection for her, that I am sure she loves her very much. I pitied her extremely. They have always lived together, and love one another prodigiously, and it is hard to part when that's the case. They really suffer very much. It was all settled last Saturday, and the princess was not prepared for such a stroke. She talked to me as if I had known her all my life, and her confidence and manner affected me extremely.

They all dined here yesterday. We were to have gone to Richmond to walk in the garden, but the weather was too bad; so they stayed and supped. The little Barrymore[1] was to have been with us; but we had an excuse, so the little lover went after dinner to see Lord Holland.

About nine o'clock, in the midst of these new acquaintances, Allen brought me word that Lord Townshend[2] was below, and wanted to speak to me. What he had to say was not easy to guess, and I am sure I had not the least idea. I found him in my dining-room with one of his aide-de-camps. I defy you to guess what it was. It was the civilest thing in the world. He had heard that Lord F. C.[3] was my competitor; and said that he

[1] Lady Emilia Stanhope, daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington.

[2] George, the first and celebrated Marquis Townshend.

[3] Apparently Lord Frederick Cavendish, third son of William, third Duke of Devonshire. He rose to be a field-marshal, and died, unmarried, 21 October, 1803.

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had taken him out of my way, by having appointed him his secretary, and that he was desirous that I should know it as soon as possible. He inquired very much about you; in short, he was determined to be as civil as possible, and I hope he thought I was very much obliged, which I really was.

I have been at Petersham to give this information to my friends there,[1] and I would not let the post go without your knowing it, who are my best of all friends, as I hope you believe I am always yours, at all times, and upon all occasions.

Farewell, my dear George.

## MARGARET, DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley was the daughter and heir of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, and granddaughter of the celebrated Robert Harley. She married, July 11, 1734, William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, to whom she brought the rich estates of the Cavendishes, Dukes of Newcastle, which had descended to her from her mother. The duchess (who was distinguished by her literary tastes, her love of the arts, and fine museum of antiquities) died in 1785. Wraxall, speaking of the society at Mrs. Thrale's, observes: "The late Duchess Dowager of Portland, granddaughter of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, was a

[1] Lord and Lady Harrington.

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frequent visitant. It was impossible to look on her, without reflecting that she had been the object of Swift's poetic attention, and the subject of Prior's expiring Muse."

*The Duchess of Portland to Lord Carlisle.*

BULSTRODE, 5 July, 1767.

The Duchess Dowager of Portland presents her compliments to Lord Carlisle. She will be very glad of the honour of seeing him any day that will be most agreeable to his lordship. She should not take this liberty, if she had not received a letter to-day from Lady Carlisle, which encouraged her to ask the favour of his company. She hopes to have the pleasure of seeing Sir William Musgrave,[1] and should be very glad if Lord Carlisle could prevail with Mr. Selwyn to do her that favour. She desires his lordship will bring any other acquaintance with him that will be agreeable to him.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Friday, 9th July, 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have this day received my account from Foley, and a letter from you. The Tondino has likewise received one, by which

[1] Sir William Musgrave, Bart., vice-president of the Royal Society, a trustee of the British Museum, a commissioner of the customs, and afterward an auditor of public accounts. He died on the 3d of January, 1800.

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I find you are to have the cups she gave me completed. Since that can be done, I desire they may be made up a dozen, by which means they will really be of use. Cadogan and Vernon dined here to-day, and were very glad to hear that you were well, and that you think of being here soon.

I do not know if I told you, that at the last review Lord Talbot's horse reared up and fell back with him. In rising, he struck the Chevalier Breton in the face, and cut his nose so that he was in a minute all over blood, though not much hurt. The king advised Lord Talbot[1] to be let blood, which he said he would be upon the field, if the king insisted upon it, but desired leave rather to go home, which he did. He was only bruised by the fall, but not otherwise hurt.

Williams and Lord Thomond went into the country this morning. The town is very thin, and there is nothing new of any sort. My coach is at the door, and I am going with Cadogan to visit Lady Hervey.[2]

Yours, etc.

MARCH AND R.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY.

LADY SARAH LENOX, so celebrated for her surpassing loveliness, her delightful fascination of

[1] William, first Earl Talbot. He died 27 April, 1782.

[2] The celebrated Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey. She died the following year.

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manner, and as having been the first attachment of George the Third, was the youngest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She was born in London on the 14th of February, 1745, and consequently at this period was in her twenty-third year. The passion which George the Third conceived for her, when she was only in her seventeenth year, has become matter of history. "It is well known," says Wraxall, "that before his marriage, he distinguished by his partiality Lady Sarah Lenox, then one of the most beautiful young women of high rank in the kingdom. Edward the Fourth or Henry the Eighth, in his situation, regardless of consequences, would have married and placed her on the throne. Charles the Second, more licentious, would have endeavoured to seduce her. But the king, who, though he admired her, neither desired to make her his wife nor his mistress, subdued his passion by the strength of his reason, his principles, and his sense of public duty."

That George the Third did not desire to make Lady Sarah his wife was not exactly the fact. It is, indeed, well known that had he thought proper to consult only his own wishes, he would gladly have raised her to the throne; but with that high sense of rectitude for which he was ever distinguished, he preferred the interests of his subjects to the gratification of his own wishes, and left it to his Privy Council, whom he summoned for this par-

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ticular occasion, to decide on the line of conduct which he ought to adopt. The Council, it is almost needless to remark, gave it as their decided opinion that it was inexpedient that the king should unite himself to a subject, and accordingly (whatever may have been the bitterness of his private feelings), he submitted to their decision without repining. For thus preferring the opinion of his subjects, to the indulgence of his own passions, George the Third is said never to have been forgiven by the Duke of Richmond, who considered that the king ought unhesitatingly to have raised his sister to the throne. The depth, however, of the king's feelings toward Lady Sarah can scarcely admit of a doubt. Many years afterward, when witnessing one of the performances of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Pope, who was thought closely to resemble Lady Sarah both in person and manner, he observed, in a moment of melancholy abstraction, to the queen, "She is like Lady Sarah still."

It was perhaps a remarkable circumstance, that on his marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, the king should have fixed on Lady Sarah to be the first of the ten unmarried daughters of dukes and earls whom he selected to support the train of his consort at their nuptials. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Marshal Conway, speaking of the beauties who threw the greatest lustre on the royal wedding, observes that Lady Sarah was "by far the chief angel;" and again, alluding to her per-

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forming the part of Jane Shore in some private theatricals at Holland House, he says, "When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was ever half so lovely and expressive." On the 2d of June, 1762, when in her eighteenth year, this beautiful and charming woman became the wife of the well-known Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, of whom the reader will subsequently find a notice. Lady Sarah died on the 20th of August, 1826, at the age of eighty-two. She was probably the last surviving great-granddaughter of Charles the Second.

*Lady Sarah Bunbury to George Selwyn.*

SPA, July 18, 1767.

DEAR SIR: — You have always been so good to foreigners, that I take the liberty of recommending two ladies to your protection, who, though they are not French, really deserve as much attention as possible, and I flatter myself you will not refuse to attend them in London, where I fear they will be very much *sur le pavé*, having no acquaintance at all, and London is now so empty it will be difficult to make any parties for them. But I own I think the Princess Powniatowska and Mademoiselle Kelbel, the ladies in question, too lucky if you will be their ciceroni. I assure you they are very agreeable and pleasing, and you will like them vastly. I wish you would carry them to Richmond and Windsor, and show them as much

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of the *campagnes* as you can during their stay, which I hope will be very short, for we miss them sadly here, and are very impatient for their return.

I suppose Lord Carlisle is too much taken up with recovering his £800, to think of desiring him to pay these ladies any civilities. I really am so provoked at him for following your example, only in your faults, that I can hardly forgive him; but if he should find a moment's time, seriously, I should be vastly obliged to him if he would get the better of his indolence, and get acquainted with them. Tell him that I am sure he will admire Mademoiselle Kelbel, for that she is pretty and lively. She is such a great favourite of mine that I shall be vastly disappointed if he does not admire her. Pray also tell him how much obliged Sir Charles and I are to him if he means to give us his picture, as I suppose he does by his telling us of it, and I am doubly obliged by Pollisson's picture being added. I cannot say Sir Charles seems to value it half as much as it deserves: Lord Carlisle's picture only would have contented him. It is amusing how little respect he has for dogs. As for me, I assure you I toad-eat a little cur that is here, only because his name is Raton.

The Duke of York is gone from Brussells to Compiegne; when he will honour us with his company I do not know. The Prince and Princess of Brunswick[1] came to Liege, and then suddenly

[1] Sister of George the Third.

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went home. We always, you know, must find some reason for such sudden resolutions, and we suspect that it is owing to a Madame de Sehliben, who is here, and that the prince does not choose to see: we have no sort of foundation for this suspicion, though; it is only our fancy. This is a sad dull place, but I like it very well, for the country is pleasant always, and one may do as one pleases here, which is also always pleasant. Pray, Mr. Selwyn, write often to us, for you cannot think how much it will oblige,

Your most obedient servant,

SARAH BUNBURY.

*P. S.* You are too apt to be *distrait* not to forgive my being so, and also my having wrote upon half a sheet of paper. Sir Charles desires his best compliments to you. The Princess Powniatowska will probably be arrived before you get this. She lives next door to Lord Spencer's.

[In the handwriting of Sir Charles Bunbury is added:]

SPA, Thursday, July, 1767.

DEAR SELWYN:— Pray write to me often, or do as Penelope says: Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., Chesterfield Street, May Fair, à Londres.*

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*Lady Sarah Bunbury to George Selwyn.*

SPA, August 8, 1767.

DEAR SIR:—I return you a thousand thanks for your charming long letter, and also for your intended civilities to Madame Powniatowska, who sent us word that she had been plagued to death with Sir Francis, and only lives in hopes that her going to the country for two days will break through his very troublesome civilities.

I suppose you are now *dans ce cher Paris*, and therefore have seen but little of these ladies, but I am just as much obliged to you as if you had been their only ciceroni, and I am more particularly obliged to them for being the cause of your writing to me.

If you are now at Paris with poor C.,[1] who I dare say is just now swearing at the French people, give my compliments to him, and tell him that this letter is for him as well as you, and that therefore I am sure he will be diverted to hear that there has been a lampoon made upon all the ladies here, beginning with abuse of me, as so fine a lady that I will not keep company with anybody; and there is another lady who is abused for too serious a flirtation with Mr. Crawford. The song is so very stupid that nobody will own it, and those are the only two things that diverted me in it, as they

[1] Apparently Lord Carlisle.

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are neither of them in character, at least I do not think I am a fine lady.

I call him poor C., because I hope he is only miserable at having been such a pigeon to Colonel Scott. I never can pity him for losing at play, and I think of it as little as I can, because I cannot bear to be obliged to abate the least of the good opinion I have always had of him.

Sir Charles games from morning till night, but he has never yet lost £100 in one day. He gives breakfasts, and dances, and is quite the *beau garçon* here. He sends his best compliments to you both, and says he will write to both, but I do not believe a word of it, so I write *en attendant.*

I do not comprehend how I have the courage to scribble away at such a rate to "Mr. Selwyn the Wit;" but you see the effect of flattery. You have shown such partiality to me, that I am persuaded you are very glad to hear from me, even though you must go through so long a letter. At the end I shall not say, pray excuse this scrawl, but only beg you will burn my letters, as I particularly dislike anybody's keeping them a minute after they read, and I will run the risk of your thinking me very tiresome, for the sake of obliging you, who are politeness itself, to answer all my letters, if I write ever so often.

I am shocked to death to see you must be back by the end of September, as it quite puts an end to a project of mine that cannot possibly be executed

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without you. You may guess it is to go to Paris; but it depends on so many circumstances that it is not very likely to happen. However, I must beg of you to let me know the latest time that you can stay at Paris for certain: I do not want you to stay longer than November, but if you will pass that month there it will be a great pleasure to me, and almost the only thing that will tempt me to agree to a scheme of Sir Charles's, viz., to stay here till the middle of September. He would then go to England for the Newmarket week, which is the 1st of October, and the next week to the fair of Bury, at which he must absolutely be, and he would return in the space of three weeks to Paris, where I should go from hence. Among the many articles in this treaty, your being at Paris to be my governor is the first. Without that, there is an end of it all; and even if you could stay till then, I am not at all sure of going, as I shall by no means wish it if he is not quite well and in great spirits.

I like this place very much. I dance every other night, and it agrees very well with me, for I am in very great spirits. We have got two very agreeable men, lately arrived, two Counts Riwunskis, brothers. The eldest is a very handsome, agreeable, grave coxcomb; the youngest a very pretty, lively young man of eighteen, who is just recovered of his wounds in a duel fought for his mistress. *C'est très bien débuter dans le monde*, in my opinion. The men that we see most are this young

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Polander, two Danes, a Hanoverian, a Frenchman, a Swiss, and a Dutchman. The last is very stupid, and we only admit him for variety; but really the rest are a very tolerable set: at least they are very well bred, if they are not very clever, and that is no small merit here, where Lord Fortrose, a mad brother of Mr. Shaw Stewart's, and a pack of Irishmen, are hallooing and swearing about the town all day. To do them justice, they are very good-humoured, but not very agreeable.

I really must end this amazing long letter, with an excuse for making you pay as much as I fear you will for this. Adieu! My respects and compliments to all my friends at Paris.

## SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, of Barton in Suffolk, the sixth baronet of his family, was born in May, 1740. In his youth he held the appointment of secretary of legation at Paris, and subsequently that of secretary to Lord Weymouth, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There were many circumstances which rendered him a remarkable person in his day, and, for many years, there were few who were in the habit of frequenting the principal thoroughfares of London, to whom the figure of Sir Charles Bunbury was not familiar. He was long regarded as the prince and father of the turf;

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his stud was the finest in England; and perhaps there was no individual who was so deeply versed in the mysteries of the race-course, or who had realised larger sums by his connection with the turf. It may be remarked that he represented the county of Suffolk in Parliament for as many as forty-five years. His death took place at his house in Pall Mall, on the 21st of March, 1821, in his eighty-first year.

*Sir Charles Bunbury to George Selwyn.*

SPA, August 10, 1767.

You and Carlisle, I think, will be very unreasonable if you expect a letter from me, when you have so copious a one from Lady Sarah, which has our permission to be sent; besides, I am in love with Madame de Tomatis, and I have not time or attention to write letters. I cannot help, however, sending you two lines of the satire that has been made here, as a specimen of the poetical abilities of the author. Speaking of Lady Sarah's finery, he says:

> "For as for the Shrewsbury's, and all such trumpery,
> To them she prefers her black-legged Bunbury."

The author very probably had lost money to me, and paid me thus. When will Carlisle be able to write such verses?

I find myself much recovered within these last

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ten days, and if I continue well and in spirits, may possibly come to Paris.

I cannot finish on the other side, so you must pay still more for your letter. Pray, Carlisle, do not forget to write me word how to direct to you. The long letter you promised about our ministerial changes I have not received, so I suppose, as there were none, you did not write at all. I am angry with you for not mentioning the particulars of your Morpeth cause. Believe me, I am much more interested about your concerns than any changes in administration.

Madame Tomatis is divinely handsome, and wonderfully virtuous. She refused the King of Poland and six thousand ducats a year for life. She spends the winter at Paris.

I wish George and you were here, for many reasons, but you would be of particular service to me by playing with her husband, who games very deep at trente-et-quarante. He is reckoned a very good player, but I doubt whether he is better than some of our friends at home, and if you will throw away your estates, I flatter myself it would be some small consolation to you to be of use to your friend by so doing. He has a great deal of ready money, besides five diamonds formerly in the cabinet of George's and Beauclerk's friend, the worthy Affligio. Though such diamonds as his are not common here, rings and watches are much more so than ready *rino*. Some of these baubles have

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fallen into my hands. I have won £500 at billiards, but have lost almost four at pharo and quinze, and have not received all I have won, either in money or goods, and believe I never shall.

Yours most sincerely,

C. BUNBURY.

*Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

MONTPELIER, August 25, 1767.

DEAR GEORGE: — I had a very sensible satisfaction in receiving a letter from you last Wednesday at Bordeaux, of the 2d instant. This is the first moment that I have had to myself since my departure from thence to thank you for writing to me, and for your exactness about my books. I have just sent Hocheran his letter. I most heartily wish your two friends, Lord March and Lord Carlisle, may succeed in their pursuits. You may believe that I am very desirous of their success from the friendship I bear for them both, exclusive of the interest I take in having things turn out to your wishes.[1] I hope to wish you joy soon of their success, and that you will have proved yourself an able negotiator. You have undertaken two points of great importance. Should

[1] In the course of this year Lord March was appointed Vice-Admiral of Scotland; and the following year Lord Carlisle was invested with the Order of the Thistle. These were possibly the points on which George Selwyn was negotiating.

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you be the chief instrument of their being carried into execution, you will have reason to be pleased at having contributed to your friends' happiness, in so essential points, for the rest of your life.

I have the consolation to find that politics, though they seem to have taken so perverse a turn for some time for my nearest friends and myself, have continued in a way to serve some people whom I wish well to. It is a bad wind that brings nobody any good. As for myself, I expect to remain a half-pay lieutenant-colonel these many years. I must own that, from my situation in life (not in the least from my merit), I think myself entitled to enjoy a better station in my profession than what I do. I have not, it is true, followed a conduct in Parliament to make my seat advantageous to me, but I have the comfort to consider I have not deserted those I set out with, and professed myself attached to.

It would require many quires of paper to give you a detail of the Duke of York's handsome reception at the court of France. I will defer that bore till I have the pleasure of meeting you, which I hope will be in the beginning of October. We shall pass a few days at Fontainebleau in our way to Paris. Pray contrive to be there at that time; we never met abroad yet. I met with many people at Compiegne, Paris, etc., that were delighted to hear you was coming to France. I beg you will write to me immediately, and give me an

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account of your intentions; Sir J. Lambert[1] will send me your letter. We are broiled here in the South. In a fortnight we expect to see our old friends at Genoa and Turin, and return to France over the Alps. I can assure you I go through a great deal of trouble and fatigue in accompanying *mon prince*. I may, and I am afraid I do, injure my constitution, and I fear I shall never benefit by the honour. We are in such a hurry, and travel so fast, I have little comfort in seeing what otherwise I should enjoy. Adieu. I wish you much health and success.

Yours, etc.

H. St. John.

*The Earl of Coventry to George Selwyn.*

Crome, August 27, 1767.

Dear Selwyn: — Since I saw you we have been in great distress. Poor little John[2] has had four convulsion fits, and been in the utmost danger, and Lady Coventry has been so affected by it that I have even had apprehensions for her. This situation of the family makes me much more desirous of deferring my journey to town till Monday. I have wrote to Lord Robert Bertie to desire him to wait for me on Sunday, should there be any occa-

[1] The English banker at Paris.

[2] The Hon. John Coventry, second son of Lord Coventry. He was born in 1765, and died 12 November, 1829.

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sion for a lord, but for fear of mistakes I wish you would see him. The child has escaped his fits now two days, so that I shall hope to sup with you at White's on Tuesday.

I am yours very faithfully,

COVENTRY.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

BRUSSELS, Sept. 24 [1767].

I resume my pen, my dear George, with fear and trembling, after so long a silence, but I am sure you know me too well not to be sensible that my inattention to you could only be caused by attentions of a different nature from those of friendship. In short, according to custom, I have been in love; but you will hardly suspect with an unmarried girl; and, what is worse, with a German princess. Will you go to Berlin?

I should have been ashamed of telling you this story had I not been sure somebody else would have told it you for me. I shall go in a week to Paris. You had better come over: I long to see you, and have a thousand things to say to you; but if you do not, I will write more constantly, for I am not likely to fall in love with any French women. Excuse all my follies, my dear George. It is better having them at this age than twenty years hence. It is like eating a peck of dirt: it must happen one day or the other. If Lord

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March remembers anything but Lady H. S.,[1] remember me to him, and believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc.

*Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.*

FROGNALL, 13 October, 1767.

SIR: — As you were in a hurry for an answer, and I am thirteen miles distant from Raton, I could not make inquiries about his health to send you: but I will enclose this letter to Richard King, and recommend it to him to inform himself, and slip a note in, to give you the intelligence you desire of the *piccolo viso nero*. The papers are full of pathetic accounts of the Duke of York's death.[2] He wrote a letter to the king, expressing great uneasiness at their having parted on ill terms, which I hear the king was very much moved with reading, but I know nothing of his will. It is said Calista has been in fits ever since the melancholy account came. The Duke of Gloucester has been very ill, and I hear does not look as if he was quite recovered.

It is not at present a season for much news, as everybody is dispersed. Mr. Sackville has a fair

[1] Probably Lady Henrietta Stanhope, daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington. She married, March 15, 1776, Thomas, fourth Lord Foley.

[2] Edward Augustus, Duke of York, brother of George the Third, died at Monaco in Italy, after an illness of fourteen days, September 17, 1767, at the age of twenty-eight.

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prospect of carrying the election for Kent without opposition, in conjunction with my friend Sir Brook Bridges.[1] Jacky Harris is dead. A house in Pall Mall, and the interest of £60,000, devolves on Lord Orford; who is to succeed him as master of the household, I do not know.

I hope, by your not having mentioned it, that you have escaped the influenza, which it is reported is at Paris. The season is not healthy here; we have all been ill, though the disorder has been slight. My grandmother sends her love to you, and all the family join with her. My father sends his compliments to Mons. Chavigny; I am not so happy as to flatter myself that any one person at Paris knows me. Believe me to be, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately, etc., etc.

*P. S.* I am much obliged to you for wishing me in the *Cabinet des Estampes*, where I should certainly have been well entertained; but as you know I am some time or other to take a journey to Paris with you, I will comfort myself with that perspective. The noise of the children[2] have caused in me the same distractions that the sweet voice of Raton may in you, but I believe never filled a letter of yours with so many blunders as there are in mine.

[1] Sir Brook Bridges, Bart., married, in 1765, Fanny, daughter of Edward Fowler, Esq., of Graves, in the county of Essex, and died in September, 1791.

[2] The children, apparently, of her sister, Lady Midleton.

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*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.*

ARLINGTON STREET, October 16, 1767.

Thank you; I am as well as anybody can be that has been drowned from above and below, that was sick to death for eight hours,[1] with the additional mortification of finding myself not invulnerable. In short, I had every affliction from my passage, except in not catching cold, so that on that side I am still first cousin to Hercules.

I find London as empty as possible, and politics quite asleep. I mean in town. In the counties they are all mad about elections. The Duke of Portland, they say, carried thirty thousand pounds to Carlisle, and it is all gone already. Lord Clive is going before his money, and not likely to live three months.

Lady Bolingbroke has declared she will come into waiting on Sunday se'night, but as the queen is likely to be brought to bed before that time,[2] this may be only a bravado. The report is, that she intends to acknowledge all my lord can desire.

I found Lord Holland most remarkably mended in his health. Lady Holland has set out to-day, and he follows her to-morrow. I beg you will tell the Marquise de Broglie (whom you will see at the president's), that Lord Holland carries her a box

[1] In his passage from France. Walpole quitted Paris for England on the 6th of this month.

[2] The queen was brought to bed of the late Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, on the 2d of November.

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of pimpernel seed, and will leave it at Mons. Panchaud's, whither she must send for it. I hope you will be so good as not forget this, nor another little commission, which is, to ask Madame Geoffrin where Mons. Guibert, the king's carver, lives, and then to send him a guinea, for a drawing he made for me, which I will deduct from the lottery tickets which I have bought for you, at twelve pounds seventeen and sixpence apiece. The numbers are, 17,574, on which I have written your name and Madame de Bentheim's, and 26,442, on which I have written Wiart's.

I have twice called on my Lady Townshend, but missed her; I am now going to her by appointment.

Pray tell Lord Carlisle that I delivered his letters and parcels. Say a great deal for me to Madame du Deffand and Lord March, who I need not say are what I left best at Paris. Do not stay for more hurricanes and bad weather, but come away the first fine day. Adieu.

Yours ever,

H. W.

"*À Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn, à l'Hôtel de Duc de York, Rue Jacob, Faubourg St. Germain, à Paris.*

*Lady Sarah Bunbury to George Selwyn.*

BARTON, November 5, 1767.

DEAR SIR:—I had the honour of making Raton a visit, who received me with great accla-

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mations of joy. He looks in perfect health and spirits, and the old woman assures me he is better than ever he was in his life. She made me promise I would write by the last post, to tell you how he did, and to say that was the reason she did not write. As I did not keep my word, I beg you will not be angry with her, as it was quite my fault, I do assure you.

We heard a report here that you and your two friends were gone to Turin, but I hope it is not true, and Sir William Musgrave assures me it cannot be; yet the sooner you pack off Lord Carlisle to see Charles, and the sooner you come back yourself, the better. I understand you will leave Paris this year with *moins de regret* than ever. What is the reason of that? Is Madame du Deffand unkind, or the Berringhens out of town? or is it that the shopkeepers are less gracious to you?

We talk and think of nothing but elections. Sir Charles's county meeting is to-morrow, where he expects an opposition, and the day after we both set out, he to go one side of the county, and I on the other, to canvass. As soon as it is over we go to town, and from thence to Bath, where I hope to meet you according to your appointment. A very unpleasant affair has happened at Newmarket the last meeting. A Mr. Brereton (a sad vulgar) betted at a table where Mr. Meynell, the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Ossory were

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playing at cards in the morning at the coffee-house. Having lost his money, he accused Mr. Meynell, and Mr. Vernon, who had just come in, of having cheated the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Ossory, etc., of being cheats in general. What possessed them I cannot tell, but instead of knocking him down, they chose to expostulate with him. He sticks to his text; goes about abusing them, and says he will challenge them. Whether they will do him the honour to fight, or punish him by law, I cannot tell. Etc., etc.

*The Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

SACKVILLE STREET, November 10, 1767.

DEAR GEORGE: — Though I have no particular news to write, or commission to trouble you with, I cannot help being inquisitive after your welfare, and desirous to know how you pass your time, and when we may expect you back. Had my poor master[1] lived, I should now have been in Paris. I should have had the additional pleasure of being there the same time with you; and as often as we have both been there, we never met there.

I am sure you felt for me, on hearing of the whole melancholy transaction. How much the disagreeable reflection of the loss I had sustained must have been heightened by the remains of my master being constantly under my eyes, during a

[1] The Duke of York. His remains were brought from Monaco, and were interred in Westminster Abbey.

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voyage of 800 leagues (the whole time of which I was constantly out of order, and vomited almost every day), I will leave to you to form a competent guess of. The king, his family, and the world in general, have approved of my conduct before and after his death, and I am very well pleased to find I acted right in so critical a situation. His Majesty, as a mark of his approbation, immediately made me an offer, which many people blame me for accepting of, — as its being a thing very inadequate to my pretensions, especially after the loss I have just suffered, and the thanks I have received for my conduct in the duke's illness, — though I think I could not in prudence or policy have refused, as it came immediately from the king, and I have assurances from his brother, that his Majesty does not mean this favour as an equivalent to my pretensions or his intentions, and that he will not stop here. He has given me a lieutenant-colonelcy in Minorca; that is, I am reinstated in the same commission I had near six years ago. Many people think the advantage of being sent to Minorca, without getting any rank by it, is not very considerable; but if they will but keep their word with me, in giving me what I have asked, I shall have no reason to complain. In the meantime, I have but fair words and promises; you know how much they are to be depended upon.

You will pardon me for troubling you with so much about myself, and allow me to wish you

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joy of your negotiations in contributing to get place for Lord March, and a green riband for Lord Carlisle. That event is somewhat old now, but it is the first opportunity I have had of congratulating you. I wish you would present my best compliments to them both on the occasion. Adieu! my dear Selwyn. At your leisure I hope to have a few lines from you. As I mean to return to Paris one of these days, I am more desirous to hear any news from thence.

I am, very sincerely, your faithful servant,

H. St. John.

*À Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn, à l'Hôtel de York, Rue Jacob, à Paris.*

[Edward Augustus, Duke of York, whose death constitutes the principal topic in this letter, was the second son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and brother of George the Third. He was born on the 14th of March, 1739, and at an early age entered the naval service, in which he distinguished himself in the expedition against Cherbourg, and on other occasions. He inherited the three principal characteristics of his family, affability, a love of pleasure, and personal courage.

Only a few scattered anecdotes have been recorded of this popular and high-spirited young prince. He was one day conversing at St. James's with his brother, George the Third, when the latter

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remarked, that he seemed in unusually low spirits. "How can I be otherwise," said the duke, "when I am subjected to so many calls from my creditors, without having a sixpence to pay them?" The king, it is said, immediately presented him with a thousand-pound note; every word of which he read aloud in a tone of mock gravity, and then marched out of the room, singing the first verse of "God Save the King."

Bubb Dodington was one day exhibiting to him an upper apartment in his villa at Hammersmith, the floor of which, in extreme bad taste, was inlaid with marble, and supported heavy columns of lapis lazuli. "Some people, sir," said Dodington, "tell me that this room should be on the ground floor." "Be easy, Mr. Dodington," replied the duke, "it will soon be there."

The Duke of York died at the palace of the Prince of Monaco in Italy on the 17th of September, 1767. The event is thus announced in the *London Gazette* of the 29th:

"On Sunday last, Captain Wrottesley arrived here from Monaco, with the melancholy account that his Royal Highness, Edward Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, died at that place on the 17th instant, about eleven o'clock in the morning, of a malignant fever, after a severe illness of fourteen days, to the great grief of their Majesties, and all the royal family. The body was opened and embalmed; and was ordered by Commodore Spry

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to be put on board his Majesty's ship *Montreal*, Captain Crosby, to be brought to England."

The following particulars, published at the period, were stated to contain an authentic account of the duke's last illness at Monaco. "His Royal Highness had danced rather too much at the château of a person of fashion; and this had not only fatigued him, but occasioned a very strong perspiration. As soon as the ball was finished, the prince gave orders for his carriages to be got ready immediately, to set off for Toulon, from whence he was distant some three or four leagues. The gentlemen of the train, Colonels Morrison and St. John, and Captain Wrottesley, earnestly represented to his Royal Highness the necessity of his remaining where he was, if not to go to bed, yet till he was cool, and had shifted himself. The prince declared there was no actual occasion for such caution; that he would wrap himself up in his cloak, and that would be sufficient; he did so, and stepped into his carriage. This was on the 29th of August. The next day his Royal Highness complained of a slight chilliness and shivering; the indisposition, however, appeared so very trifling, that he went at night to the comedy; but before it was over his Royal Highness found himself infinitely worse, and was obliged to withdraw. He was feverish, thirsty, and complained of an immoderate heat all over his body. By proper care, and drinking plentifully, the duke was greatly better in the morning,

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and therefore set forward for Monaco, the prince of which (who was personally acquainted with his Royal Highness in his former tour to Italy) was waiting there in expectation of the honour of a visit from him; and the duke was the rather inclined to accelerate his journey thither, as in that prince's palace he might naturally look for an assistance and accommodation superior to what he could reasonably hope to meet with in common places.

"The weather happened to be uncommonly hot, which not a little incommoded his Royal Highness. He nevertheless arrived at Monaco in good spirits, but yet feverish, and with a headache; the latter of which he imputed principally to the intense heat of the sun that whole day. The next day the duke was worse, and took to his bed entirely. In hopes of a recovery, and unwilling unnecessarily to alarm the king, his royal parent, and relations, the duke enjoined his attendants on no account to write concerning his illness to England. All possible advice and assistance was given, but to no purpose; the fever was unconquerable. His Royal Highness now saw the danger of his situation; and he saw it with a fortitude and resignation rarely to be met with, where bloom of youth and dignity of station are united. Convinced that, without some unexpected turn in his distemper, he must die, his Royal Highness, with the utmost calmness and composure of mind, adjusted every step consequent on the fatal event himself. His

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Royal Highness ordered that Captain Wrottesley should bring the news to England, and in what method it should be disclosed. The captain was first to wait on Mr. Le Grand, of Spring Gardens, and with him to go to Leicester House, and then to Gloucester House; and having communicated the event to the dukes his brothers, to proceed to their Majesties, submitting it to the king and queen in what manner and by whom it should be imparted to his royal parent. After his Royal Highness had settled this arrangement, he seemed remarkably easy. He declared himself perfectly resigned to the divine will; and he spoke of his dissolution with all the piety and resolution of a Christian and a man; acting up to those exalted characters to his latest breath. His Royal Highness, through the mercy of the great Creator, was sensible to his latest breath; and the very morning of his death dictated a letter to their Majesties, his illustrious parent, and the royal family; desiring the writer to expedite it, as he had but a few moments to spare, and those to employ in still more momentous concerns.

"Before his Royal Highness died, we are told that he ordered all the gentlemen of his retinue to his bedside, where he took a very affectionate leave of them; and desired, that as he could not possibly live many hours longer, his blisters might be taken off to give him a little ease in his last moments, which, it is said, was done accordingly.

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"Among many other particulars related upon this melancholy occasion, the following seem also to be authenticated. His Royal Highness had not taken to his bed above three or four days before Colonel Morrison also found himself exceedingly ill. The duke insisted on the colonel's declining his attendance on him, and that he should keep his own chamber. The colonel humbly begged permission to continue in the performance of his duty. His Royal Highness was, nevertheless, still very pressing, most amiably and benevolently urging: 'Morrison, thy life is of much consequence; the preservation of it is of more importance than mine; you have a family, be careful of your health for their sakes.' However, Colonel Morrison importuned so strongly, that the duke at length acquiesced.

"His Royal Highness was desirous of being attended by a Protestant clergyman, and expresses were sent to several seaports, distant as well as neighbouring, in hopes of meeting with some ships of Commodore Spry's squadron, on board of which might be a chaplain; but the search was fruitless. Several portions of Scripture, particularly from the Psalms, and many of them of the duke's own pointing out, were, however, read at various times to his Royal Highness.

"The morning his Royal Highness died, he called Mr. Murray, his first page, to his bedside; he asked him some questions, gave him some

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particular directions and advice, and took a moving leave of him; even in dying, his Royal Highness showed the most zealous affection for him. 'Ah! Murray,' said he, 'thou wilt lose thy master!'"

The duke's remains were brought to England, and interred, with due honours, in Westminster Abbey.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, November 21, 1767.

DEAR SELWYN:—The day after to-morrow I set out for Nice with Charles.[1] It is a dreadful long journey, and I have a dreadful rheumatism in my shoulder. I cannot say but that the idea of being so far from England is very unpleasant to me. Upon every new effort that I make I am more sensible to certain feelings. My mind is not yet enough at ease not to feel the utmost pain when I am leaving every minute further behind me what I esteem above the world. I wish that absence could have the effect your prophetic spirit seemed to think it would. In short, it is determined, and I am going this journey of a thousand miles. For God's sake write very often, and raise a little the spirits, which I am afraid will be very low till I am accustomed to my necessary banishment.

You will see that I have opened one of your

[1] Charles Fox.

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letters, which you will not wonder at when you find who it is from. The story in it I had some time ago, but was not at liberty to mention it.

I was to have gone over the Bastile this morning, but the party was put off. I am sure you would have liked to have seen the chamber where the Marshal de Biron was confined, and the place where the scaffold was erected for his execution.[1] How many anecdotes you would have called to mind! How many books would you have read the night before, to have amazed the warder and tired us! How many *mémoires* would you have quoted! Madame de Staël, etc., whose lies you have so often been amused with.

I hope your two Dutch jokes have taken in London; the snuff-box, especially. I hope Madame Geoffrin's breakfast is ready. Has Creuse done the picture to your satisfaction? Has he copied it himself? Talking of pictures, I would advise you not to let your picture of the Blind Fiddler go for five hundred guineas, as the King of Poland has just sent a man into England to purchase portraits and other pictures; the same man who was employed to buy horses for him, and offered Sir John Moore two thousand guineas for Herod.

[1] The celebrated Marshal Duc de Biron was executed in the court of the Bastile for conspiring against Henry IV. of France, July 31, 1602. The tears and lamentations to which he gave vent on the scaffold presented a painful contrast to the chivalrous gallantry which he had so often displayed on the field of battle.

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Since I have wrote this I have received yours from Dover, which gave me great pleasure to hear you got safe over that perilous main.

I am very sorry to hear Mr. Wood's family were splashed by the sea. People who never travel know very little what dangers we run. I dare say most of your French acquaintances here wonder you do not go to England by land, but I believe they are very easy about us after we are gone. They think we are very little altered since the landing of Julius Cæsar; that we leave our clothes at Calais, having no further occasion for them, and that every one of us has a sunflower cut out and painted upon his ——, like the prints in Clarke's Cæsar. I do not think that all entertain this idea of us; I only mean the *sçavans;* those who can read. If you get through all this nonsense without swearing, I am sure it will be the greatest mark of partiality to him, who, with the greatest sincerity, can assure you how truly he is

Your affectionate friend, etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

ANTIBES, December 8, 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — This is begun after a very long journey, at the last town in France. Before I finish this, I shall be in the dominions of the King of Sardinia. I came down the Rhone from Lyons, through a very romantic country.

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At Pont d'Esprit we left our boats, and went directly to Nismes, which is too famous for its antiquities for one of your reading not to have heard of. The aqueduct known by the name of the Pont du Gard; the Maison Quarrée, built in honour of the two adopted sons of Augustus; and the Amphitheatre, from their beautiful proportions and excellent sculpture, which does not in the least seem to be impaired by time, accident, or decay, recompensed entirely for the badness of the road from thence to Avignon, which very few things could, indeed, do.

Five wild boars came down from a mountain as we were passing by, but not near so formidable as those you daily hear in your House. Upon sight and hearing of us, they immediately fled; yours, in proportion of the hearers and spectators, stay the longer. From Avignon we came to Aix; from Aix to Toulon; from Toulon to Frejus, and Frejus here.

I have as yet travelled so far without any accident; but as my servant was taking my pistols out the other morning, he fired one as he was standing close by Charles and me, which might have been of disagreeable consequence. In regard to the story you mentioned in your last, I had heard it some time before you left Paris, but had promised to say nothing about it. How does —— do? Do you see her often? If your account of her is as minute as your own journal, for I believe you

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write one, it will be the more agreeable to me. But you will be able to give an account only of your d——d nasty greasy aldermen.

I intend to go through Italy as fast as I can. I certainly shall not be more than a year. In that time I hope to see most of the principal things; to be able to speak Italian to be understood, and to read it perfectly, which I shall take the most pains about, for the sake of the poetry. We have sunshine that would tan so fine a complexion as yours. The heat of the sun, and the mountains being covered with pine-trees and other evergreens, especially myrtle, make it look very unlike an English winter here. But in spite of these blessings of a warmer climate, I envy you in England; do not you believe me?

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

NICE, December 10th.

I arrived at this place yesterday, where I found Lord Holland not near so well as I expected; but as his disorder was owing to his having travelled a long journey without eating, I hope he will soon recover his strength. Yesterday the weather was as hot as it commonly is in the summer in England. I believe Lord Mazarine would be very happy with the quantity of carnations and roses which we have here. The garden, which belongs to the house Charles and I have, is covered with orange-trees, with the fruit ripe upon them. The

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view from the windows is directly upon a very fine bay, which, with this climate, is very beautiful, though I am not more partial than you to the sea in very rough weather. Not far from this place is Monaco, whose master you made so happy in the toy-shop. The journey from hence to Turin will, I fear, be very bad; the Alps, I believe, in these parts, are impassable in a carriage. Riding upon a mule from hence to Genoa will not be attended with great pleasure; and the going in an open boat, with the prospect of being very cold and very sick, at least for four and twenty hours, and perhaps for four days, promises little more comfort than your winter journey from Paris last Christmas.

I hear the house of Hays, in Chamber Alley, is to make its appearance at B——'s trial. Are they to prove that Beauclerk, etc., etc.? — or has Bully called these witnesses to appear to his character? I hear Lord Beauchamp[1] spoke well in your House, — is it true? Is the old club as polite and well-bred as it used to be? Queen Elizabeth sent people abroad to learn the customs and manners of other nations. I wish the old club could be sent abroad to learn manners, and forget all their own customs: we should see Fanshaw and Reynolds bowing to one another, who should go out of the room first, each of them with as high

[1] Francis, afterward second Marquis of Hertford. He died 17th June, 1822.

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a *Grec* as my own. Kiss —— would then be thought, perhaps, uncivil and vulgar. I saw Lord Farnham yesterday, who is better. Sir William Stanhope[1] is here, but, as we live in the country, we see little of them. I find I am to be carried in a sedan-chair two days' journey on my way to Turin, which will be rather tiresome. Pray remember me to March, etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

NICE, Weds., [Dec.] 6, 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I return you many thanks for your letter, which I received this morning, the receipt of which I acknowledge with a punctuality that I am afraid may be troublesome; but as I believe the way of getting letters from you is by teasing you in this manner, you must excuse me; if you find this too formal, it is only in answer to two or three sentences in yours of the 7th instant.

I would rather have been with you and your party at the play, than have been playing at whist at the governor's, though there was a great-grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné's. The same *casserole* which Madame de Sévigné eat her *entremets* out of is preserved in the family, — I wish I could by any means procure it for you.

[1] Sir William Stanhope, K. B., younger brother of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. He represented the county of Buckingham from 1727 till the time of his death, which took place in May, 1772.

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We hear that Sir George Macartney[1] is to be made an Irish peer. What Lady Northampton[2] is dead? — is it Amiens's? I spend all my mornings alone; I dine with Lord Holland, and commonly pass the evening there. My spirits are commonly good, — sometimes a little low with thinking of England. Pray tell Lady Sarah how much I am obliged to her for the trouble she has given herself about the badge,[3] and wish her joy, for me, upon the birth of Miss Fox.[4] If I can find anything in Italy that I think you have taste enough to like, I will send it to ornament Ratson Hall, a name so applicable to master and dog, with very little alteration.

I dined yesterday with the governor of Villa-Franca, and saw the galley-slaves, which is a shocking sight to every one, but would have been more so to you, who hear, when you are awake, so much about liberty in your House of Commons. As you say nothing of Harry Bunbury,[5] I fancy he has not

[1] Sir George, afterward Earl Macartney, so celebrated for his mission to China in 1792. He died March 31, 1806.

[2] Jane, daughter of Henry Lawson, Esq., of Northamptonshire, and wife of Spencer Compton, eighth Earl of Northampton, died November 26, 1767.

[3] The badge of the Order of the Thistle, with the insignia of which Lord Carlisle was invested by the King of Sardinia, at Turin, on the 27th of February following.

[4] Caroline, daughter of Stephen, afterward second Lord Holland, was born on the 3d of the preceding month.

[5] Henry Bunbury, the celebrated caricaturist, was the second son of the Rev. Sir William Bunbury, and brother of Sir Charles.

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yet come from France, a fresh admirer of what last he saw there.

I am sorry that Creuse has made me look like a common councilman: it was not by my desire, for, you may be assured, had I aspired to the look of so much dignity, I should have paid you the compliment of looking as like an alderman of Gloucester as I could; but if the face is like, there will not be much trouble in altering the dress.

You promise me a whole page about a certain person, and in your last there was not above two sentences. I will not be cheated. Do not forget your engagement for August twelvemonth. The family here all desire to be remembered to you. Believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

*P. S.* Rover is very well, and diverts himself extremely here, but I had near lost him on coming out of Paris: I was obliged to send a servant back three posts for him. When we go post he runs thirty miles, and is then taken into the chaise. Excuse all mistakes, for this is wrote in a great hurry.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NICE, December 23, 1767.

MY DEAR SELWYN: — I give you a thousand thanks for your letter of the 8th, just received.

He married Catherine, daughter of Kane Horneck, Esq., by whom he was the father of the present Sir Henry Edward Bunbury. He died in 1811.

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If the Bedfords can bring themselves into compass narrow enough, they will certainly get in; and Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, and Mr. Rigby, will be very welcome; but there will be difficulty in this. I wish the Baron de Wensel may cure the Duke of Bedford's natural sight; and, if he does, I advise him by no means to stay for his earldom till I get mine. As to his making his Grace see metaphorically, I defy him to do that; he must remove not films, but people, who I believe will stick very close.

The Jockey Club is a tribunal I never heard of before. The young people here seem to think *la spada* must at last decide it. I think poor Lady Bolingbroke's folly is likely to end better than I thought it would, though, God knows, and I am sorry for it, very badly.

Do I authorise you to speak to the Duke of Grafton about what I mentioned to Mr. Walpole? I shall take it very kindly if you do, and perhaps it is the only notice that anybody will take of one so universally despised as I am. I am humbled, and shall endeavour to conform to my fate. But I hope in God your affair, which I thought was in such forwardness, does not stand still. I wish Mr. Cadogan very well, and think he has a good understanding. I advise him to follow that, and not make use of Mr. Grenville's. How does he like his Dutch letter? We talk and laugh about that, and many other things; but can none of us bring ourselves to admire the two cocks upon the snuff-box;

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how the devil could that dull Dutch jest come into your head?

You have already had a letter from Lord Carlisle here. He is very good to Charles, and Charles to me, to be so cheerful as they are in this dull place. Whoever is wicked enough to think heaven *tant soit peu ennuyeux*, may think this place like it. Angels have not better weather; and the place, and company, and way of life, are dull and tiresome beyond expression; no proverbs acted, no make-believe marriages. Why did you not tell me of Madame du Deffand's, and Mr. Walpole's *noces*, — the prettiest thing I ever heard of? Here am I, rising myself to heaven, as I have described it, which is the place where, when I leave England next, I am to go to, for I shall cross the seas no more. When I am in England, you are so unlike other people, that I shall see you now and then, which it is a great pleasure to me to think of.

Pray remember me to poor Lady Townshend,[1] and if anybody tells you, as Sir G. Macartney did, that they will not write because you do, bring them pen, ink, and paper, and make them sit down immediately.

Yours ever most affectionately,

HOLLAND.

*P. S.* According to your orders, your letter is burnt.

[1] Lady Townshend had lost her celebrated son, Charles Townshend, on the 4th of September preceding.

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*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

NICE, December 26, 1767.

DEAR GEORGE: — I sit down to write to you with the expectation of not being able to write above five lines, it being so late; but I would not miss an opportunity of thanking you for your last, which I received at this place, and not at Nismes, which, if you will look in the map, you will find at a great distance from this place, but not a great deal out of the way in our journey from Lyons to Avignon. So much for your geography!

This d——d post comes in about an hour after this goes out, which prevents me answering anything in your letters by the return of it. Pray buy "Smollett's Travels," and then you will know a great deal more of this part of the world than I do. You will be returned from Gloucester before this reaches you, where I hope you have found everything quiet. If I have burst too soon into the world, Fanshaw, I am sure, will burst as suddenly out of it. You have not fulfilled your promise. You promised me a page about a certain person. Where is she? How does she do? Am I ever mentioned? The sedentary life of Nice is very bad for low spirits.

Pray remember me to March. I shall not easily forget his civility and good nature in going around by Brussels, but do not tell him. Is little Harry[1]

[1] Apparently the Hon. Henry St. John.

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in town? If he is, when he has nothing better to do, bid him write to me. I wish you would inquire if my lottery ticket is come up a blank. I left it to Button's care at White's. God bless you, my dear George, and believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc.

*P. S.* Bunbury mentioned that the Bedfords are likely to come in. I hope our minister will hold out. Is Madame Geoffrin come yet to London? As you won't visit Lady Hervey,[1] you will be able to see but little of her. She is the most impertinent old brimstone!

I hear the parrot has lent her his cage.

### *The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

Thursday, 31st December, 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have had both your letters; so that I suppose you will be in town the end of the week. I have fixed no time for my return. I want to make a visit to the Duke of Grafton, but I like everything here so much that I have no inclination to leave the place. I wish you were here. It is just the house you would wish to be in. There is an excellent library; a good parson; the best English and French cookery you ever tasted; strong coffee, and half-crown whist. The more I see of the mistress of the

[1] The celebrated Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey. She died on the 2d of the following September.

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house, the more I admire her, and our landlord improves very much upon acquaintance. They are really the happiest people I think I ever saw in the marriage system. *Enfin c'est le meilleur ménage possible.* I wish every hour of the day that you was with us. They would like you, and I am sure you would like them.[1]

We are now all going to the ice, which is quite like a fair. There is a tent, with strong beer, cold meat, etc., where Lady Spencer and our other ladies go an airing. Lord Villiers[2] left us this morning. Adieu, my dear George. I am in haste to go to the great rendezvous upon the canal.

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

## THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

ALTHOUGH any detailed account of the political history of Charles James Fox would be little in character with the present work, yet, as the correspondent of Selwyn and a friend of the wits, it becomes necessary to introduce a few anecdotes

[1] It is to be regretted that Lord March has omitted to inform us of the name of the agreeable mansion at which he was a visitor.

[2] George Bussey, Lord Villiers, afterward fourth Earl of Jersey. He was at this period lord chamberlain of the household. In 1782 he was appointed master of the buckhounds, and in 1783 captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners. He died 22 August, 1805.

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and observations in regard to his position as a man of pleasure and of the world.

Charles James Fox was the second son of Henry, first Lord Holland, who has contributed so many pleasing letters to the present correspondence. He was born on the 13th of January, 1749; and after passing a short period at a private school at Hackney, was sent first to Westminster, and afterward to Eton, at which latter school he was the contemporary of Lord Carlisle, Hare, Storer, and Lord Fitzwilliam. Lord Carlisle, in his "Verses on his Schoolfellows at Eton," thus prognosticates the future eminence of his early friend:

"How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen! while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command!
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words.
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you."

On quitting Eton (for which school, as the editor was informed by Mr. Fox's widow, he ever retained a fond regard), he was entered at Hertford College, Oxford, where, as well as at Eton, he was highly distinguished for classical erudition. He remained at Oxford, however, but a short time, and immediately afterward made a tour of the Continent, accompanied, during a part of the period, by his schoolfellow, Lord Carlisle. Of his travels, we

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know little, but that they were distinguished by profuse expenditure; indeed, at Naples alone, he is said to have incurred debts to the amount of £16,000.

Lord Holland had early taken a deep interest in the dawning talents of his gifted son. He discovered qualities in him which even a father's partiality could scarcely exaggerate; and, predicting the splendid celebrity to which he afterward attained, he neglected no opportunity of forcing them into maturity. His own experience as a statesman, his mastery of the art and powers of elocution, and his intimate knowledge of human nature and mankind, rendered him an admirable tutor for so apt a son. He was enabled to render instruction palatable; he encouraged his favourite child, while yet a mere boy, to think and act for himself, and freely to deliver his opinions in all societies and on all subjects. This laxity of discipline, however, amounted occasionally almost to criminal indulgence. The principle of Lord Holland was to remonstrate with his children, but never to command, and much less to punish them. He invariably shielded his favourite son from the consequences which his youthful delinquencies ought properly to have subjected him to. "Let nothing be done," he said, "to break his spirit; the world will effect that business soon enough." It has already been mentioned that, during a residence of Lord Holland at Spa, when Charles

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*Charles James Fox.*

Photo-etching after the painting by Opie.

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Fox was only in his fifteenth year, Lord Holland was in the habit of supplying him with a certain number of guineas every night, for the purpose of speculating at the gaming-table.

Eager, perhaps, to behold the development of his son's talents, his father procured his return to the House of Commons as member for Midhurst, in Sussex, while yet under age. Owing to the latter circumstance, though entitled to deliver his opinions in Parliament, he could not constitutionally vote. However, he immediately became a warm supporter of Lord North's administration, for which good service he was rewarded, February 24, 1770, at the age of twenty-two, with the appointment of a lord of the admiralty. This post he retained till May, 1772; and on the 9th of January, 1773, was appointed a lord of the treasury. Circumstances, however, subsequently led to his disagreement with Lord North, and, in a discussion relative to a breach of privilege, Fox voted against the minister. It was on this occasion that, while seated on the ministerial bench, Fox received from the hands of one of the doorkeepers of the House of Commons, the following celebrated laconic note from Lord North:

SIR: — His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the treasury, in which I do not perceive the name of Charles James Fox.

NORTH.

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In private life, no man ever attached to himself a greater number of friends, or maintained his influence over them with a more unbounded control. Nature had equally formed him to be an object of admiration and love. In addition to his powerful eloquence, and his splendid talents as a statesman, he was well versed in the literature of his country, was an excellent Italian scholar, and wrote and conversed in the French language almost with as much ease as he wrote and conversed in his own. Moreover, he was distinguished by the refinement of his taste in all matters connected with literature and art; he was deeply read in history; had some claims to be regarded as a poet; and possessed a thorough knowledge of the classical authors of antiquity; a knowledge of which he so often and so happily availed himself in his seat in the House of Commons. To these qualities we may add a good humour which was seldom ruffled; a peculiar fascination of manner and address; the most delightful powers of conversation; a heart perfectly free from vindictiveness, ostentation, and deceit; a strong sense of justice; a thorough detestation of tyranny and oppression, and an almost feminine tenderness and feeling for the sufferings of others.

It was observed of Fox by Edmund Burke, as many as six years after their memorable misunderstanding: "To be sure, he is a man made to be loved!" "Mr. Fox," says Sir James Mackintosh,

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"united in a most remarkable degree the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life, he was gentle, modest, placable; kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity, which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty, or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit, had so unlaboured an appearance; it seemed rather to escape from his mind, than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries, distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life; and in the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind."

Unfortunately, the great talents of Fox, and his delightful qualities in private life, rendered his defects the more glaring and lamentable; indeed, it is difficult to think or speak with common patience

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of those injurious practices and habits; that abandonment to self-gratification; and that criminal waste of the most transcendent talents, which exhausted in social conviviality, and at the gaming-table, what were formed to confer blessings on mankind.

Fox, at a very early age, had been admitted to the clubs in St. James's Street, where his wit, talents, and good humour not only rendered him an universal favourite, but at this period he was regarded as one of the best-dressed men of his day, and, indeed, was looked upon as one of the leading men of fashion, or, as the exquisites were then styled, the Macaronis. Mason observes, in his "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers:"

> "But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far;
> The Jews and Macaronis are at war;
> The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
> They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox."

In all criminal indulgences, in profuse expenditure, in wild frolics, in the pursuit of women, and in excesses over the bottle, Fox very speedily outstripped the most notorious libertines of Brooks's and White's. Fortunately, he was gifted with an iron constitution, which shielded him in a great degree from the consequences of his irregularities. But it was in the excitement of the gaming-table that he chiefly delighted, and to his headstrong indulgence in its fatal fascinations we are to attrib-

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ute the principal misfortunes of his life. Pitt and Wilberforce had both early imbibed the same taste, but both were fortunately possessed of sufficient strength of mind to enable them to extricate themselves from its allurements. Fox, on the contrary, allowed himself to become the easy victim of his own passions. In addition to the large sums which he squandered in his father's lifetime, and for which he was indebted to the almost criminal indulgence of that parent, he was subsequently compelled to sell or mortgage every source of livelihood or profit of which he had hitherto been in the enjoyment, including the proceeds of his sinecure office of clerk of the pells in Ireland, amounting to two thousand a year, and his estate of Kingsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, which had been bequeathed him by his father.

His friend Topham Beauclerk used to observe of him, that occasionally, after having lost his last guinea at the gaming-table, it would be difficult to form a conception of the extremities to which he was reduced. However, he never appeared despondent, even after the most severe losses, and frequently, after having parted with his last shilling (fatigued, as may readily be imagined, with his exertions in the House of Commons during the day, and with the hours which he had devoted to wine and faro at night), he would tranquilly lay his head on the gaming-table, and almost instantly fall into a profound sleep. Having one night lost a sum of

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almost ruinous amount, Topham Beauclerk called on him the next morning, expecting to find the impoverished gamester in a state of the most miserable despondency. On the contrary, he found him quietly perusing an Herodotus in the original Greek. On Beauclerk expressing his surprise at finding him thus engaged, "What would you have me do," said Fox, "when I have lost my last shilling?"

In an earlier period of his life, Fox lodged at a house close to Brooks's Club in St. James's Street, at which latter place he passed almost every hour which was not necessarily devoted to the House of Commons. Horace Walpole writes to Marshal Conway, 31 May, 1781: "I had been to see if Lady Ailesbury was come to town; as I came up St. James's Street, I saw a cart and porters at Charles's door; coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awaked his host of creditors; but unless his bank had swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it would not have yielded a sop apiece for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious; and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles? He came up and talked to me at the coach window, on the marriage bill, with as much sang-froid as if he knew nothing of what had happened. I have

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no admiration for insensibility to one's own faults, especially when committed out of vanity. Perhaps the whole philosophy consisted in the commission. If you could have been as much to blame, the last thing you could bear well would be your own reflections. The more marvellous Fox's parts are, the more one is provoked at his follies, which comfort so many rascals and blockheads, and make all that is admirable and amiable in him only matter of regret to those who like him as I do."

Fox was an admirable player at whist and piquet, and it was computed by his friends that, had he confined himself to these two games, they would have produced him four thousand a year. But it was only games of chance, such as faro and hazard, which had the power of satisfying his feverish thirst of excitement; and he rarely yielded to their fatal fascinations, but he rose a considerable loser. Only on one occasion is he said to have been the winner of any large sum. On the occasion in question he rose from the gaming-table the gainer of eight thousand pounds. A considerable portion of this sum he is said to have paid away to his creditors; but the remainder returned to the same source from whence he had derived it.

The result of so headstrong and infatuated a career may be easily imagined. At the age of thirty, having ruined himself and half his friends, this gifted and extraordinary man had sunk into a needy and almost penniless spendthrift, frequently

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in want of a guinea to supply the exigencies of the moment, and trusting to the charm of his genius, to his persuasive manners, and his delightful conversational powers, to induce others either to relieve his wants or to administer to his extravagances. Even the waiters at the clubs became his creditors for insignificant sums, and the very chairmen in St. James's Street were in the habit of importuning him for the payment of their paltry arrears.

It may be questioned, however, whether the irregularities in Fox's private life ever alienated from him a single friend. As in the case of his friend and contemporary, Sheridan, there was an irresistible charm in his manners and conversation which continued to attach to him a host of friends and admirers, notwithstanding the state of moral degradation into which he had sunk. These, indeed, may seem harsh remarks; but no talents, however exalted, ought to be regarded as a sufficient atonement for moral unworthiness; or, as in the case of Charles Fox, ought they to have thrown a halo on want of principle and honour. With every wish to award him the meed of splendid talents, and to crown him with the laurel which they deserve; to do justice to his social qualities, his good humour, and real kindness of heart, it is nevertheless impossible not to regret that a man so gifted should have forfeited all claim to dignity of character, and to that honourable pride which even the humblest ought to feel in independence

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of mind. Had these remarks been hazarded on the conduct of a mere ordinary offender against the laws of religion and morality, they would, in a work like the present one, very properly, perhaps, be regarded as idle and misplaced. But we must remember how dangerous was the example set by so splendid a transgressor as Fox. We must remember that he was "the observed of all observers;" that he had imitators in his very vices; that his worshippers were the young and unthinking, who are too often ready to regard libertinism and extravagance as the essentials of a fine gentleman; and we shall readily perceive that the mischief which he did was likely to be vast and irremediable. Every man, as a free agent, has a right to entertain in his own bosom any principles or any tenets that he pleases; he may be a freethinker in religion, and a republican in politics; he may throw away his fortune at the gaming-table, or he may drink himself into the grave; but as long as he entails no injury on others, he is answerable only for his conduct to his conscience or his God. On the other hand, it is the bounden duty of every person (who, either from a superiority of genius, from high rank, or any other cause, is likely to influence the conduct of others) to consider how far his example may be prejudicial to his fellow creatures, and whether he may not unnecessarily involve others in his ruin. Of the numerous malefactors who

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have expiated their crimes on the scaffold, it may be questioned whether one-half of them have occasioned a tithe of the moral mischief which such gifted individuals as Fox and Sheridan have unthinkingly effected in the circle of their intimate friends.

The same want of prudence which distinguished the conduct of Fox in private life was also the prevailing characteristic of his political career. No individual could be more ambitious; and yet, from mere defect of judgment, from the absence of the merest principles of common sense, no man of great talents ever more signally failed in attaining the object he had in view. To George the Third he rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious, not so much from his continued and intemperate opposition, as from the bitterness of his personal allusions to his sovereign in the House of Commons. Allowing to Fox the full credit of having upheld the cause of freedom, more especially as regards his enthusiastic advocacy of the cause of the revolted provinces of America, it was nevertheless unnecessary (considering that it was the obstinate though futile determination of George the Third to reduce them to obedience) to insult still further the prejudices of his sovereign by openly appearing in the livery of Washington in the House of Commons. Such (among numerous other instances of his want of judgment and of common prudence) were the real causes of Fox's

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long exclusion from political power. Soured by being constantly kept in opposition, his language in the House of Commons became more intemperate as he advanced in life; while his feelings were not rendered the less mortifying, from the circumstance of his beholding Pitt, his junior in years, and certainly not his superior in natural genius, quietly pursuing his career of triumph and success. Juvenal's fine apothegm, "*nullum numen abest si sit prudentia*," was never more closely applicable than in the relative political history of Pitt and Fox. To a want of prudence, indeed, may be traced both the private and political ruin of Fox. It was observed of him by his friend Boothby, a man of pleasure like himself, that "he loved three things, — women, play, and politics; yet that at no period did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman; that he had lost his whole fortune at the gaming-table; and that, with the exception of about eleven months, he had always continued in opposition."

Wraxall, who sat in the House of Commons with Fox for some years, has bequeathed us an interesting portrait of him, as he appeared in his thirty-second year. "It was impossible to contemplate the lineaments of his countenance without instantly perceiving the indelible marks of genius. His features, in themselves dark, harsh, and saturnine, like those of Charles the Second, from whom he descended in the maternal line,

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derived, nevertheless, a sort of majesty from two black and shaggy eyebrows, which sometimes concealed but more frequently developed the workings of his mind. Even these features, however seemingly repulsive, yet did not readily assume the expression of anger or enmity; whereas they frequently, and, as it were, naturally, relaxed into a smile, the effect of which became irresistible, because it appeared to be the index of a benevolent and complacent disposition. His figure broad, heavy, and inclined to corpulency, appeared destitute of all elegance or grace, except what was conferred on it by the emanations of intellect, which at times diffused over his whole person, when he was speaking, the most impassioned animation. In his dress, which had constituted an object of his attention earlier in life, he had then become negligent, even to a degree not altogether excusable in a man whose very errors or defects produced admirers and imitators. He constantly, or at least usually, wore in the House of Commons a blue frock coat, and a buff waistcoat, neither of which seemed in general new, and sometimes appeared to be threadbare. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that these colours, like the white rose formerly worn by the adherents of the family of Stuart, then constituted the distinguishing badge of uniform of Washington and the American insurgents. In this dress he always took his seat, not upon the front opposition bench, but on the

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third row behind, close to that pillar supporting the gallery which is nearest to the Speaker's chair. It was not till 1782, or rather till the beginning of 1783, that, with Lord North by his side, he first began to sit on the opposition bench, technically so denominated in ordinary language. I am sensible that these minute particulars are in themselves unimportant, but they nevertheless approximate and identify the object, and that object is Mr. Fox."

Fox had originally been regarded as one of the best-dressed men of his day, but, in the early stages of the French Revolution, adopting French customs with French principles, he was one of the first to set the example of that slovenliness of costume, and of that indifference of what is due to others and to ourselves, which continues to be a barbarous characteristic of the present time. Wraxall, speaking of the manners which had prevailed in his youth, observes: "That costume which is now confined to the levee, or drawing-room, was then worn by persons of condition, with few exceptions, everywhere and every day. Mr. Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons, and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the House of Commons, and the clubs in St. James's Street, it spread through the private assemblies of London.

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But, though gradually undermined, and insensibly perishing of an atrophy, dress never fell till the era of Jacobinism and of Equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoestrings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair-powder, characterised the men; while ladies (having cut off those tresses which had done so much execution, and one lock of which, purloined, gave rise to the finest model of mock heroic poetry which our own, or any other language can boast) exhibited heads rounded '*à la victime et à la guillotine*,' as if ready for the stroke of the axe."

In 1795 Fox united himself to Mrs. Elizabeth Armstead, a beautiful and accomplished woman, who for nearly ten years had resided as his mistress under his roof. In Lodge's Peerage she is styled "Elizabeth Blane, otherwise Armstead," and Fox's biographers usually designate her a widow. For some weeks previous to their marriage, Mrs. Armstead resided at the house of the Rev. J. Pery, a political friend of Fox, by whom, as appears by the following extract from the parish register, they were married at the village church of Wyton, near Huntingdon:

"Charles James Fox, of the parish of Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, bachelor, and Elizabeth Blane, of this parish, were married in this church by license, this 28th day of September, in the year

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one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, by me, J. Pery, rector.

"This marriage was solemnised between us, C. J. Fox, and Elizabeth Blane, in the presence of Mary Dassonville and Jer. Bradshawe."

Mary Dassonville, it seems, was Mrs. Fox's maid-servant, and Jeremiah Bradshawe, the parish clerk.

Probably no two persons were ever more devotedly attached to each other, or lived on terms of more perfect harmony, than Mr. and Mrs. Fox. The editor, from personal knowledge, can bear testimony to the pride and affection with which Mrs. Fox loved to dwell on the memory of her deceased husband, and also to the cheerfulness, the kindness of heart, and the delightful fascination of manner, which distinguished this accomplished and venerable lady. That Fox fully appreciated her devotion for his person, as well as her many amiable qualities, is proved by his making her his wife, after a long and intimate communionship must have made him thoroughly acquainted with her merits, and this in despite of the opinion and perhaps derision of the world. On the 24th of January, 1799, on which day he had completed his fiftieth year, he presented her at breakfast with the following verses:

"Of years I have now half a century past,
And none of the fifty so blessed as the last.
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness thus with my years should increase,

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**This defiance of nature's more general laws**
**You alone can explain, who alone are the cause."**

Fox, in his last years, passed a considerable portion of his time in his delightful and classical seclusion at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, where he chiefly occupied himself with the society of a few chosen friends; in literary composition and pursuits, and in the cares of his beautiful garden. The "Inscription," by his friend, General Fitzpatrick, "on the Temple of Friendship at St. Anne's Hill," is well known:

"The star whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn;
The season changed, with milder ray,
Cheers the sweet hour of parting day.
So Friendship (of the generous breast
The earliest and the latest guest),
In youth's rich morn with ardour glows,
And brightens life's serener close.

"Benignant power! in this retreat,
Oh, deign to fix thy tranquil seat!
Where, raised above life's dusky vale,
Thy favourites brighter scenes shall hail;
Think of the past but as the past,
And know true happiness at last.
From life's too anxious toils remote,
To thee the heart and soul devote;
(No more by idle dreams betrayed),
See life, what life's at best, a shade;
And scorn the idol of the day:
Yes! while the flowret's in its prime
We'll breathe the bloom, redeem the time;

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Nor waste a single glance to know
What cares disturb the world below."

For some time previous to his death Fox's health had been in a declining state, and he himself appears to have prognosticated his early dissolution. To a friend he had been heard to observe, "Pitt died in January; perhaps I may go off before June!" He survived only till the 13th of September, 1806, scarcely eight months after the death of Pitt, when he expired at the seat of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. On the 10th of October his remains were interred, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey, only a few feet from those of his great rival, William Pitt.

"Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone;
Where, — taming thought to human pride, —
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
— *Marmion, Introduction to Canto I.*

*The Right Hon. Charles James Fox to George Selwyn.*

NICE, 6 January [1768].

DEAR SELWYN: — I received two days ago yours of December the 18th, and thank you for

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it by the first opportunity, in hopes that this punctuality will encourage you to write often. Though we heard some reports of the Bedfords coming in from other letters, we had no certain or accurate account of it but from you. Lady Holland and I are extremely sorry for it. My father says he does not care a farthing for it, but thinks the Duke of Grafton in the right to take help, having so —— a fellow as Conway [1] to go on with. We think this acquisition, as it is called, will be an hindrance to my father's affair. He thinks not, but, on the contrary, that now they are making everybody easy, the Duke of Grafton might make him so with a promise. Let this be how it will, I am sorry for it, *parceque j'ai du fiel.*

Carlisle received a letter from you the same day as I did, and is now, I believe, answering it. His goodness to me in staying at this dull place is very great. He sits at home all day, and calls me lazy. I am a good deal surprised, though not at all sorry, that we have had no news of his riband yet. He is learning Italian, and his master says he makes no doubt but he will soon have *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.* There is a great-granddaughter of Madame de Grignan's [2] here, but I do not think even you could find out anything to admire in her. I am told that either she, or her mother, Madame de Vence, who lives at Aix, has some letters in

[1] The celebrated Marshal Conway.
[2] Daughter of Madame de Sévigné.

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Madame de Sévigné's own handwriting. If any precious relic is to be come at, you may depend upon it I will spare no pains to get it for you, and if I succeed, you will have the pleasure of making Mr. Walpole jealous in his turn. Carlisle never heard of Madame de Sévigné's letter to him. I suppose it was too tender a subject for you to talk about. I hope Lord Ossory will get his peerage soon, for that, and Crawford's place, are the only parts of your news that I like at all. Pray write to us often, and direct *chez Messrs. l'Eclair et Panchaud, à Nice de Provence.*

Yours ever most sincerely,

C. J. Fox.

[The allusion to Madame de "Sévigné's letter" to Horace Walpole is sufficiently clear. In 1766 Walpole had received an anonymous present of a snuff-box (in the lid of which was a miniature of Madame de Sévigné), together with a letter purporting to be addressed to him from the Elysian fields. He had at first imagined that they came from the Duchess de Choiseul, but subsequently learnt that Madame du Deffand was the person to whom he was indebted for the present. "I have no pain," he writes to Lady Hervey, "in receiving this present from Madame du Deffand, and must own I have great pleasure that nobody but she could write that most charming of all letters. Did not Lord Chesterfield think it so, madam? I doubt

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our friend, Mr. Hume, must allow that not only Madame de Boufflers, but Voltaire himself, could not have written so well." The letter and snuff-box were sold at the recent lamentable sale at Strawberry Hill.]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

NICE, Jany. 9, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — As Charles wrote to you by the last post, I delayed doing myself that pleasure till to-day. You are now settled in town, I suppose, for the winter. I wish I was there too. The pleasure of seeing you I hope you believe is not the least reason; I will not lie, and say it has the most weight with me, as you know me too well not to know that there is one which would outbalance everything in the world.

I read a great deal here, without which resource the time might hang a little on one's hands. I learn Italian of a monk, who will receive no money for teaching me. This extraordinary taste and way of thinking makes me wish to be able to send him to Morpeth, to try to bring over some of my voters to his opinion.

You mention in your last, that Lady Carlisle[1] thinks it likely I shall return before next winter. Notwithstanding my love for England, and people

[1] Lord Carlisle's mother, Isabella, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron, and widow of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle. She died in 1795.

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in it, I cannot flatter myself of having that pleasure so soon. I shall not have got through Italy by that time, and I intend seeing some part of Switzerland in my return. I looked in the map the other night till I had very near resolved to go to Palmyra and the Grecian Isles, and to have seen a little of Turkey. If it had not been for the plague, and that d——d quarantine, my intention might have lasted till the next morning, but those considerations put the scheme entirely out of my head. I would have brought you a Circassian. We have porter and strong beer by the English ships, which are real comforts. Lord Holland continues as well as he was, and is in very good spirits. I am grown fat with the regular life I lead.

I wish you would put up the Marquis of Kildare[1] at the young club, and afterward at Almack's; but take care he is not put up first at Almack's, as that excludes him from White's. If you think you have not sufficient interest at the young club, get some other person to do it.

I hope Lord March continues well; pray remember me to him. When you saw Lady Sarah I hope she was well. I flatter myself you never forget to remember me to her. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be, sincerely,

Yours, etc., etc.

[1] William Robert, Marquis of Kildare, born in 1748. He succeeded as third Duke of Leinster in 1773, and died August 20, 1805.

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*P. S.* This letter being too late for the post, I have broke it open to add a few lines. In a letter I had from Sir William yesterday, he says you was still in the country, which I dare say you was very much tired of. Lady Carlisle tells me she saw a certain person at chapel, and that she looked like an angel. She need not have told me that. I leave this place Wednesday, the 20th, and hope to reach Turin by the 23d. The marquis [1] and I go together. I am to be carried two days' journey in a d——d chair. The marquis is too heavy; he therefore rides a mule.

The riband coming so soon to Turin will bring me to England a month or two sooner, — time enough to prepare for your reception at Castle Howard, which engagement I hope you have not forgot. I hope you have left off hazard. If you are still so foolish, and will play, the best thing I can wish you is, that you may win and never throw crabs. You do not put it in the power of chance to make you —— them, as we all know; and till the ninth miss is born I shall not be convinced to the contrary.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, January 24, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had not a moment's time by the last post to give you an account of

[1] Lord Kildare.

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my safe arrival at this place, as it set out very soon after my coming into the inn.

We left Nice at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, and soon got into the Alps. I was carried in a chair by six men, whose motions, till I was accustomed to them, were very uneasy, and the manner of conveyance very frightful. A single false step would frequently have been of the most fatal consequences to us all, and it was some time before I was quite at my ease when the chair was hanging over precipices full as high as Squire Selwyn's neat-house at Matson. But the agility and unconcerned manner of these people, climbing up and down rocks which nature seemed to have purposely designed should be inaccessible to the footsteps of man, entirely took away all kind of apprehension from me.

We dined at a miserable village, and proceeded on our journey till ten o'clock at night, — a great part of the way by torchlight, — through the most wonderful roads. We slept at a place which cannot be called bad, — a little worse than the suburbs of Calais. The inn, which we both had the pleasure of lying at there, no longer appears to me in the terrible light that it did, from my having been lately at so many worse, coming down the Rhone, and in this last journey. We set out by daybreak from the Giondela, where we lay, with an intention of passing the great mountain called the Col di

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Tenda,[1] which, I believe, is about the same height with Mount Cenis.[2] When we arrived at the foot of this mountain, which was about ten o'clock in the morning, the muleteers who came with Lord Kildare, — who was my *compagnon de voyage*, — and the chairmen, refused to pass the Col that day, telling us they did not dare, as the wind was too high, and the snow was falling too thick. This was a melancholy prospect for us in the miserable hut we were in; but knowing that seven mules had perished in the snow but a few days before, we were far from being desirous of risking anything against the opinions of those who ought to be so well acquainted with all such mountainous concerns.

We were in this situation when we were found out by a person who had letters from somebody at Nice, recommending us to his protection in case of such an accident. We were by him invited to his house, where we dined with him and his wife, who, by the way, could not speak a word of French; nothing but Piedmontese. You may suppose spending the whole day with these people was no small bore, but your old recourse, luckily, did not fail me on this occasion; I slept most part of the day, and went to bed at six o'clock in the evening.

[1] A passage of the Alps, between Piedmont and Turin.

[2] A mountain of the Maritime Alps, on the borders of Piedmont and Savoy. Its height is upward of nine thousand feet.

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The next morning we were told we might endeavour to ascend the mountain, the wind and snow being much abated, but we took the precaution of sending men about two hours before, to cut ways in the snow. In about two hours we reached the top, without any accident. At the summit I was very happy to find we were to descend in sledges, though the velocity with which, in a perpendicular line, you fly down the side of the steepest mountains, would have taken a little from the pleasure of the conveyance, had I not been so secure in knowing no accidents ever occur. This agreeable method of coming down the mountain I do not think was captivating enough to recompense the spending three whole days, in the middle of January, in those bleak regions of cold and melancholy. To one brought up as I have been, — I am afraid too much in the luxuries of life, — the idea of living in such a country is a very *triste* subject for reflection. Yet it is wonderful to see, from a cottage whose top just emerges out of the snow, a dozen children rolling out of the door; the whole family with looks of more health and content — though they do not know that the next hour may not cut off their supply of bread for days — than in any company you have been in this year, not excepting the coffee-room at White's, the temple of content! Here, nothing is to be seen but good humour, good breeding, and satisfied countenances.

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We reached Coni[1] that night by twelve o'clock, and next morning arrived at this place, by very good roads, which are pretty well supplied with horses. I have, according to your desire, given you a detail, and I am afraid a tedious one, of our journey. Rover is very well, and frequently frightened me by standing upon the brink of a precipice to look at the torrent below, the roaring of which he did not in the least comprehend.

I cannot enough thank you for the constant mention you make of a person whose health and happiness interest me so much. I am this moment returned from the opera, and have been introduced to all the beauties of this place, but have seen nothing to compare to that beauty which has been so long the ruling planet over all my actions, as you know so well. Continue this kind attention. Conciseness will be the only fault you can be guilty of on such a subject. You have been an eye-witness to too many of my weaknesses, to make me wish to conceal them from you; and you have been too indulgent, to make me fear discovering them to you. I expect to hear from you soon. I hope you have received all the letters I wrote from Nice; I was a very punctual correspondent.

Our opera is very magnificent; Lord March would be in raptures. The people make a great noise during the singing part, but are very atten-

[1] A fortified town in Piedmont, thirty-five miles south of Turin.

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tive during the whole dance. This is a kind of life that does not in the least suit with my genius. The whole day is spent in visiting; you go to the opera only to make visits into people's boxes to whom you have been presented. I was at court to-day, and was introduced to the king, who talked to me a great deal. He told me he thought Shirley's death would very likely make some delay in the arrival of the courier, as the post did not come in at Nice before I left it; I could give him no information on this subject. There is a stiffer thing here, of an ambassador from Germany, than you have seen this fifteen years. His life is more stately than Lady Mary Coke,[1] and he has all the ease of the Duke of Ancaster.[2] If you offer him your place in any box at the opera, he always takes it without thanking you, or even making you a bow afterward. The French ambassadress and ambassador are both extremely civil and well-bred. He is a Choiseul. I do not know who she was, but you would like extremely to talk French with them, though in general you would be much upon your guard with whom you conversed here, lest you should lose any of your good pronunciation; the French that is talked at this place not being the most pure.

[1] Lady Mary Campbell, daughter and coheiress of John, Duke of Argyll, and widow of Edward, Viscount Coke.

[2] Peregrine Bertie, third Duke of Ancaster, and master of the horse. He died 12th April, 1778.

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I forgot to tell you that I overheard Robert say, in coming through the Alps, that the rocks were as high as the cathedral at York. We have a beautiful girl in the hotel, daughter to the keeper of it, on whom a countryman of mine, a Mr. Thompson, offered to settle four hundred pounds per annum on certain conditions, which she refused. Poor Charles was quite in love with her, but do not tell him I told you.

In regard to showing my letters to a certain person, it must be done with caution, for there are commonly things in my letters very improper for any other perusal; and as I am sure you know how unhappy it would make me to cause any uneasiness in that quarter, so I hope you believe me honest enough not to think I dissimulate, when I declare that I would rather live in this constant banishment, even at such a distance from all the connections I love and esteem, than that any imprudence of mine should cause an uneasy moment to the person I was before speaking of.

I have just now received your letters, which were directed to Nice. I could not acknowledge the receipt of them sooner. Everybody here has been ill with the gripe. I believe I am going to be fashionable enough to have it, for I am not well enough this evening to go to a ball at the French ambassador's; but do not mention anything of this to Lady Carlisle, as she will be in a fidget about me.

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Pray give my compliments to your ward, Miss Blake, whose kicking and pinching disorder, I hope, is quite gone off: my sisters commend her extremely. The Marquis of Kildare and I are learning to dance cotillons, in order to be abused in the newspapers at our return, as I hear all the party at Privy Garden [1] were. It is with no small satisfaction I hear of Lady ——'s health and spirits. Recollect sometimes, as you are sitting there, how much a friend of yours would give to be transported there but for an hour. But these are very foolish thoughts.

I have sent you some oil from Nice, which you will receive in March. If I could find the grammar, or if my Italian master was here, I would quote a line of Italian to answer yours. God bless you, my dear George, and believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely, etc., etc., etc.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NICE, January 27, 1768.

DEAR SELWYN: — I begin with my answer in regard to what you have so obligingly done, and only you would have done.

You were sure to be in the right in whatever you said of my great regard for the Duke of Grafton. Pray make him my best compliments; thank him for his great civility, and tell him that I with pleasure rely entirely upon his Grace. When I

[1] At the Duke of Richmond's.

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was in England, he was sure he should get me a promise. I should be very glad if he would, and, if desired, would upon my honour keep it an inviolable secret.

Now for the rest of your letter. I am vastly obliged to you for answering mine so soon, and by so long a one, but not for your sending Major Brereton's advertisement to Lord Carlisle. That most delightful and most amiable young lord left us in search of his green riband last Wednesday, so we shall have the advertisement by way of Turin, and that will be time enough. I do not know Mr. Beauclerk; but, be he what he will, the fate of my poor dear friend's daughter afflicts me. I cannot bear to think of the folly of it, nor do I see how all her relations, if they wished her as well as I do, can mend the matter.

I wish you had told me good news of your affair, to make amends for the bad you send me about mine. I believe you see now my absolute insignificance. The king's reluctance for Sir William Maynard, Lord Radnor, Lord Spencer, Lord Chatham, Lord Ligonier, was got over easily. But you say, if the Bedfords would add their force? They have force, and you will see how easily they (that is, the Duke of Grafton for them) will get over the king's reluctance, either to make peers, or perhaps to make Rigby sole paymaster, and then he will have a reason for having been so glad when I was turned out, though he had none then.

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God knows. I cannot help sometimes asking myself, dear Selwyn, why I am in such disgrace with the king? Have I deserved it? I am now the only mark left of irrevocable displeasure, and I vow to God I cannot guess why, any more than I do why Ellis has refused the offer I hear the king most graciously made him very lately, to be joint paymaster.

I am afraid Mr. Walpole cannot be in good humour; especially as he must see that what he dislikes is entirely owing to the imbecility (to call it by no worse name) of his friend Conway [1] That, I think, made it necessary for the Duke of Grafton to call in help; but it cannot make me approve of all the terms of it, nor can anything ever reconcile any friend of his Majesty to the measure of again making Lord Eglinton [2] one of the sixteen. You surprise me in what you say of the attachment of Mr. Cadogan and Mr. Williams to G. Gr.[3] I do not wonder when I see sensible men with strong prejudices, but it does surprise me when they are in favour of a conceited fellow, whom one can neither see nor hear without disgust, and who noddles his head so, and is so tedious. We hear

[1] General Conway. He resigned the post of secretary of state in the course of this month.

[2] Hugh, tenth Earl of Eglintown. He was assassinated by an excise officer, one Mungo Campbell (whom he had warned off his lands, and who had refused to deliver up his firearms), October 25, 1769.

[3] George Grenville.

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that you would not sign at the Jockey Club either the 1st or the 10th; so you see we talk of your pleasantries as well as of your Belgisi, which, however, Lord Carlisle assured us was a conceit that you were very fond of.

The weather here is fine beyond description, but I propose to pass the rest of my time in England. How long that will be I do not know: I do not desire it should be long, — why should I?

> "Have age, and care, and mortal life, such charms?
> All have their share of good; and when that's gone,
> The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon."

In spite of all your kind and, for aught I know, good reasoning, you see I am humbled; and I believe, whatever they may pretend, that old age humbles everybody. The spirit and pride of youth subsist no more, and

> "Old age so weakens and disarms the mind,
> That not one arrow can resistance find."

It cost the Duke of Bedford very little to declare off with Grenville. He would do that, or anything else, ten times as dishonourable, if he was bid, with a grace that is surprising, and an air as if he was doing something indisputably right. They sometimes say the game is in their own hands. Will the Duke of Grafton be firm, and take good care? — and, if not, can the king be sure it will not be so?

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Now I come to your paragraph about my charity. A little pains, which is often the best part of charity, will get you true information. But, suppose some good-for-nothing wretch should get a little money, and food, and warmth, more than he deserves, where would be the great harm? We are not going to give them good places; so I hope to hear soon that you have not abstained from doing good for me, for fear of doing a little wrong.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, February 3, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I sit down to write to you in the worst humour in the world, for Veery has just wrote to the minister here, acquainting him that instead of my Order being here in a few days by a courier, it will not be brought these two months, and then by Lord Clive![1] — it might be as well sent by a Chelsea pensioner! Then, the minister had his doubts whether it would in this case be necessary for the King of Sardinia to invest me himself. The sending this Order by the first invalid who is going to Naples — or who perhaps may die by the way, and my riband travel back to England with a hearse and undertakers — will not raise

[1] Robert, the great Lord Clive. After performing his vast services in the East, he had recently returned to England, with a broken constitution and depressed spirits, to encounter the baseness and ingratitude of his countrymen. He died by his own hand, November 22, 1774, at the age of fifty.

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very much the dignity of it in the eyes of the people here.

By this post Lady Carlisle directs to me at Nice, hoping I will stay there till further advice, as there is a contagious distemper at Turin, and that my going there in two or three months will be the same thing, as Mr. Shirley's death must occasion a very long delay in the arrival of the riband. These contradictions I am unable to reconcile ; and indeed they disconcert my plans very much, which I had laid for the spending of the next year, and, consequently, for my return to my friends in England. For God's sake! if it can be remedied, forget the expense of a courier's coming here, for my Lord Clive and I are never likely to meet but in the next world. He is coming in half a year to Nice, which journey I would not again undertake for a blue riband. I write to you, my dear George, as if you were either the author of this inconvenience, or had any power to remedy it, neither of which I believe. I have, therefore, bored you very foolishly, but as I am convinced you would readily undertake anything, however unreasonable, as I very often am, I rely upon your best endeavours to settle this affair.

I have had, I believe, this contagious distemper, which confined me two days to my room, but I now go abroad. The streets of Turin are covered with ice, and the houses with snow : the coming out of the opera is enough to kill a Laplander. I never can enough thank you for the frequent mention you

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make of a certain person. I do not fear the person who sat next to her at Almack's for a rival. I am sure there is nothing here that can ever make me cease to envy you the happiness of beholding that face, as you do every day. I wish I could exchange with you two or three hours' gazing at the foolish things at Nismes, which, though you have got such an idea of them, are very foolish when compared to what you see so often. Remember me to her. I have not time for any more. My compliments to Lord March, and believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, Feb. 10, 1768.

DEAR GEORGE: — The carnival is almost over, a circumstance which people talk of with tears in their eyes, and which gives me great pleasure, as I am tired to death of going to the opera every night. The Prince of Carignan gave a magnificent ball the night before last; an old lady cried bitterly because she had not a good place at the table, which diverted me extremely. Pray tell Sir Charles that Madame St. Giles talks about him very often, and always about his beauty.

The town has been very sickly; few people have escaped being ill: I was as slightly so as could be, being only confined to my room for two days. Is there any truth in a report that Lord March and

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Lady J. Stewart[1] are to be married? — but perhaps you are not in the secret. I heard it from a person who was not likely to know, so perhaps it is without foundation. Your letters of the 26th, which I received last night, made me very happy. I can assure you they never can be too long. You talk seriously about my growing fat. I have only a little more flesh on my face, owing to my not leading such a cursed life as I did in London.

What you and all my friends say in regard to my sister's marriage, and concerning Mr. R.'s character, makes me a very happy being, for should any accident happen to Lady Carlisle, especially during my absence, the situation of my other sisters, without such a protection as I am sure my sister Fanny[2] would be to them, would be truly distressing. I do not indeed find that this long separation from a certain person has any way lessened my love or esteem for her; nor have the faces and conversation of the women here (whose natural love of gallantry is commonly prevailing enough to interest people seriously, whose constitutions are less warm, and experience greater than mine) been powerful enough to efface one instant the idea of that beauty which has been so long the regulator of

[1] Probably Lady Jane Stuart, daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, married, in 1768, to George, Earl Macartney.

[2] Lady Frances Howard, born in 1745, married, April 14, 1768, John Radcliffe, Esq., of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire.

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my way of acting. Whatever you can say upon this subject will have no effect in either adding fuel, or in putting out the fire; therefore let no fears of this kind restrain you. Spin out each trifling circumstance, till it will be too thin to bear the weight of new words. Dwell upon, adorn, and lengthen every word that falls from her mouth, that you think would interest me, and if no mention should be made of me, I could almost wish that you should invent to deceive and please me. I see, unawares, I have given you a whole page upon one subject. In return, I expect one upon the same, which, I believe, will give me more satisfaction than this bore will procure for you.

I am in doubt whether I shall stay for Charles at Genoa, or go on to Rome by myself. I see nobody here who is likely to be going that way, or, if they were, should I wish to go with them, for *E meglio andar solo, che mal accompagnato*, in which I believe you will agree with me. Pray pardon me, my dear George, if there were any hasty expressions in my last about the conveyance of the riband. The delay a little distressed me at the time, as it obliged me to alter my schemes; nor did I then know that it was not intended Lord Clive should bring it all the way, which made me fear he would carry it to Nice with him, and I should be kept here till the spring, as the same letters informed me he intended to make some stay at Paris. But I am now very well satisfied

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with the arrangement, and thank you a thousand times for all the trouble you have been at upon my account. You think that I shall not be so good a correspondent, now I am not in that state of retreat and indolence — so your honour is pleased to word it — as I was at Nice. I can assure you I read a great deal there; spent all my mornings alone; and began to write a chronological history of England, in which attempt, I believe, I got through the fifth part of a reign. But, seriously speaking, I was not idle.

Mr. Hobart passed through here the other day, in pursuit of March's old flame, the Zamperini, who they tell me is engaged to sing at this place next year. Rover is very well, and is perfectly acquainted with Turin: his picture shall be drawn by Pompeio Batroni. I should be very glad to change shapes with Raton for a few hours, when you have a certain company to dinner in Chesterfield Street, but I believe I should behave better than he commonly does. I am sorry to hear Stephen Fox is likely to lose his election at Salisbury. I see a very affectionate address from him to the corporation: I hope his eloquence will not be entirely thrown away. God bless you, my dear George. Write often, and very long letters. Remember me to those, if such there are, who will be glad I still exist; and you know that some there are whose indifference toward me, if I was to know it, would make that existence very little

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to be envied. My compliments to Lord March, and believe me to be,

Most sincerely yours, etc., etc., etc.

*P. S.* The Piedmont men are as stupid as Frenchmen.

*Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.*

Wednesday, 20th.

My dear George: — I am extremely flattered with your attention to me in regard to the house, and most certainly I wish to be your neighbour. I likewise think it more agreeable to pay two hundred guineas to the widow, than three hundred to King Stephen.[1] But you do not mention for what terms the widow's house is to be let. To be married to the widow's house may be as troublesome, perhaps, as to be married to the widow herself, and therefore I would make no connection of that sort, without agreeing previously to a divorce in three years at farthest. Houses, like widows, you know, have certain peculiarities, and, in short, there are so many inconveniences in both of them, that I believe it would be prudent to ask a few more questions than you have yet done, before I agree to take either the widow or her house.

I wish you a good journey to Matson, and more particularly do I wish you may have a good journey

[1] Probably Stephen Fox, afterward Lord Holland.

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to this place, where I shall be glad to see you. Adieu, dear George.

BOLINGBROKE.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, Feb. 20, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I do not recollect that I ever sat down to write to you with so little to say as I do now. If you had less partiality than I know you have for me, I might very reasonably suppose you would say, why the devil do you write, then? I will tell you; because you always expressed so friendly a desire to hear from me, that it is your own fault if you are bored.

Our carnival is over, and the Lent begun, which makes Turin look very melancholy. Sins, during the carnival, are so very numerous, that I believe the monks are forced to absolve them by the lump. All my Piedmontese friends are employed in this amusement at present.

Yesterday I received the packet containing all the things mentioned in the last you sent me. I like the badge very well. I agree with you it would have been prettier had it been a little less; but, as it is, I am very well satisfied with it, and much obliged to everybody who have been so good as to give themselves any trouble about it. There was a necessity that all the papers should be translated into French, which is accordingly done, and I think there will be no further delay before I am invested

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with the Order. I do not know how I shall get over the oath; the swearing to protect the Reformed religion, in the presence of a king so very strict and scrupulous as the King of Sardinia, may meet with some difficulty, but we must manage it as well as we can. Whenever the ceremony happens, I will write you an account of it.

Paoli, the famous Corsican general, of whom you must have heard so much, upon the Genoese forbidding the Corsicans at Genoa to wear any swords, the other day ordered all the Genoese in Corsica to wear two, which they were accordingly obliged to submit to. If it was not for the passage of Mount Cenis, I should be tempted to make an excursion to Geneva, but the time of year will certainly prevent me. I have had company to dinner with me to-day, who have taken up the time I meant to give you; but this will be the first short letter I have wrote you. I trust to hear from you by the Monday's post. I said so much about a certain person in my last, that I think you will neglect making frequent mention of everything that concerns her. My next shall certainly be longer. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

[There is a name mentioned in this letter to which too much honour cannot be paid. Pascol Paoli, so celebrated for his noble exertions to maintain the independence of his native country against

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the French and Genoese, was born in Corsica, in 1726. Notwithstanding his early successes against the enemies of his country, he was in the end compelled to yield to the vast military power of France, and to seek safety in flight. Having made his way to the seacoast, he embarked, on the 16th of June, 1769, on board an English vessel, in which he proceeded, in the first instance, to Leghorn, and afterward crossed the Continent to England. In this country, where he subsequently passed nearly forty years, he was received with every token of admiration and respect. His death took place at his residence in the Edgeware Road, on the 5th of February, 1807.]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, March 2, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Many thanks for your long letter, which I received the day before yesterday. I paid a visit to-day, as proxy for you, so I expect you will repay me. Mine was to one deprived of life; yours shall be to one whose health, youth, and beauty, has had more power upon me than ever the most wan ghastly corpse has had over you. A servant of Lord Kildare — the most quiet, sober creature that ever I saw, who has lived with him some years as a footman, and served him with great fidelity — was this morning found shot in his bed. What puzzled us

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very much was that there were found in his body two wounds, plainly those of pistol-balls. In the room there were found three pistols loaded, and but one discharged ; yet, by a paper found in his pocket, we have no reason to doubt but that he was the author of his own death, as he in that paper declares his intentions, and his reasons for so doing, which plainly shows that he has been some time wrong in his head, as his inquietudes of mind are something about walking upon his knees up some steps at Rome, which this poor wretch's madness had taken hold of. He was a most shocking spectacle. What was extraordinary, in the fit of frenzy that he must have been in, was that he should have the coolness to charge the same pistol again, before he could rid himself of that life which, with all our inquiries, seems to have been, or ought to have been, so comfortable to him. He enjoyed his master's good opinion ; lived well with the other servants, and was, independently of Lord Kildare, in good circumstances.

I cannot help dwelling upon this subject, for the sight of him was so horrible that it affected me very much. He was also a great favourite of mine, as he attended my old friend, poor Ophaly, during his long illness, with the greatest marks not only of attention, but also affection, and expressed a sorrow at his death, that made me always look upon him as a protégé of mine. I dare say Lady Sarah will be very sorry when she hears of it.

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I have been idle, lately, as all my time has been taken up in writing, and at court. This, I think, may find you at Gloucester, far from the possibility of giving me any account of what you know interests me so much. But perhaps this may not reach you till you are returned, and then, I flatter myself, you will not fail of taking every opportunity of letting me know everything that relates to that beautiful creature.

I am very sorry to hear poor Lord March has had such a long bore on my account; pray remember me to him. Is Madam Geoffrin come yet? I hope she will not disappoint you, as, by the spring, your French will want a little brushing up. I wish Mr. W.[1] would leave off being witty upon you and me. He has now the finest opportunity in the world to desert the —— Grenvilles, and by this means his humour will find a field which he has as yet never dared to plough up. I should like to see the old horse turned out in such pasture that would so long afford him such excellent feeding.

I hope you have left off play, or, if you have played, I hope you have won, and that there is not a guinea left among the thieves to tempt you to lose it back. Adieu, my dear George; continue to lay me under more obligations by writing to me often, and believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely, etc., etc.

[1] Apparently Gilly Williams.

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[George, Earl of Ophaly, alluded to as "poor Ophaly" in this letter, was the eldest son of James, first Duke of Leinster, by Lady Emilia Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He died at Richmond House, Privy Gardens, October 26, 1765, in his eighteenth year, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Lord Carlisle thus apostrophises his early friend, in his "Verses on his Schoolfellows at Eton:"

"Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What, though perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,
Than godlike Homer's elevated song;
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong:
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind."]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, March 9, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—It was with the greatest pleasure, that, upon coming home on Monday, I found two large packets from you, the one of which was not the less acceptable for its contents. Pray thank Lady S. for her goodness in interesting herself about my health. Lady Holland nursed me at Nice, and made me take magnesia. The gripe lasted a very little while. We had another murder committed near our door the other night. None of our servants will walk about the house after

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sunset but in pairs; they look like the beasts going into Noah's ark.

Is Chavigni dead, that it is Lady S.'s pleasure I should retain his cook, or does she only mean he is to die upon my arrival at Paris? When will Lady —— be at the Spa? — but I will not think about it, for I am afraid that scheme is too impracticable. That villain, little Harry, has not wrote, or, if he has, he has not geography enough to know that Turin is in Europe. I wish the whole bench of bishops seized with St. Vitus's dance, that they might do nothing but make *des cabrioles* the whole Lent, for preventing your *bal masqué*.

I mean to leave this place the first of next month, and hope to meet Charles at Genoa, where I shall make but a short stay. Pray direct to me as usual to Turin, *chez* Messrs. Torras.

As you have played, I am very happy to hear you have won, but by this time there may be a *triste revers de succès*. I saw the king's horses yesterday; there is one called Raton, whose namesake I hope is well. Lady Carlisle informed me that somebody had thoughts of proposing to my sister Betty.[1] I began to think it was you. My writing so frequently will excuse the shortness of this, but do not proportion yours to mine. Believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

[1] Lady Elizabeth Howard, born in 1746, and married, February 16, 1769, to Peter Delme, Esq.

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*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NICE, March 16, 1768.

DEAR SELWYN: — I had your long letter by Colonel Nugent. Charles had one too, and I intended he should write by this post; but I have just received your kind letter of March 1st, and it has pleased me so that I must thank you for it myself.

It is really a great pleasure to me that your affair is in so good a way. I think it in a very good one; and to think, as I do, that you will not yet awhile attain prudence, gives me no concern. I do not wish it you these many years. I am so far from repenting my own past imprudence, that I heartily wish I had any left.

Surely you must have known all I knew of Mr. R — y's[1] unkind behaviour toward me? I never hid anything from him when he was my friend; I had nothing to hide on my part, when he ceased to be so. I must not trust myself to write any more upon so tender a subject; but my weakness is such, that I am afraid you can write on none that I shall listen more to.

Pray make my best compliments, with many thanks, to my Lord March. When you would not let Carlisle be at the expense of a messenger

[1] Evidently the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, of whose "unkind behaviour" toward him Lord Holland more than once complains.

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to bring his green riband, surely it was not civil to Lord March; but I believe you did not think of that.

I call your longer letter a most entertaining, your shorter a most kind letter, and most heartily thank you for both. Do not put your writing upon "if you find anything worth communicating;" but be assured that to see your handwriting (though it is by no means good) gives me great pleasure, and obliges me; and I have met with too much ingratitude to be grateful myself. Because I am not so, I again beg to hear from you some, and I hope good news of Lady Townshend.

Lady Holland, Charles, and Harry [1] desire their best compliments. Charles does not write himself this post, only because I do. Adieu.

Yours, most faithfully and sincerely, and affectionately,

HOLLAND.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

### *Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

CLIFFORD STREET [March, 1768].

I am heartily sorry, my dear George, that this d—d carpenter [2] has made matters so serious with

[1] Henry Edward, Lord Holland's youngest son. He was afterward a general in the army, and died in 1811.

[2] A timber merchant, who, in the general election which took place in this year, canvassed the city of Gloucester in opposition to Selwyn, but with very indifferent success.

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you; but in the end it will only make your return more expensive to you. However, let your confusion be ever so great, it is composure to the city of London. Wilkes [1] is at the head of a thousand people, a declared candidate, and the bets in Change Alley, whether he will succeed or no, make another regular stock, and find as much employment for the brokers as ever the India business did. To-day they gave sixty to return one hundred if he was elected. Mackereth was in the Alley, and had various negotiations.

I have been very constant in my inquiries after you from March, who gives a supper to-night. He has done me the honour to invite me, but I shall be English enough to prefer a rubber with Jack Mostyn and Simon Fanshaw, to cracking mottoes with Lady Ailesbury and the Duchess of Richmond. Conway's robbery was announced after I had sealed my last letter to you. Considering his obligations to the family, Mr. Sampson has a peculiar sense of feeling to be so ready to burn them all in their beds. He was examined yesterday for the last time at Fielding's, which, if I had known, I would have attended. He has confessed all, cries much, and desires his execution may be as speedy as possible.

[1] Wilkes was at this period a candidate for the representation of London. He was defeated, though only by a small majority, and shortly afterward was elected member for the county of Middlesex.

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I had a dinner yesterday which you would have liked. It was at Essex's with Baltimore, who with a great deal of simplicity told us the whole story of his recent unfortunate love-affair, and a greater impostor never existed than this much-injured virgin. He is to be tried at Kingston the 26th, which will be entertaining if half comes out in evidence which his lordship related in conversation. Fred. Montagu told me this morning your nephew had entertained the London voters at Temple Bar. Fred. himself sits for Higham Ferrars, Lord Rockingham's member, as does our friend Downe for Malton. Harry Thynne talked of lying at Matson in his way to Weatly, but I will tell him how soon your election will be, and that you are now at Gloucester. I am impatient for the post this day se'night, when I hope to hear you are safe. Etc., etc.

[The allusions to "Conway's robbery," in this and subsequent letters, require a passing explanation. On the 2d of this month a fire had been discovered in the library of General Conway's house in Warwick Street, which consumed a number of books and papers, and considerably damaged the apartment. On examining the drawers of the writing-table, it was discovered that bank-notes to the amount of £915 had been abstracted, one of which, for £500, was paid the same morning into the Bank of England. The handwriting on

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this note led to the discovery of the offender, who proved to be one James Sampson, who had married one of General Conway's servants, and to whom he was under considerable obligations. It subsequently appeared that he had set fire to the house, by piling a number of papers around a lighted candle, which he placed on a table near the chimney. He was found guilty at his trial, and was executed at Tyburn on the 11th of May.]

### *Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, Thursday night [March, 1768].

I have nothing to say, my dear George, but to wish you joy on being safely landed.[1] Wilkes succeeds just as you would wish him to do. To-day he is one hundred and seventy-two, while all the others are between five and six hundred. I believe the opposition was nibbling at this precious child to see what could be made of him, and now he is ——, they will leave him so.

The mob of both cities, equally drunk, insulted his Majesty last night with "Wilkes for ever, and no Jack B—e!"[2] but it is all English liberty, at which the foreigners stare, but the natives perfectly understand. They have all been to see what

[1] Returned to Parliament for Gloucester.

[2] John, Earl of Bute, the celebrated minister, who, from his secret influence with the king, was thought to be the originator of every unpopular administration, and obnoxious measure, of the period.

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they call the election, and some of them stood up on the hustings by Wilkes himself. If Lauraguais had been here, I am not certain that he would not have proposed himself a candidate, and with almost as good pretensions as the other. When March comes back, God knows. Your friend Carlisle looks very reputable in the Gazette. I suppose he could have bought up all the knights that attended his investiture with a year's income of his patrimony. Lynch will certainly be returned for Canterbury. They took his horses off the chaise, and drew him into the town in triumph. The court have lost it at Rochester; Calcraft and a Mr. Gordon are returned, and a Captain Geary ousted. Adieu, my dear George. When we meet, I hope you will drown all your cares in a cup of Mr. Cadogan's old claret.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

Your letter says the Duke of Newcastle is dying;[1] you do not say of what; the newspapers of the same date say he is come to town very well. If you expected I should guess what Mr. Shelley's absurd discourse about him was, you are much mistaken. His Grace had no friends, and deserved none. He had no rancour; no ill nature; which I think much to his honour; but though a very good

[1] Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle, after figuring in the political history of this country for more than half a century, died November 17, 1768.

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quality, it is only a negative one, and he had absolutely no one positive good, either of his heart or head.

Your letter shall be burnt before this is sealed. I do not know enough of my Lord Baltimore to guess about his share in the story. By what I hear of the lady, it should seem he need not have taken so violent a measure. Old Onslow[1] was as insignificant as I am; and now, dear Selwyn, judge, by not having left unmentioned one single line in your letter, how much I like and am obliged to you for what you call your long detail. Harry will lose no learning by being with Charles instead of being at Eton. I am sure I am a great gainer by the latter's kind and cheerful stay here, and if I were to go on expatiating upon his and Lord Carlisle's merits, I should never have done. They have, and promise, every agreeable and good quality you can see or foresee in them; and will not either despise themselves, nor be despised by other people, at least these forty years.

Is Lord Chatham a mystery still?[2] Pray write

[1] The Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, the celebrated Speaker of the House of Commons from 1727 to 1761, died February 17, 1768.

[2] Lord Chatham, though he scrupled not to receive his official salary as lord privy seal, had long omitted to discharge the duties of his office, and, apparently, had ceased to take any interest in what was passing in the world. Complaining of his nerves and the gout, he excluded himself from all society, but more especially from that of his colleagues in office. Lord

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about him, and about everything else. Whatever the subject is, your letter will be entertaining, and nobody will think it more so than your friend, Lady Holland, who loves, admires, and sends her best compliments to you. She is afraid she shall get no anecdote or relic of Madame de Sévigné for you from Madame Chateauneuve, who is a devotee, and ugly; but I will tell you more of her understanding (if I have any myself when she dines here to-day) next time I write, which you may be sure will be the very next post after I hear from you. Lazy Charles, too, says he shall never delay his thanks for so great a favour. Pray mention poor Lady Townshend, and continue, dear Selwyn, to love

Your grateful and affectionate

HOLLAND.

[The allusion in this, and in a preceding letter, to "Lord Baltimore's story," requires some slight elucidation. On the 12th of February, Lord Baltimore had voluntarily surrendered himself at the court of King's Bench, on a charge exhibited against him before Sir John Fielding, by one Sarah Woodcock, for a rape, when he was admitted to bail, himself in four thousand, and four

Chesterfield seems to have considered him to be insane. "Some say," he writes, "that he has a fit of the gout, which would do him good, but many think that his worst complaint is in his head, which I am afraid is too true."

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sureties of one thousand pounds each. Two other women, a Mrs. Griffenburgh and a Mrs. Hervey, were also implicated with Lord Baltimore, and held to bail. His trial took place in the month of March at the Surrey assizes, when, after an examination which was prolonged from seven o'clock in the morning till nearly three o'clock on the following afternoon, his lordship was honourably acquitted. Frederick, Lord Baltimore, died at Naples on the 4th of September, 1771, when his titles became extinct.]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, March 9, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was very sorry to find by your last you had an opposition at Gloucester. Why did you not set his timber-yard afire? What can a man mean, who has not an idea separated from the foot-square of a Norway deal plank, by desiring to be in Parliament? Perhaps, if you could have got anybody to have asked him his reasons for such an unnatural attempt, the fact of his being unable to answer what he had never thought about might have made him desist. But these beasts are monstrously obstinate, and about as well bred as the great dogs they keep in their yards. But I hope to hear soon that you have chained this animal, and prevented him from doing you much harm.

All French letters here have lately been stopped,

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but the English mail not touched. The communication between this country and France has been cut off some days, but is now open; in short, there is something very extraordinary in these proceedings. Everybody here is ignorant of their causes. There was a report, but without the least foundation, that the French bank was broke.

You would like the king's cabinet of pictures; most of them by Flemish masters, and by the best of them. Glasses of wine and water, half-peeled apples, boors fighting, men a ——, and there is a woman sick with a dropsy, that would enchant you. I hope you will keep your resolution in writing to me from Gloucester on Sunday night; I am very impatient to hear how you will be able to settle this troublesome affair. You see I have no other interested motive to wish to hear from you, as your being out of town prevents me from flattering myself that you can give me any intelligence about a certain person. It is, therefore, a true anxiety about everything that concerns you which makes me wait with impatience for the arrival of Monday's post. The best thing I can wish you, as you are obliged to be in the country, is weather as fine as we have here. We have had ten days without a cloud, and the sun begins to be very hot. I hope you will receive your oil before the lettuces are in perfection in Gloucestershire.

You will not receive this till about the time of the Newmarket meeting. I desire you will send

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me a list of the horses, and an account of the transactions of the week. Remember me to Lord March, and believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

CLIFFORD STREET, Monday [March, 1768].

Indeed, my dear George, I received a very great pleasure from your note of yesterday. I hope you gave the carpenter a duster in his retreat, which will teach him not to be so frolicsome for the future. I hear he was tempted by Leadbeater's men, who had often found you napping on great occasions in the middle of your constituents. Is not this a proper time to mark Alderman Harris's services to you with something lucrative from the D. of G——?[1] I believe he would join with me, that some such thing would be a great encouragement to your friends. Blake is just gone from me, and tells me there is some little disturbance brewing among the Independents of Ludgershall; but that will only put your negroes[2] to a little more expense in conveying your mob from London.

I believe you will see Harry Thynne at Matson on Wednesday. I suppose you will be glad to meet anything, that you have not something either

[1] The Duke of Grafton.

[2] Selwyn had some property in Barbadoes, to which Williams evidently refers.

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to hope or hear from. March's supper was all elegance. The evening ended with a ball, Châtelet [1] and his secretary not sitting down but behind backs, exactly the same as at the old president's. If old Mrs. Tracy had been alive, and led into the room, from Gloucestershire, you would have thought yourself at Paris.

Lady D. Spencer [2] was married at St. George's on Saturday morning. Her brother Charles gave her away; the duke not present. They are in town at Topham's house, and give dinners. Lord Ancram dined there yesterday, and called her nothing but Lady Bolingbroke the whole time.

Bully and Jones are parted; she is gone to Mr. Dillon. What a turbulent life does that wicked boy lead with rogues and profligates of all descriptions! Coventry complained of the Nabob, that opposed him at Bridport, yesterday, to the king, who gave him advice how to proceed in the conduct of his election.

Squinting Wilkes and "liberty" are everything with us. It is scarce safe to go the other side of Temple Bar, without having that obliquity of vision.

You may make what panegyrics you please on Scotland, but you have not in the world a sincerer friend than one who is an Englishman, and

Yours ever, etc., etc.

[1] Le Marquis du Châtelet, son of the celebrated Marquise du Châtelet, the commentator on Leibnitz and Newton.

[2] The divorced Lady Bolingbroke.

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["Wilkes and liberty" was such a byword of the period, that a wit of the day commenced one of his letters, "Sir, I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you," etc., etc. Such was Wilkes's popularity about this time, that his likeness was made to swing on the sign-boards of half the ale-houses in the kingdom. He himself used to relate that one day, walking behind an old lady, he heard her exclaim, as she glanced up to one of these evidences of his popularity, "Ah! he swings everywhere but where he ought."]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN [March, 1768].

DEAR GEORGE: — As I make a point of seizing upon every leisure moment to thank you for your constant attention in writing to me so often, and for expatiating so largely upon those particulars which you know are so acceptable to me, I begin this a great while before the post leaves this place. Your letters are a surer cure for low spirits than any nostrum in the newspapers. They convince me that this long absence will not diminish the warmth of your partial friendship for me; that time will not make you more shy in reposing that confidence in me which I now can assure you contributes very much to my present happiness; and that a coolness, arising from this slow unsatisfactory manner of imparting our thoughts to each other, will not cloud the day on which I promise to

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myself the sincerest pleasure, the day of my return to you and my other friends in England. Your letters disperse many a melancholy idea, and prove how idle have been all fears and apprehensions for the health of a certain person; imaginary inquietudes, which come, by frequently brooding over them, to be really frightful. These vanish with your letters, and the certainty of all being well destroys the phantoms, and conjures them all into the Red Sea.

I am learning Spanish and Italian, and read a great deal, and I hope you are convinced I am not negligent in writing. The ceremony of my being invested is fixed by the king for Saturday, but as the post does not go out till late, I shall have an opportunity of giving you an account of the ceremony, which I fancy will not be very entertaining.

Saturday.

I am now a Knight Companion of the ancient Order of the Thistle. The ceremony was performed this morning in the king's cabinet; the royal family and all the principal officers of the court being present. As you have either read of Lord Hyndford's or Sir Thomas Robinson's, to relate the ceremony would be very tedious, and I believe it was very nearly the same as your friend Lord March went through in London. The king has shown me several distinguishing marks of civility; especially, when my banker went to

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pay the duties for the entrance of the *paquet* which I received from England; he ordered them to be delivered to me, without exacting any payment upon the entrance. I wish, when you see the Duke of Grafton, you would, in my name, thank him for the readiness he has shown to oblige me, and for his assistance and good offices in facilitating the obtaining so distinguishing a mark of the king's favour. I would have wrote myself to his Grace, but I know that at this time:

"In publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer sua tempora."

I shall go in a month to Naples, but pray continue to send your letters here. I have been so hurried, since the morning, that I have not time to write any more. Is it true that Lord M. Stewart is coming ambassador here? God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, Tuesday night.

I write to you every day, my dear George, as I believe you want consolation after the dreadful shock old Timbertoe has given to your nerves; and March, who is gone to-day to Newmarket with our prime minister,[1] tells me he could afford you but a very few lines this morning. Politics have prevailed

[1] The Duke of Grafton.

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with him, for he was to have dined with Châtelet at Essex's, but he preferred a *tête-à-tête* with his Grace.

The newest advices are, Pembroke is just come over, and is to be restored to his place in the bedchamber. Sir George Macartney comes in for a family borough at Cockermouth. Countess Percy [1] has done something she should not, or has left undone something she ought to have done, for she is banished to Sunning Hill, while the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are gone down to Andover, to canvass the town for Sir Francis Delaval.[2]

Topham [Beauclerk] goes on with his dinners. James tells me he eats his soup there to-day. Report says neither of them will live a twelvemonth; and if it is so short, their life ought to be a merry one. We are full at White's, but the Macaronis are all at their respective boroughs. Parker is to be a petitioner for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and I believe will have your support. Conway's thief and incendiary has retracted part of his confession, and thinks they cannot hang him, as he says the table drawer was open, and swears

[1] Lady Anne Stuart, third daughter of John, Earl of Bute, married, July 2, 1764, Hugh, Earl Percy, afterward second Duke of Northumberland, from whom she was divorced in 1779.

[2] Sir Francis Blake Delaval, a Knight of the Bath. He married Isabella, daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Paulett, but died without issue, 7 August, 1771, in his forty-eighth year.

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the fire was accidental; nevertheless, I believe you will breakfast with me after we have peeped at the procession from the blacksmith's in Tyburn road. Rigby says your friend, Sir William Maynard, will certainly lose Essex, and, till he is a real lord, will never have a seat in Parliament. This will be my last, so, till we meet, Adieu.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

TURIN, March 30, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was very sorry that I had not the power to answer your last packet by the Monday's post, but, after a walk of twelve English miles, I found myself quite unable to undertake anything of that kind. I leave this place on Saturday, and was presented this morning to all the royal family, for my *congé*. I have entertained myself in this town as well as I expect to do in any town in Italy; in short, as well as in any, except London; having met with great civilities from everybody.

I hope that d——d dealer in wood has not given you the trouble that your fears first made you think he would; Friday's mail will, I hope, satisfy me on that point. This will not reach you till after the Newmarket meeting, where, I flatter myself, you have been too prudent to be a sufferer.

Do you remember, Robertson, in his history, says that great fool, James the First, or rather

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the Sixth, thought he could make all the animosities between the great houses in Scotland subside by treating them with sweet wine and plum-cake at the Market Cross in Edinburgh? I suppose you have been entertaining yourself at Gloucester with the same expedients, only with more substantial, and more expensive liquors, and in rather larger quantities; for I dare say Scotch sweet wine was not a very dear cordial.

I feel very happy every time I see the Po, to think this is the river that Phaeton fell into when Jupiter hurled him out of the chariot of the sun. If I had an Ovid with me, I would quote half a dozen verses to appear learned.[1] The Marquis of Kildare and Mr. Potter go with me as far as Genoa, and return immediately. I shall meet Charles there, as he sets off by sea from Nice on the 1st. This country is very different from

[1] "Dextra libratum fulmen ab aure
Misit in aurigam: pariterque animaque rotisque
Expulit, et sævis compescuit ignibus ignes.
Consternantur equi, et saltu in contraria facto
Colla jugo excutiunt, abruptaque lora relinquunt.
Illic frena jacent, illic temone revulsus
Axis; in hac radii fractarum parte rotarum:
Sparsaque sunt late laceri vestigia currus.
At Phaeton, rutilos flamma populante capillos,
Volvitur in præceps, longoque per aera tractu
Fertur; ut interdum de cœlo stella sereno,
Etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.
Quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe
Excipit Eridanus, spumantiaque abluit ora."

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France. Since I have been at Turin, I have not been in company with two old women. In Paris, as you know, every room is filled with that lumber. I take a great deal of exercise, live very regularly, and am very well. Rover is now sitting in the balcony, barking like a cur at all the coaches. He always goes with me to the promenade with a great brickbat in his mouth. My compliments to Lord March. Believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

[The passage in Robertson's History of Scotland, alluded to by Lord Carlisle in this letter, is as follows: "Previous to the meeting of Parliament, James attempted a work worthy of a king. The deadly feuds which subsisted between many of the great families, and which, transmitted from one generation to another, weakened the state of the kingdom, contributed, more than any other circumstance, to preserve a fierce and barbarous spirit among the nobles, and proved the occasion of many disasters to themselves, and to their country. After many preparatory negotiations, he invited the contending parties to a royal entertainment in the palace of Holyrood House, and partly by his authority, partly by his entreaties, obtained their promise to bury their dissension in perpetual oblivion. From thence he conducted them in solemn procession through the streets of Edinburgh, marching by pairs, each hand in hand

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with his enemy. A collation of wine and sweetmeats was prepared at the public cross, and there they drank to each other with all the signs of reciprocal forgiveness, and a future friendship. The people who were present at a spectacle so unusual conceived the most sanguine hopes of seeing concord and tranquillity established in every part of the kingdom, and testified their satisfaction by repeated acclamations. Unhappily, the effects of this reconciliation were not correspondent either to the pious endeavours of the king, or to the fond wishes of the people."]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

GENOA, March 5, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had not time to write by yesterday's post, though I had a great inclination to acquaint you with my arrival at this place. We set out from Turin Saturday morning, and arrived here on Sunday about nine o'clock. We found the roads pretty good. If I had not passed the Alps, I should have been more amazed at the Apennines, which, though not so wonderful, are much more beautiful, being covered with a great quantity of timber, and the cottages scattered in the most romantic situations in a very delightful manner. The wild vegetation seemed in the greatest vigour, and some weeks forwarder than in the country we had left. A little botanical knowledge would have made this journey more

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agreeable. People talked of robbers on this road very much. A Russian and his governor were attacked last year on the frontiers of this country. The young man received a shot in his arm, by which he has lost the use of it. One of the people was taken, and they pretended they took him for some other person, whom they meant to assassinate.[1]

I am now in a very melancholy situation. I have been here three days, have seen everything worth observation in this town, and am now left alone "in the worst inn's worst room;"[2] my company, Lord Kildare and Mr. Potter, being obliged to return to Turin. Charles is not arrived, nor do I see any prospect of his arrival, as the rains are set in, and the felucca men will never go to sea with the least appearance of bad weather. I shall not, therefore, wait any longer for him, but set out for Florence to-morrow morning.

I have seen some glorious pictures here, and some noble palaces. Though this is a town of great extent, there are not above four streets that a coach can pass through. The gloominess of the day, and being alone, makes me rather out of spirits; you must excuse, therefore, a very dull

[1] What a strange state of society, that men, accused of highway robbery and attempted murder, should plead as an extenuating circumstance that their object was secret assassination.

[2] "In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung."
— *Pope.*

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letter. My last was an ostensible one, according to your desire. Did you make the use of it that you proposed? I will not promise that many of them will be so.

Your letter made me very happy, which informed me that your vulgar had given up Gloucester. I foresaw that those humiliating concessions would be expected for your president-hunting;[1] but I wish that was all you have had to pay for listening so many hours to the childish nonsense of doting old age at Paris.

There are no antiquities of consequence here. One of the streets is truly magnificent indeed; a row of palaces on each side, faced with marble, and of very good architecture. It looks more like scenery than real houses, as in the court of each palace the eye is carried far back by painted perspective, which, though in description it sounds paltry and inconsistent with the grandeur of the rest of the buildings, yet has by no means that appearance. Indeed, my dear George, the sight of these things does not make up at all for the separation from you and some other people I could name in England. It is a *triste* reflection. I wish I could prevent it at least from taking off the pleasure these objects seem to give all other people. But then is the moment that the comparison will be drawn. It intrudes itself upon every

[1] Alluding to Selwyn's frequent visits to Paris. The person particularly alluded to is the President Hénault.

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amusement; nor will it be contented with those hours that solitude and low spirits give up to its mercy. But I shall bore you no more with such nonsense.

I have not yet received Mr. Walpole's book. The Emperor Nero's character wants a little white-washing, and so does Mrs. Brownrigg's,[1] who was hanged for murdering her apprentices the other day. I hope he will undertake them next, as they seem, next to his hero, to want it the most. Have you not had, or have, a Monsieur de Riverole in England, a long Piedmontese? *Entre nous*, he is to be guarded against. He is ill spoke of at Turin, even by those who live well with his family. I suppose my sister is married by this time. I hope

[1] Elizabeth Brownrigg was tried on the 12th of September, 1767, for the murder of her apprentice, Mary Clifford, under circumstances of the most heart-rending description. For more than two years the poor girl had been subjected to the most cruel barbarities from the hands of her inhuman mistress, and when accidentally discovered by the neighbours, the wretched creature was found concealed in a cupboard, in a dying state, and presenting one of the most shocking and miserable objects that the imagination can conceive. According to a contemporary narrative, "her head was swelled to almost double the natural size, and her neck so much that she could neither speak nor swallow; her mouth stood open, and the surgeon who examined her deposed that she was all one wound from her head to her toes; that her shift stuck to her body; that she was in a fever, and the wounds beginning to mortify from neglect." To another apprentice, Mary Mitchell, the conduct of Brownrigg was found to have been equally inhuman. She was found guilty on her trial, and executed two days afterward, on the 14th of September, amidst the execrations of the assembled multitude.

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the china will not be long before it arrives; if it is not pretty I shall be very much mortified. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be

Yours most sincerely, etc., etc., etc.

*P. S.* Finding, by the French courier, that Charles is wind-bound in a little miserable place called Noli, about thirty miles distant from this place, I have determined to wait for him; especially as the weather looks a little clearer. I have got my Hume's history with me, which is a great comfort, and Davila,[1] who is a little borish, but very entertaining, and writes excellent Italian. Rover is extremely well, a great favourite, and very amusing to me in my solitude, for I cannot go out without unpacking all my clothes, and that is too much trouble, as I expect to leave this place immediately upon Viso Nero's arrival. I shall go directly from this place to Florence, where I make but a very short stay. From thence I shall go to Rome, where I shall only stay to walk into St. Peter's while the horses are changing, and go immediately to Naples. In about five or six weeks

[1] Henry Catherine Davila, the celebrated historian, was born at Pieve del Sacco, in the Paduan territory, in 1576. The work of Davila's, which Lord Carlisle was engaged in reading, was unquestionably his "History of the Civil Wars in France," written in Italian, and published in 1630. The following year Davila was shot dead, in the sight of his family, by a person who was enraged by a demand for carriages made by the historian for the service of the Venetian state; Davila being then employed under that government.

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I hope to have seen everything at Naples, and be returned to Rome before the great heats are begun, where I shall stay till they are over, which will not be till the beginning of September. From Rome I shall go to Venice; from which place I shall be detained nowhere for any time till I arrive at Paris, which, according to this plan, will be some time in October, and in November hope to have the pleasure of meeting you at Dover, and boring you with a thousand questions till we arrive in London.

I dread the hot weather; it always makes me so ill-tempered. I find there is a double return at Salisbury. I suppose you have already had solicitations for Stephen; I hope he will carry it. I had a line from Charles which informed me that Lord and Lady Holland left Nice on Monday the 4th. He does not mention anything of Lord Holland's health; I therefore conclude there is no material alteration. Once more, adieu.

## COLONEL CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Col. Charles Churchill was the natural son of General Churchill (son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough), by the celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield. He married Lady Mary Walpole, natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, for whom the latter, on his quitting office, procured a patent of precedence as an earl's daughter.

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By Lady Mary Walpole, Colonel Churchill was the father of a beautiful family; of whom, Mary married Charles Sloane, first Earl of Cadogan, by whom she was the mother of the present earl; of Lady Emily, married to the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Wellesley; and of Lady Charlotte, married, first, to Sir Henry Wellesley, now Lord Cowley, and secondly, to the present Marquis of Anglesea.

*Colonel Churchill to George Selwyn.*

NANCY, April 9, 1768.

DEAR SIR: — Being tied up by my father's will from assisting my younger children during my life, with part of what they will be entitled to at my death, I am applying to Chancery for relief in that particular. As executor to your father, you are a trustee for Lady Mary in our marriage settlement, and of course your consent is necessary, with all the other parties concerned. As what I aim at is for the benefit and advantage of my children only, I hope you will grant the favour I ask of you, of consenting with the rest.

Monsieur de L., by whom I sent a letter to Lord March, and partly to you, — is he in London? Has he been mobbed, and obliged to halloo, "Wilkes and liberty?" The devil is in it, if the French do not think us lively at this season. I beg my best compliments to Lord March, and thanks for his attention to my colt. Pray ask him if he could not procure me a couple or two of the Duke of

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Grafton's old hounds, that are cast this year; they must hunt nothing but foxes. The bearer of this will take care of them; Lord March knows his direction.

Lady Mary has been for three days past, from morning till night, in Madame de Stainville's convent, and with her. She seems cheerful and easy in her situation, which I should think an agreeable one. Adieu. Believe me, with great truth, dear Selwyn,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

CHA. CHURCHILL.

*P. S.* We expect Lord and Lady Holland here in the beginning of May. Lady Holland wrote Lady Mary word that he was much better than when he left Naples last year.

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

FLORENCE, April 16, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have just time to thank you for your long letter, which I received upon my arrival last night. I was extremely pleased with what I saw at Bologna. I was employed whole days in viewing the finest pictures in the world, though not many Dutch masters among them for you; at Parma I saw some prodigious fine ones. I could have furnished my new wing [1] at these two places very well.

[1] At Castle Howard.

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Charles and my spirits came the day after I wrote, and we set off immediately. I have been in great grief and distress, but am now very easy, about poor Rover; he broke the small bone of his leg by the chaise running, or rather his running under the hind wheel to avoid a great dog that wanted to bite him. It was set immediately, and I have left the only Italian servant I have to nurse him, who is to bring him as soon as the surgeon says he may travel. He was pretty well before I left him.

I pity my Newmarket friends, who are to be bored by these Frenchmen. I do not pity you in the least, as you like attending them, though you must be the worst Newmarket *ciceroni* in the world, as you are not able to answer a single question to them about anything that is doing there, except hazard, and there you have the advantage of Shafto. Some of them will be killed upon the course, so you will have the double satisfaction in getting some new French words while they are alive, and in seeing them laid out when they are dead.

I wish you would speak to Foxcroft, in case he should have a pipe of exceeding good claret, to save it for me. I do not mean that you shall have anything to do in the choosing it for me, for you can drink ink and water if you are told it is claret. Get somebody who understands it to taste it for you.

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I am sorry to hear this story about Lady P.;[1] I am told that an assignation was overheard at Almack's. The Queen of Naples[2] is to make a great bustle here, which I shall avoid by going to Rome. The jewels the King of Spain has sent her are the finest in the world. I saw, in a cupola at Piacenza, an angel very like ——; I am sure Reynolds must have taken the idea of his picture from it. You may easily fancy that such a resemblance would not escape me. I have just wrote to provide beer and ale enough for you in August. I shall go to Paris, if it was only to settle a smuggling correspondence for furniture and clothes. Charles promises me he will write to you. I am glad to find your better half[3] is so much in the esteem of our minister; the other half cannot be in his bad graces. I have seen, as yet, nothing of Florence, therefore shall not bore you. Your letters, I can assure you, are never too long. By the time you receive this, people will have begun to go into the country. Where do you spend the summer? shall you go to ——? I am sure I have no need to remind you what you ought to say for me in that house. Remember me to Lord March, and believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

[1] Apparently Lady Percy.

[2] The Archduchess Caroline, married to the King of Naples in the course of the following month.

[3] Apparently Lord March.

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*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

[In perusing Lord Carlisle's letters the reader can scarcely fail to have been struck by the similarity of his epistolary style to that of his near and illustrious relative, Lord Byron, whose merits as a letter-writer, in our language at least, are perhaps only inferior to those of Horace Walpole. There will be found, both in the letters of Lord Carlisle and Lord Byron, the same agreeable mixture of the serious and the playful; a proper appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and in art, with a taste for the ridiculous, and a thorough knowledge of the world. But in perusing this, and also a subsequent letter, in which Lord Carlisle describes his sensations while visiting the relics and ruins of ancient Rome, the reader will insensibly be reminded of many passages from the pen of Lord Byron, both in prose and verse, in which the great poet has celebrated his pilgrimage to some of the most interesting remains of antiquity. How little did Lord Carlisle think, while visiting these classical scenes, that almost every object which he mentions as striking him with superlative awe and interest, should hereafter be celebrated in immortal verse by his own near relative, Lord Byron! The notices of the Belvedere Apollo, of the Laocoön, of the Venus de Medicis, and more especially of the general aspect of Rome, insensibly

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recall to our memory some of the finest passages in "Childe Harold."

"Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

. . . . . .

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe:
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress."]

ROME, April 30 [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I am very sorry that I had not time to write to you by the last post, which I can assure you I intended. I have been here a week, and shall leave this place on Monday for Naples, which I hope I shall be able to see in three weeks. I shall then return to Rome, and cannot say what time it will take up to finish it; I shall then go to Venice, and return through Germany. I shall embark to go down the Rhine at Strasburgh, and should not dislike being able to get to Spa before Lady —— left it.

I have now seen very perfectly Turin, Genoa, Piacenza, Regio, Parma, Bologna, Florence, the

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Vatican, St. Peter's, and two palaces here. About six weeks more will complete it. I have a glimmering ray of hope of putting the scheme I mentioned into execution. Lord Kildare and Charles mean to go into Switzerland for some weeks. By the time they have finished their tour, I shall have finished Rome and Venice, and be able to meet them at Strasburgh. Do not think that I shall have, by this means, seen Italy slovenly. I dare say I shall have seen more than if I had stayed three times as long, for now every hour is employed in seeing things; when one knows that time is not so precious, everything is reserved for the last week. This is a truth which I am sure I have experienced both at Paris and London. So long as I was at Paris, I never saw either the king's collection at Versailles or Marli; if I had been only to stay a week, I should have seen both. I was at Turin six weeks without seeing the palace; if I had only passed through the town, I should have seen it while the horses were changing.

I have met with a Frenchman here who gives me a dinner four times a week, and has introduced me to a great many *conversaziones*, which, as I still have difficulties about speaking Italian, are not very lively; but their houses are wonderfully magnificent. I kissed the Pope's toe yesterday morning. Fitzwilliam, when he kissed it, lifted his foot a little off the ground, which made the old man give such a grunt that almost killed me.

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St. Peter's, though I had formed what I had begun to fear would be an extravagant idea of it, exceeded my expectation. So did the pictures in the Vatican, especially the "School of Athens," a very fine copy of which you may see in the Duke of Northumberland's gallery in London. I have seen the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoön, both which statues surpass, in my opinion, the Venus de Medicis at Florence, especially the latter. The group of Niobe and her daughters in the gardens of the Villa Medicis is wonderful. The profusion of the finest marble, the glorious size of the palaces, the scattered remains in every street of the finest ancient sculpture, the magnificence of the fountains, — and to consider these things but as the *débris* of Rome, — gives one feelings that are not to be felt but upon the spot.

If I was not too much taken up with the ancients, I ought to pay some attention to my own modern affairs, for I see by the papers there has been the devil to pay at Morpeth. I have had no letters, as mine were directed to Naples. By the last poll I fancy we shall beat Sir James[1] in Cumberland; he

[1] Sir James Lowther, who for thirty years was a member of Parliament either for Cumberland or Westmoreland, and in 1761 was returned for both counties. The celebrated William Pitt first sat in Parliament for one of his boroughs; which act of favour the latter gratefully repaid after he had become first minister, by advancing his friend from a baronetcy to the earldom of Lonsdale. Lord Lonsdale was created an earl in 1784, and died May 24, 1802.

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may thank himself for it. I hope our minister[1] goes on well, and I also hope he knows how well I wish him; for indeed he has been very civil to me.

What I mentioned about the Germany scheme, I think had better not be spoken of. You had better meet me at Paris, for I must go there about a hundred things, though it may interfere with the meeting of Parliament.

The Queen of Naples has delayed Rover at Florence, but I hear he is much better, and expect him every day. I hope to find a letter from you at Naples, which, I dare say, will contain something that will not be indifferent to me. Adieu, my dear George; remember me to Lord March, and believe me to be

Yours most sincerely, etc., etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

NAPLES, 9th May [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE:— I sit down to answer a letter that I received from you yesterday, which has travelled after me all over Italy. You expected it would find me at Genoa, but I did not receive it till some time after my arrival at this place.

This is one of the finest cities in the world, and, for its size, I believe the most populous. There is a calculation, that above thirty thousand persons have no visible method of living, and during the

[1] The Duke of Grafton.

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whole year lie nowhere but in the streets. The Princess Franca Villa is extremely civil to us, but I lay it a little to the account of Lord Fitzwilliam, whom she has found out to be very like his uncle, Lord Rockingham.[1] I am just come from spending the night in going up Mount Vesuvius, — a thing more wonderful than pleasing. If I had not been ashamed to have gone away from Naples without going up, I should certainly not have given myself the trouble.

I have the consul's house, and am magnificently lodged. My windows look upon the finest bay in Europe, which is bounded by the island of Capri. Next to Rome, I am better entertained here than I have been in any Italian town. The queen is come. The king was absent the first night, and pretended to be ill. I have been forced to make new liveries and clothes; as expense is a thing you know I hate so much, you may guess how disagreeable this is to me.

I go to Herculaneum to-morrow. If I can possibly steal anything for you I will. I have bought nothing as yet but two small landscapes of Gaspar Poussin, and two copies of pictures at Florence; for, next to having fine originals, copies of beautiful pictures are preferable to indifferent ones of good masters. Rover is come, and pretty well; I hope he will not be lame. I am sorry March has lost at the meeting, and am much

[1] The celebrated first minister.

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obliged to you for the list you sent me. Pray tell me how you like my sister's china.

I am very well, and run almost as few risks as you of being otherwise. There is an acquaintance of March's here, whom you may have seen at Bath, Mrs. King, who is very lively and very pretty. Fitz. and I live very much with them. She is as great a flirt as myself, and we agree very well.

I must go to dinner; and having no more to say, conclude my letter.

Believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc.

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

[Lord Carlisle's allusion in this letter to his sensations on viewing the Coliseum, "the great amphitheatre," by moonlight, again recalls to our mind one of the most striking passages in Lord Byron's poetry, the beautiful soliloquy of Manfred:

"I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a night,
I stood within the Coliseum's walls,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song

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Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach,
Appeared to skirt the horizon; yet they stood
Within a bow-shot, — where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gap of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Matthews observes, in his "Diary of an Invalid," "I drove at midnight to see the Coliseum by moonlight; but what can I say of the Coliseum? It must be seen. To describe it, I should have thought impossible, if I had not read 'Manfred.' The stillness of night, the whispering echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone could describe as it deserves."]

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NAPLES, May 31, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You must excuse my long silence, which has been occasioned by a cold which chose to settle in my eyes. Physic and bleeding have relieved me, and now I am very able to renew the task which, I can assure you, was omitted only by necessity. I am preparing to leave Naples, having seen almost everything but Baiæ, where I intend going to-morrow morning. Does Sir James Lowther intend carrying the affair of the C. election through the House, and will the ministry protect him? If they do, Mr. Fletcher's majority of 294 will not do him much good. If he (Sir J.) was to have been returned at all events, he had better not have given himself any trouble, or been at any expense about it, for if that majority will not secure an election, one would be at a loss to know what would.

I was extremely delighted with the museum of the things taken out of Herculaneum, but could steal nothing for you, and it is very difficult to buy anything of the workmen, as there is a guard always over them when they dig, to prevent them from concealing anything of value. At Rome I shall take pains to get you something. I came through, in my way here, all the famous ruins in Rome; the great amphitheatre; Septimius's Arch; the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, etc., etc. Though I had passed by them and seen them every day before, I never was so much struck as seeing them

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by moonlight. No idea that you can form of it, will be adequate to the grandeur that those remains of antiquity appeared in at that moment.

I bought yesterday a very fine miniature, by Petitot, of Louis the Fourteenth when very young, which I intend to give you. One thing puzzles me. Could Petitot[1] paint Louis the Fourteenth when he was young? You will know that better than me; whoever painted it, it is as fine a piece of enamel as I have ever seen. If you have not broke the seal to pieces in opening this, pray look at it; it is extremely indecent, and some parts of it very fine. I am going to a great dinner to-day, where the grand duke and duchess are to be, and after that to a *bal masqué* at court. March would amuse himself very much here; we have the finest music in the world, and all the best singers in Italy.

We were much alarmed with an account of a ship being at Leghorn, or Livorme (how ought it to be wrote?), with plague on board, but we are in hopes it has not got into the town. I suppose —— will soon be setting out for the Spa. I think we have so settled it that we shall be there in August. I had rather my name should not be

[1] John Petitot, the inventor of painting in enamel, was born at Geneva in 1607. He was a great favourite with Charles the First, after whose death he retired to France. Louis the Fourteenth, from whom Petitot afterward received great encouragement, was at this period only in his twelfth year.

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mentioned, but if they are not gone before this reaches you, you may tell them that Charles, Fitz, Price, etc., will be there, and that if there should be a good house vacant about that time, it may be taken for them. These cursed feasts will ruin me in servants; I am forced to have seven here, and have another upon the road. Though I hope soon to dismiss some of mine, yet the house cannot well be too large, as we shall not have less than thirteen or fourteen servants.

The queen is really a pretty little woman. If you want to speak a little French, you may tell the German minister that she is much liked, and everybody is pleased with her. The liveries and clothes here are magnificent beyond belief. The servants' clothes covered with the finest embroidery, — the number of running footmen to each carriage (some have six), and the magnificence of the *voitures*, — is a very amusing sight, till one reflects that at night all these fine clothes are deposited in the pawnbroker's shop, and the poor owners starve for the rest of the year on one dish of macaroni a day. If I had not bought, the other day, an antique or two from one of the first families in this place, the tailor declared, without some money advanced, the wife should not have her *robe de court*.

As for the house you mentioned, I think it is too dear, and would certainly force me into expenses that, without it, would not be expected

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of me, and would certainly be too much for me. If you hear of anything under that, that you think will suit me, I desire it may not escape. Lord Barrymore talked of quitting his. I object a little to the situation, but not because it is in your neighbourhood. Remember me to Lady S. and Sir C. and Lord March. Etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

ROME, June 17, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received two letters from you yesterday, which had been to Naples and followed me here. The length of them was not the least agreeable part of them.

I have been in the country these two days, where I saw two of the most beautiful lakes in the world, also the spot where Cicero's villa stood, in which the Tusculan questions were wrote. You may easily fancy with what reverence I beheld this scene. The natural beauties of the place, though wonderful, were scarce powerful enough to drive away a train of ideas, which prevented me for some time from doing justice to one of the finest prospects I have yet seen. I have ordered a picture to be made of it, and shall make the man keep the drawing, lest you should like to have a copy of it. Cardinal Albani lent me his villa, which made this excursion very agreeable. I have not as yet seen anything I should like to buy for you; I believe it is that I am grown

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exceedingly nice and very difficult to please. I have bought two or three things, but of no value, and two landscapes of Gaspar Poussin, which are extremely pretty; but as I only mean to get a few things for my own dressing-room, I shall not think of laying out much money.

I do not think you wanted old boars in your house, that such young pigs as Mr. Luttrel should begin to torment you. What an infamous copy of verses were in the papers upon Lady B. Stanhope.[1] Why do not the Macaronis exert themselves upon such occasions? The King of Naples has taken Terracina, and the French Avignon. I hope they will let Rome alone; at least I hope they will not put anything hard in the guns, in case of a siege,

[1] Lady Isabella, or, as she was more familiarly styled, Lady Bel Stanhope, was the second daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington. She was born April 4, 1748, and married, November 27, 1768, Charles William, Viscount Molyneux, afterward first Earl of Sefton. She died in 1819. The verses alluded to by Lord Carlisle were written by Mr. Temple Luttrell, and were exceeded only in their indecency by their bitterness. The writer, however, does full justice to the personal charms of the lady whom he so unjustifiably attacks:

"Sure, in fair Albion's land was never seen
A statelier form, a more majestic mien!
Limbs of such cast as thine;
Features thou hast of chastest mould,
Lips that make Archer's look too cold,
In spite of their carmine.
Not Bunbury's cheek boasts more becoming hue;
Complexion thou hast, paragon'd by few;
A countenance as sweet as either Forbes or Crewe."

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lest they should hurt the antiquities. The Neapolitans are a very brutal set of people. I dare say they would not have the least respect for a face without a nose or chin, or to an illegible inscription. The more instructed part of their nobility would perhaps think the one was a reflection upon their amours, and the other upon their scholarship.

I received another letter from you this morning. I must confess I envied your journey that you was to take the next day. How impatient I am for your letter from thence. I thought I had got the better a little of that extravagant passion, but I find I am relapsed again. I tremble at the consequences of the meeting, and yet I have not the courage, even in thought, to oppose its temptations. I shall exert all the firmness I am capable of, which, God knows, is very little upon that occasion. If I am received with coolness, I shall feel it severely. I shall be miserable if I am made too welcome. I am afraid that this year's absence will have been of no great service. Good God! what happiness would I not exchange, to be able to live with her without loving her more than friendship would allow! Is my picture hung up, or is it in the passage with its face turned to the walls? I do not mean yours.

Friday night, June 18.

My sister's match has put me lately in great spirits; everybody gives Mr. R. such a good

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character. She seems perfectly pleased with her change of situation. There was an air of content and happiness in all her letters, that affected me very sensibly. I read Italian pretty fluently; speaking, I have but little occasion for. I think I am a good deal improved in my French. I shall have finished Rome in three weeks more, so as to have seen everything perfectly, and the principal things twice or three times. I am out on this business seven or eight hours every day, which, for a continuance, would be very fatiguing to any one less eager than myself.

My ciceroni here, Mr. Harrison, who is a very good man, and a very instructing one in a particular branch of knowledge, was to have set out for England when I had finished Rome. As I should otherwise have been alone till I had met Charles at Strasburgh, I shall make him go with me. We shall see a great many places together in our way, particularly Perugia, Venice, Verona, Padua, etc., which will make this journey much more agreeable to me. You do not know the comfort of boring anybody upon pictures, especially any one who is capable of giving you any information. I dare say you will be pleased with my determination about Lord L.'s house. My longing to see my own collection of *virtu* at Castle Howard is wonderful. If I was with child, my child's back would infallibly be marked with my Medusa. Direct your next to Strasburgh, and after that to Mr. Henry

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Gigot, at Liège. Remember me to Lord March, and believe me to be

Yours most sincerely, etc., etc.

*Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

MARSEILLES, June 21, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — A thousand thanks to you for your kind letter of the 1st of June, which I received a few days ago. I have been here ever since the 12th, and shall sail next Friday, the 25th, probably for Minorca. You have no notion how I dread the passage, which is eighty leagues, and generally requires four or five days. The weather here is not near so hot as I expected to find it, but the great heats are not yet come. This climate agrees exceedingly well with me; the air is clear and agreeable, and gives me a better appetite than what I have even in England, which you know not to be a bad one. I never go out of England but I regret the badness of our climate, and the being obliged to pass the remainder of my life in a cloudy, foggy island.

You made me laugh exceedingly at the account of Cadogan's losing his wife and mother within four days of one another,[1] and your French quotation was *fort à propos*. I find, by the newspapers,

[1] The Hon. Charles Sloane, afterward first Earl Cadogan. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the celebrated Sir Hans Sloane; his wife, Frances, daughter of Henry Bromley, first Lord Montfort. They both died in May this year.

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that Wilkes's outlawry is reversed. I hope, however, he will meet with no further success, and that he will be expelled our House, and finish in a gaol. I pitied you at being obliged to reëlect Garlies;[1] it is troublesome to repeat those things often. I was very sorry at the Duke of Buccleugh's loss: he is a young man I have a good opinion of.[2]

I have got into a society of people here, where I amuse myself very well. They are not *gens de la cour*, but they amuse me better than my own countrymen in a foreign country, for the latter are to me the worst of company.

My brother writes me word that, on losing three hundred pounds the other night at Almack's, he struck his name out of the list. I approve much of what he has done, providing Almack's is the only place where he is capable of committing follies; but you and I, who know him, know his indiscretions are not limited to one place. I hope time has now softened your sufferings on account

[1] John, Lord Garlies, eldest son of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway, by Katherine, third daughter of John Cochrane, fourth Earl of Dundonald. He succeeded as seventh Earl of Galloway on the 24th September, 1773, and died on the 14th November, 1806, in his seventy-first year.

[2] Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, born in 1746. He had lost his infant heir on the 29th of the preceding month. The duke had been a schoolfellow of Lord Carlisle at Eton, and is mentioned by him, in terms of affection and praise, in his verses on his different schoolfellows. His Grace died January 11, 1812, at the age of sixty-six.

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of play. I believe you might exert your resolution, so far as to leave off play totally, on reflecting on the cursed consequences of it.

I am obliged to leave off this instant; they wait for my letter. I hope to hear soon from you at Minorca, from whence you shall hear from me very soon. I know no news here, but a report is come to this town that the French have lost four hundred men in Corsica. I hope Lord March is in perfect health and spirits; my best compliments to him. Believe me, ever yours, etc.,

H. St. John.

*To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, May Fair, London.*

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

Rome, June 29, 1768, St. Peter's Day.

My dear George: — I leave Rome next Wednesday, but shall make a short excursion into the country on my way to Florence. From thence I shall go immediately to Venice, without making any material stop. We have fixed the 4th of August for our meeting at Strasburgh; I hope it will not be later: I believe you will not think it my fault if it should so happen.

I have this morning been sitting for my bust, which is to be done in marble. I hope you will accept of a cast of it: the man assures me it will be very like.

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I saw yesterday an experiment of a very extraordinary nature. We put a mouse and a scorpion under a glass together. The mouse was immediately stung by the scorpion, and to all appearance mortally. It remained for some time in a kind of lethargy, but on a sudden it collected its strength, and, as in a fit of frenzy, fell upon the scorpion, killed it, and eat its body entirely up, leaving nothing but the claws. The moment it had swallowed the scorpion, the swelling disappeared; no signs of pain remained, and the poor animal was set at liberty, in great health and spirits. I had refused my belief to this a long time, against the testimony of a great many Italians. As I would believe no other eyes but my own, I shall not be affronted if you do not give credit to a word of this story.

I am at this moment dying with heat, and very cross. Do you think you shall come to Paris? I have just got the drawing for a coach, with antique ornaments by Piranesi, which I intend executing there if I can afford it. You had better come to Spa; it is an excellent cabbaging place.

Bless the climate that you live in, with all its fogs and dews. Do you think the sarcophagus of such a man as W. Ellis will ever be sold for twopence? and yet here they ask ten pounds for those persons not at all more famous, and not better sculpture than you see in a country churchyard.

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I really despair of getting you anything that would not be ridiculously dear, for the purpose you want. They asked me forty pounds for two or three cows that I would have bought for you. Adieu! my dear George; believe me to be

Most sincerely yours, etc., etc.

*P. S.* I am sorry that you do not think Lord Holland so well. Pray give my compliments to him, if in town; or to any part of the family that are.

*Right Hon. James Fox to George Selwyn.*

SPA, ce 16 de Juillet [1768].

Vous m'avez prié, Monsieur, de vous acheter une toilette de cette espêce de sac qu'on fabrique ici. J'ai taché de faire tout mon possible pour vous obéir. J'en ai vu plusieurs. La plus jolie que l'on m'a montré, est verte avec un bouquet blanc, laquelle on me donnera pour cinq ducats et demi, c'est à dire cinquante quatre livres de France. Si vous voulez que je l'achète, je tacherai de vous obéir en ceci, ainsi qu'en tout ce que Monsieur Selvin aura la bonté de confier à son

Très obéissant serviteur,

CHARLES JACQUES FOX.

*P. S.* Madame d'Holland vous prie d'assurer Monsieur et Madame d'Aubigny de la santé de toute notre famille.

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*Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

MAHON, July 21, 1768.

DEAR GEORGE: — This is the first opportunity, during three weeks that I have been here, of giving you an account of my arrival. The packet-boat between this island and Marseilles is so irregular, that the garrison here is sometimes six weeks without hearing from England, which is a very disagreeable circumstance to me, who am so impatient always to hear from my friends.

The heats here are excessive, but by staying at home during the morning, one is not so sensible of their effect as to prevent writing or reading. I am very fortunate in the corps of officers of our regiment. We live on a most friendly footing together, and make society amongst ourselves, so that I have no occasion to *ennuyer* myself, though I cannot go to Almack's or the Opera. What I dislike most, in this little desert spot, is the rarity of news, and the few shipping that put in here. Lady Cecilia[1] is our queen. I dine and sup with her and her Jemmy Johnston very often, and pay my court to her, as Indians do to the devil, out of fear. I have no reason to complain of her want of civility to me.

The rough, dry, uncouth aspect of this island

[1] Lady Henrietta Cecilia West, daughter of John, first Earl Delawarr. She was born in 1730, and married, May 5, 1763, Lieutenant-General James Johnston. Her death took place at Hampton Court Palace, February 24, 1817.

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*Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.*
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promises no one product of nature, and yet we have a variety of good fruits and every kind of meat, and one may gratify the pleasures of the table to one's content. Notwithstanding the rather favourable representation I give you of my banishment, I own to you I begin to count the days I have to stay here. I hope to leave this island in October. If I have a good opportunity of embarking in a ship bound to Genoa or Leghorn, I will make another little visit to Italy before my return to England. You cannot expect to hear any news from these barren rocks. I long to have a letter; I expect some extraordinary event has happened because I cannot know it. Adieu! my dear George; I wish you a pleasant summer and much health, and am

Very sincerely yours, etc.,

H. St. John.

*To G. A. Selwyn, Esq., Chesterfield Street, May Fair, London.*

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

Venice, July 22, 1768.

My dear George: — You are, without doubt, one of the most extraordinary beings in the world. You begin your last, of the 1st instant, by telling me you are informed that Charles is going to leave us immediately, and then you suppose he has informed me of Lady ——'s present situation, when you know it was impossible he could have heard of it before he left Rome. If I had not

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by accident heard from Robinson, I should have been upon thorns till you had wrote again, for indeed I should not have guessed that she was with child, but have had an hundred fears about her. I am very happy, for I am sure she is so. Pray congratulate her for me, but pray desire her not to have anything of that kind in August twelvemonth, to interrupt our Castle Howard party.

I like Venice extremely. The gondolas are delightful, and the pictures are very fine.[1] There are such women coming for the Opera that will delight March. There are two sisters coming from this place, one of whom I have this morning sent an offer to, by my gondolier, of more sequins than any noble Venetian has had in this house since the

[1] Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly;
'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly;
Rowed by two rowers, each called "gondolier;"
It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

— *Beppo.*

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Priuli and Priere's time. These are very great follies, my dear George, and I hope you will not run into them.

I was afraid I was going to have the gout the other day. I had a pain in my foot that I could scarce walk, but it is gone off. I believe I live too chaste; it is not a common fault with me. I fancy you will have my love at dinner at March's sometimes. Pray be as civil as you can to her. The post is going out. Adieu, my dear George; believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc.

*P. S.* I hear Lady —— looks very grave; what's the reason?

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

VENICE, August 2, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received three letters from you yesterday, that followed me from Naples. I can assure you it grieved me that anything of yours should make such a *circumbendibus* before it came to my hands.

The Venetian life begins to tire me, and the want of exercise to make me ill, though I am very well at present, only that I am confined to my chair by gnat-bites; yet I have been laid up these three days with a violent sore throat, which, by living low, has entirely disappeared. I am much afraid that this will be a very disagreeable event

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for Ossory.[1] I hope you will never make love to duchesses, but if the Duchess of B——[2] should take a fancy to you, as you see that house disposes of everything at present, it will be impossible not to be her slave. Raton would make as good a minister as Lord Tank.[3] What can they mean by sending so young and so inexperienced a man to a place where sometimes business of consequence is to be transacted; especially at this moment, when the King of Sardinia has declared that if the emperor has any hostile intentions against the Pope in regard to the edict of Parma, he will take the field against him.

I begin to remove nearer to you in two days, and hope to meet Charles in a week. The weather still continues very hot, but I hope I shall find it cooler in my journey northward. Does Lord Holland continue well and in spirits? Pray, when you go to Holland House, remember me to him and Lady Holland. If you should ever have an opportunity, assure —— that I never will set my foot in England till my love for her has dwindled into a friendship that I hope will only terminate with

[1] His connection with the Duchess of Grafton, to whom, after her marriage with the Duke of Grafton had been dissolved by act of Parliament, he was married in 1769.

[2] Apparently the Duchess of Bedford.

[3] Charles, fourth Earl of Tankerville, born November 15, 1743. He was afterward twice joint postmaster-general, and for a short time was treasurer of the household. He died December 10, 1822.

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our lives, and that I will be content to relinquish all pretensions to that friendship if I ever discover, either in word or action, the remains of a passion that can be attended with no flattering prospects of happiness, and with nothing but misery and distress. Adieu, my dear George. Also assure her that I gave up according to ——. Nothing! She is not to know that I informed you my reasons for giving up the Spa journey. I could not help it; my heart was too full.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

MANHEIM, August 16 [1768].

Here I am, after a journey of six days from Venice, which is travelling faster than the post, the usual way that young gentlemen see foreign countries; but pray remember that between this place and Verona there is nothing but rest that is worth stopping one moment for.

Some of the views among the Tyrol mountains are very fine, but very like all the other parts of the Alps, — large rocky mountains covered with fir-trees; a rapid river in the valley; the road made like a shelf on the side of the hill. There wants variety to make these views long entertaining. I confess I was rejoiced with the more circumscribed prospects that I met with upon my leaving the Alps; fields very well cultivated; valleys with rich verdure; and little woods, which almost persuaded me I was in England.

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I was delighted with the buildings I saw at Piacenza and Verona. The theatre at Piacenza is one of the most elegant structures in the world; there is no comparison between it and the one at Winterslow. I was in bed but seven hours in going three hundred and forty miles, but as I could sleep five-and-forty miles without waking, I was very little tired, and, having two carriages, it was no great fatigue to the servants. I crossed the Danube over a bridge, when the postilions would not suffer me to remain in the chaise. I must own I had some apprehensions for my clothes, as the bridge, being very old, and made of wood, even with my weight shook considerably, but no accident happened.

Charles is not yet arrived. If I had thought he would have been so unpunctual, I would not have hurried myself so; he will be with you, I fancy, in about a month. I shall expect to have a letter from you by Strasburgh to-morrow, or next day. This will not find you in London; perhaps, at Lord Coventry's; perhaps, at the Duke of Grafton's; if at the latter, I trust you will remember me to him. Fitzwilliam is come. Charles you will have seen since his return to England. We stay here two or three days to be presented to the elector. I will write again by the first opportunity. Have you heard yet of a house for me? I hope Lord March is well. Believe me to be,

Yours, etc., etc.

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*The Hon. Henry St. George to George Selwyn.*

MAHON, August 26, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I cannot sufficiently thank you for your long and amusing letter of the 2d July, which I received the 14th instant. It is necessary to reside some time in such an island as this, sterile both of news and natural productions, to have a thorough relish of a friend's letter at a distance. The packet-boat will not sail this week, yet I have sat down to write, knowing there can be no news between this and that time worth putting off the answering yours. There has been great sickness here lately. I have hitherto escaped both fevers and agues, which are very common. The smallpox has raged here like a plague, and killed many people, but is most fatal to children. The weather is most insufferably hot and disagreeable; more so, I think, than what I experienced in Portugal and Italy. Toward the end of next month we may expect the rains, and then they say the climate is very fine.

In regard to what you desire to know, how I pass my time, there is such a sameness every day that it affords no variety. I pass the whole morning in my room, unless when military duty obliges me to go out. As soon as the sun goes down, I take advantage of the freshness of the evening, and then I sometimes go to court for an hour, to pay my re-

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spects to our queen.[1] I dine and sup almost every day with all our officers, who have always made it a rule to mess together, and live very sociably. I have no opportunity of keeping a table, but endeavour to make up for it, partly by sometimes treating our officers with claret and Burgundy, and giving them tea and coffee in the evening.

I hope to get away from this place by the end of October. If there should happen to be a man-of-war here at that time, going to Genoa or Leghorn, which may possibly be the case, I shall be tempted, perhaps, to be set down on that coast; if not, I shall go by the first packet-boat to Marseilles in October. We expect the Duke of Cumberland here, if the report is true that Captain Barrington is to bring him on a cruise to the Mediterranean. I suppose he intends to follow (though I believe it will be *non passibus æquis*) his late brother, and show the Italians another prince of the Brunswick line. I thank my stars (though I met with great indulgence from my late master, and was honoured with his friendship), that it is no longer my fate to follow the caprices of a young prince. My income has been considerably lessened by the loss of my place, and it has not been made up to me, which, when I have mentioned it to foreigners, they have been all astonished, and shrugged up their shoulders at the shabbiness of our court, and said it would not have happened at any other in Europe.

[1] Lady Cecilia Johnston.

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I see by the papers, there is a man made an extraordinary aide-de-camp to the king, though I could not obtain that favour. *Ma patienza!* I was two years in opposition with the Bedfords, but I see no return of favour from them to me, which I think my brother and I have some right to claim. I am rejoiced to find my brother has won a good deal at Newmarket. I hope Lord March touched something in the confederacy; I beg my best compliments to his lordship. I am glad to hear we shall have Lord Carlisle next winter in London.

I was surprised to hear that Lord Ossory's apparent prudence and discretion had not taken warning from the example that Lady Di. and Beauclerk set him last year. Lord Ossory and the duchess seem to have copied them, as you observe, step by step, and I fancy the duke will be very happy to follow my brother in the successful method he took of ridding himself of his wife. However, I cannot help being sorry for my friend Ossory, who has got into a damnable scrape very early in life. I wonder what advice the Duchess of B. gives him in this dilemma.

Garlies's blunder is delightful; and Lord Lincoln's suite, and the strict incognito he intends to preserve in foreign courts, made me laugh monstrously. I own I have malice enough in me to rejoice at your nephew Tommy[1] being disap-

[1] Thomas Townshend, the "Tommy Townshend" of Goldsmith's lively poem, "Retaliation," was grandson of Charles, sec-

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pointed of any place at all. His delicacy of not accepting of £3,000 a year, because it was offered in an ungracious manner, was the highest piece of self-conceit and mistaken pride (I do not know what to call it) I ever heard. I want to know how the King of Denmark was liked, and how received by our court.[1] Adieu for some days.

August 31st.

As I have not learnt one article of news since I wrote the above, and as the packet is preparing to go in a day or two, I will close this letter that is already too long.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

SPA, August 28, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I intended writing from Düsseldorf, but had not a moment's time, therefore was obliged to defer it till my arrival at this place, where I amuse myself exceedingly, having found many of my friends here. We have a great many foreigners, some of them very agreeable. You would like this place, for you would have

ond Viscount Townshend, and nephew to George Selwyn. His conduct in refusing place was regarded in a very different light by Horace Walpole, who thus refers to it in a letter to George Montagu: "By your letter and the enclosed, I find Townshend has been very ill treated, and I like his spirit in not bearing such neglect and contempt, though wrapped up in £2,700 a year."

[1] Christian, King of Denmark, had arrived on a visit to the court of England in the course of this month.

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constant opportunities of talking French, and perhaps might pick up a new expression or two. I found all your letters; some at Manheim, some at Cologne, for which I am exceedingly obliged. What do people mean by saying that March is to marry Lady ——? She will lead him a fine dance, if she takes after her family.

I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you. You get up at nine; play with Raton till twelve in your nightgown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshaw; are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning; then make two wretches carry you [in a sedan-chair] with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling. Direct your next to Paris, and believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely, etc., etc.

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

[Christian, King of Denmark, whose visit to England is occasionally mentioned in the subsequent correspondence, had married on the 1st of October, 1766, the lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited Caroline Matilda, the posthumous child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and sister of George the Third, who at the period of their union was only in her sixteenth year. Within a few months after their marriage he treated his young wife with

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marked neglect, which seems to have been repaid by her with unequivocal contempt. In a letter to one of her sisters, written during her husband's visit to England, she says: "I wish that the king's travels had the same laudable objects as those of Cyrus; but I find that the chief visitors of his Majesty are musicians, fiddlers, and persons designed for employments still more inglorious." Horace Walpole draws the following portrait of the King of Denmark shortly after his arrival in England: "I came to town to-day to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late king, and enough of the late Prince of Wales to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still, he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, he is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday; supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the Queen's and Carlton House, and at night at Lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of *altesse*, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly." Within three years after the return of the imbecile Christian to his native country, occurred that famous evolution in Denmark which

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led to the arrest and imprisonment, in the Castle of Cronenberg, of his young queen, and the execution of her presumed paramour, Struensee. But for the timely appearance of a British fleet in the Baltic, the queen would probably have shared his fate. She closed her eventful life in the city of Zell, in the electorate of Hanover (whither she had been conducted by Sir Robert Keith), on the 10th of March, 1775, in her twenty-fourth year.]

Wednesday morning [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had your letter yesterday. I wish you had come, because I think you would have liked it. The little king is, I believe, perfectly satisfied with his expedition. When he arrived, which was about ten o'clock, every window in the town was lighted; and as the street is very broad, you cannot conceive how well it looked.

He was yesterday fox-hunting; the Duke of Grafton carried him in his coach. We had a great deal of leaping, and he would go over everything. I was very glad when we got him safe home, and he was mightily pleased with the chase, and satisfied with himself, which put him in better spirits than I ever saw him. He has been magnificently and well served. I believe we have been both days about six and twenty at table. As we dine, you know, very late, he retired to his own apartment after coffee, and we all to the coffee-house. He

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is to see a cock-match this morning, and sets out for London about one. I believe I shall be at the Duke of Northumberland's; I have got a great many tickets, and between three and four hundred by the horses.

Yours,

MARCH AND R.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

KINGSGATE, October 5, 1768.

DEAR SIR: — Charles is not to be trusted about writing. If he is as unlike his father in everything else, it may be the better for him; and I am but a bad substitute, for there are several things in your letter that are above me. For example, I could as soon discuss any point in metaphysics, as whether Lord March's not having given you leave was or was not the reason of your not going to Brussels, or how far he is jealous of Lord Carlisle. It is above me, too, — I never used to do it when I was in the House of Commons, — to give my advice upon the opening of the budget.

Now, as to the other advice you ask, I am very ready. My Lady Mary [1] goes drest like Zara, and I wish you to attend her drest like a black eunuch.[2] Stephen will be obliged to you, and perhaps my

[1] Lady Mary Fox, Lord Holland's daughter-in-law.

[2] This is one of the numerous instances, which cannot fail to have struck the reader, of Selwyn's friends amusing themselves with his presumed indifference to the fair sex.

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Lord March (who has experienced your fidelity in that walk before) may put some others under your care. To be sure, the character will be disagreeable to a good many; and yet I am afraid some of our acquaintance (to whom it would have been most offensive) by this time wish they had been under the care of such a black gentleman, whom they must have minded more than they did him they heard of in their nursery.

I will give you my opinion, too, about Crawford's going to Naples, or taking a great house in London; — that he will do neither. What he will do, I will not tell you, for the same reason that I have now and then given for not knowing whether or no you will keep a promise; which is, that you do not know yourself. If I have taken Lady Hervey's cook, he will be certainly at your service; not because I have said, or shall say, "What you please, good Mr. Cook," but, "What you please, dear Lady Caroline."

Lady Mary goes to town on Friday, to meet the luckiest of men, her husband, and Charles comes on Sunday. I must not forget to tell you how I am comforted in my littleness, to find that the high blood of Carlisle is not good enough. Adieu, my dear Selwyn. When I come, be for ever at Holland House. It will show great good nature, of which I have reason to think nobody has more.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

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[The fête alluded to in this letter was a magnificent masquerade given by the King of Denmark at the Opera House. The following account of it is extracted from the Annual Register for 1768: "10th October. — His Majesty, the King of Denmark, gave a most superb masked ball at the Haymarket, at which were present the greatest number of nobility and gentry ever assembled together upon any occasion of the like nature. It is computed that not less than two thousand five hundred persons of distinction were present. The illuminations were particularly splendid and elegant. His Danish Majesty went in a private manner to the theatre, accompanied only by his Excellency Count Holke, in his own coach and pair, and afterward robed himself in masquerade in one of the dressing-rooms. A little after ten the noblemen of his Majesty's retinue followed in chairs, in their masquerade dresses, extremely rich and elegant. The ball was opened by his Danish Majesty and the Duchess of Ancaster. The principal grotesque characters were the conjurer, the black, and the old woman; there was also a Methodist preacher, a chimney-sweeper, with his bag, shovel, and scraper, and a boar with a bull's head, all which were supported with great humour. A noble duke had the misfortune to lose a particular snuff-box in the crowd, in which was the King of France's picture, set with diamonds, for which a reward of fifty guineas has since been offered." The jewels

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worn by the guests at this fête were estimated to be worth two millions of money.]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, October 13, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received yours yesterday morning of the 4th instant, for which I return you many thanks. By this time you will be empowered to take Lady Hervey's [1] house for me, which I think is too good to lose for a little more money. I am particularly flattered with your attention at this moment, as your head must be so taken up with the masquerade. What was you dressed like, — a devil? or did you give twenty pounds, like P. Bathurst, to be dressed like Sir P. Sidney? I shall expect an account of it from you.

I like Paris better than I used to do, but I like it so well, that, if it was not for the learning French, you would very soon see me in London. There are but few people in town; all the world is at Fontainebleau. I shall go there next week. The Beringhens were very glad to see me, and inquired

[1] Mary Lepel, the celebrated Lady Hervey, died on the 2d of September. "Two days before she died," says Walpole, "she wrote to her son Bristol these words: 'I feel my dissolution coming on, but I have no pain; what can an old woman desire more?' This was consonant to her usual propriety; yes, propriety is grace, and thus everybody may be graceful when other graces are fled." The house alluded to by Lord Carlisle, as belonging to Lady Hervey, was situated in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park. It was afterward the residence of Lord Hastings, and is now divided into two different residences.

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much after you and March. The Dutch ambassadress has wrote Ossory a letter of advice, which he will certainly follow. Pray send me the newspapers and some English mustard, as soon as you can. The post is going out, and I, according to custom, designed to get up soon, and slept a little too long. God bless you, my dear George.

Believe me to be, etc., etc., etc.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

KINGSGATE, October 14, 1768.

DEAR SELWYN: — Is this all? then I am quite easy again. But, indeed, your first letter was very serious, and you added your own opinion, for which I have a very great respect, to Mr. Townshend's.

Foolish as we are, we cannot be so foolish to go to war because Mr. Boswell has been in Corsica? and yet, believe me, no better reason can be given for siding with the vile inhabitants of one of the vilest islands in the world, who are not less free than all the rest of their neighbours, and whose island will enable the French to do no more harm than they may do us at any time from Toulon. We had better, a great deal, take Toulon, which we have full as much right to do, as to interfere in the affair of Corsica.

Charles is here, and goes away on Wednesday, as I shall on Thursday. Charles has told me little or nothing about the masquerade, but tells me that Stephen treated with claret at your expense. I

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advise you not to give in to that joke. Adieu, dear sir. Believe me, yours, ever obliged,

HOLLAND.

[Boswell's work, the "Account of Corsica, with Memoirs of General Paoli," referred to in this letter, had recently appeared in print. Doctor Johnson, in a letter to Boswell, dated 9th September, 1769, thus expresses his opinion of the work: "Why do you charge me with unkindness? I have omitted nothing that could do you good, or give you pleasure, unless it be that I have forborne to tell you my opinion of your 'Account of Corsica.' I believe my opinion, if you think well of my judgment, might have given you pleasure; but when it is considered how much vanity is excited by praise, I am not sure that it would have done you good. Your history is like other histories; but your journal is, in a very high degree, curious and delightful. There is between the history and the journal that difference which there will always be found between notions borrowed from without and notions generated within. Your history was copied from books; your journal rose out of your own experience and observation. You express images which operated strongly upon yourself; and you have impressed them with great force upon your readers. I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited, or better gratified." The success

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of his work had such an effect upon the vain mind of Boswell that, the year after its publication, he appeared at the jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon, held in commemoration of Shakespeare's birthday, with the words Corsica Boswell, in large letters, around his hat. "There was an absurd print of him," says Mr. Croker, "published, no doubt, with his concurrence, in the character of an armed Corsican chief, as he appeared at the jubilee, September, 1769, in which he wears a cap, with the inscription of 'Viva la Liberté!' — but this was his dress of ceremony. The vernacular inscription of Corsica Boswell was probably his undress badge." No wonder that Johnson should have advised him "to clear his head of Corsica;" or that he should have used the prophetic words, "When it is considered how much vanity is excited by praise, I am not sure that it would have done you good."]

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, October 19 [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was much pleased to find yours of the 14th instant, last night, when I came home from dining with Lady Rochford. I agree with you it is very extravagant to give two hundred a year to see a cow under my windows,[1] but still I am very happy to have the

[1] Alluding to his projected occupation of Lady Hervey's house, overlooking the Green Park.

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house, and hope you will like the present owner as well as you did the last one.

We are overrun with English here. I am not in love with Lady Pembroke;[1] I have the greatest esteem for her, and think her society delightful. I shall go to Fontainebleau on Saturday next. It is to be extremely dull; no spectacle at court; and I fancy that the little king[2] will be most gloriously bored.

I am not idle here. I have three masters; two every day; the Abbé François every morning, and Italian and Spanish every other day. I should have liked to have been at the masquerade, and had a great mind to have come, but for the fear of the seasickness, and of the temptations to have stayed longer than I ought. I am sure you will think with me, that it is better I should pass the winter here than in London.

I was not able to send this letter by the following post, therefore I can thank you for another letter that I received in the meantime, and which I did not give Madame du Deffand. She was as much charmed with reading your three lines as you was in getting the trouble over so soon. It was immediately despatched to Fontainebleau to the

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough. She was born December 29, 1737, and married, March 13, 1756, Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

[2] The King of Denmark, who subsequently paid a visit to Paris.

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Duchess de Choiseul; read in a great circle; and it had more wit in it than anything that has been read or said in that society since the President [Hénault] has become an old woman, which, I believe, is now about twenty years.

Do not forget to send me the newspapers, and let me hear from you as often as you can. I will take all possible care about Lord March's *appliqué*. I supped last night with the blind woman,[1] who is angry with you for not writing, and thanks you for the tea. I shall see her to-night at the president's; he is going very fast. Etc., etc.

*Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.*

MARSEILLES, October 30, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You must think me very remiss in my correspondence, in not having a letter from me so long, but the opportunities of writing from Minorca happen very seldom; not above once in six weeks. I had the satisfaction of receiving two letters from you (one of the 8th, the other of the 27th September) on my arrival here yesterday.

I had a very disagreeable passage hither. I sailed from Mahon on the 17th, and after five days of contrary wind, and very hard gales, where I suffered a great deal from sickness and a little from uneasiness of some misfortune happening to our ship, I was obliged to go back to Minorca. In a few days after, I sailed again, and reached

[1] Madame du Deffand.

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Bruse Bay, which is near Toulon, on the 27th, and arrived here yesterday from Toulon. I feel myself exceedingly well satisfied in having got over my sea expedition, and propose setting out to-morrow evening, if possible, for Paris. I believe I must employ a fortnight to perform the journey in this time of year. I cannot flatter myself, with all the anxiety I have to see my friends in London, to arrive there before the beginning of December. I can assure you, that your, and my brother's desire of my renouncing the journey to Italy this year decided me in going straight to England. I shall just have time to receive one letter from you during my stay at Paris, and to execute your commands there.

I hope to see this extraordinary young king[1] that has run about so in England, and taken up so much of your attention. In your first accounts of him to me, he seemed to be a favourite of yours, but in your last letters you alter your opinion of him. You send me a great deal of news, which has much amused me; I wish I could entertain you in the same way. Lord Pembroke is here, waiting an opportunity of an English man-of-war to carry him to Corsica; a very mad scheme, I think, to go and see a chief of wild mountaineers[2] in war with France; but that did not surprise me so much as to find his lordship had had his ears bored, and a pair of earrings, as you have seen Conflans with.

[1] The King of Denmark. [2] General Paoli.

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The French have suffered, this year at least, in Corsica. There were several wounded officers at Toulon, come from thence, and many more expected. They have lost five hundred men, prisoners; and Paoli, notwithstanding twenty-four battalions, has stood his ground, and repulsed all the attempts of the French, who are going to send ten battalions more. How ridiculous a figure do they cut in sending so great an armament against so little an enemy. I hope to meet with your friend Carlisle at Paris. My brother John, I hear, is there. Adieu. I am happy at the pleasing prospect of seeing you soon. I had like to have forgot telling you that I had so bad a fever last month, at Mahon, that I never expected seeing my friends any more. I took James's powders; they did me a great good, and my fever intermitted. You did very well in stopping little George [1] from going to school. *Au plaisir de vous voir, mon cher ami.*

Yours,

H. St. John.

*To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, May Fair, London.*

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

Paris, Nov. 7 [1768].

I have only time, my dear George, to write you four lines. I have been all night at the *bal*

[1] Eldest son of Lord Bolingbroke, and his successor in the title.

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*masqué;* that is to say, till three this morning, and am now writing, like you, in bed. I like Fontainebleau better than Paris; there is not so much restraint. I am obliged to you for the newspapers. Remember me to Lord March, and believe me to be

Yours most affectionately, etc., etc.

*P. S.* I would not have wrote such a shameful letter, but I know you will expect one by this post.

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, Nov. 13 [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received your last at Lady Pembroke's, and accordingly presented your respects most respectfully, according to your desire. As for the Dutch ambassadress, I have seen very little of her; she keeps too low company. I was with her one night, with two very ill-looking men, and I am sure they intended to pin my money, but I disappointed them. I am going to-night to a great ball at the Prince of Monaco's, made for the King of Denmark. You ask me what I think of him? I think that he is a *pauvre sujet,* and had better have stayed at home.

The French have been beat again in Corsica. A cousin of Madame Brion's is killed, Monsieur de Bettise. The Beringhens are still at Fontainebleau, but return the beginning of the week; I shall sup with them on Wednesday.

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Harry St. John is with us, and means to stay till after the holidays, if he is not wanted [in Parliament]. I begin to think you suppose I really proposed to the Princess Philipina. It was not quite so bad as that. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, Nov. 20 [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I enclose a letter to the Duke of Grafton, which I should be glad you would deliver to him as soon as possible. I have received all your letters. I am surprised you have had no division. You did not tell me if G. Grenville spoke, but I suppose he did. I was to have had the honour of dining with the King of Denmark in my old rooms the day before yesterday, but he was taken with a fever, and the dinner was put off. H. St. John is with us; I believe I told you so in my last. I have been playing with him at tennis, that my hand trembles so I can with difficulty hold the pen. I desire I may have the first account of Lady —— when she lies in; though, I give you my word of honour, all the old story is over, I take the warmest concern in her happiness. You had better come to us for a month. God bless you, my dear George, believe me to be

Yours most affectionately, etc., etc.

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## MADAME DU DEFFAND.

THE long intimacy which existed between Madame du Deffand and George Selwyn; the frequent allusions to her in the course of the present work; her celebrity as a woman of wit, of fashion, and strong sense; her celebrated friendship with Horace Walpole, who was indebted for his introduction to her to Selwyn; as well as the high compliment paid to her epistolary talents by D'Alembert; have induced the author to insert a single specimen of her correspondence with George Selwyn, prefaced with a brief memoir of her life.

Marie de Vichy (daughter of Gaspard de Vichy, Comte de Champ-Rond, by Anne Brulart, daughter of the first president of the Parliament of Burgundy) was born in 1696, and in 1718 became the wife of M. du Deffand, Marquis de la Lande, colonel of a regiment of dragoons, whose ancestors had for centuries distinguished themselves by their affectionate attachment to their sovereigns, the Dukes of Burgundy.

The union of M. and Madame du Deffand (as was too frequently the characteristic of fashionable French marriages in a former age) seems to have been a mere marriage of convenience, in which the feelings of the parties principally concerned appear to have been regarded as of a very secondary consideration. A separation soon took place; shortly

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after which Madame du Deffand became the mistress of the celebrated Regent Duke of Orleans, and is known subsequently to have conferred her favours on the well-known President Hénault. M. and Madame du Deffand, however, continued to live on terms of easy civility, and not improbably on terms of secret good-will; for, when the former was leaving the world, Madame du Deffand, at his express desire, attended his sick-bed, and attended to his dying words.

Horace Walpole was first introduced to Madame du Deffand in the autumn of 1765, when she was in her seventieth year. His first mention of her, which occurs in a letter to General Conway, dated 6 October, in that year, is curious: "The old President Hénault," he says, "is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchee of wit, where I supped last night. The president is very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table; the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table; is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the president's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar."

This passage proves that Walpole's first impressions in regard to Madame du Deffand were far from being of a favourable nature. However, he subsequently gratefully acknowledges his obliga-

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*Madame Du Deffand.*
Photo-etching from a rare old engraving.

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tion to Selwyn for his introduction to the "old blind debauchee of wit," and in a letter to the poet Gray, dated in January following, speaking of Madame Geoffrin, he writes: "Her great enemy, Madame du Deffand, was for a short time mistress of the regent, is now very old and stone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire; dictates charming letters to him; contradicts him; is no bigot to him or anybody; and laughs both at the clergy and philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong; her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm; still anxious to be loved, — I do not mean by lovers, — and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and ennui are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another, and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts, — and venture to hate her because she is not rich."

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The character of Madame du Deffand has been thus drawn by a master hand: "This lady seems to have united the lightness of the French character with the solidity of the English. She was easy and volatile, yet judicious and acute; sometimes profound and sometimes superficial. She had a wit playful, abundant, and well-toned; an admirable conception of the ridiculous, and great skill in exposing it; a turn for satire, which she indulged, not always in the best-natured manner, yet with irresistible effect; powers of expression varied, appropriate, flowing from the source, and curious without research; a refined taste for letters, and a judgment both of men and books in a high degree enlightened and accurate. As her parts had been happily thrown together by nature, they were no less happy in the circumstances which attended their progress and development. They were refined, not by a course of solitary study, but by desultory reading, and chiefly by a living intercourse with the brightest geniuses of her age. Thus trained, they acquired a pliability of movement, which gave to all their exertions a bewitching air of freedom and negligence; and made even their least efforts seem only the exuberance or flowerings-off of a mind capable of higher excellences, but unambitious to attain them. There was nothing to alarm or overpower. On whatever topic she touched, trivial or severe, it was alike *en badinant;* but in the midst of this

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sportiveness, her genius poured itself forth in a thousand delightful fancies, and scattered new graces and ornaments on every object within its sphere. In its wanderings from the trifles of the day to grave questions of morals or philosophy, it carelessly struck out, and as carelessly abandoned, the most profound truths; and while it aimed only to amuse, suddenly astonished and electrified by rapid traits of illumination, which opened the depths of difficult subjects, and roused the researches of more systematic reasoners. To these qualifications were added an independence in forming opinions, and a boldness in avowing them, which wore at least the semblance of honesty; a perfect knowledge of the world, and that facility of manners, which in the commerce of society supplies the place of benevolence."

As Walpole grew to be more intimate with Madame du Deffand, so did his admiration and affection for her increase. To George Montagu he writes, 7th September, 1769: "My dear old friend was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill.

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She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, and all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard, or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the President Hénault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions, which I have quitted at home."

In 1772 Walpole printed at Strawberry Hill a new edition of the "Mémoires du Comte de Grammont," to which he prefixed the following

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pleasing dedication to Madame du Deffand: "L'Editeur vous consacre cette édition, comme un monument de son amitié, de son admiration, et de son respect, à vous dont les grâces, l'esprit, et le goût retracent au siècle présent, le siècle de Louis XIV., et les agrémens de l'auteur de ces Mémoires."

Madame du Deffand died on the 24th of September, 1780, at the age of eighty-four, having during the last thirty years of her life been afflicted with total blindness. During her last illness she suffered no pain; her antechamber was daily thronged with those who had formerly partaken of her hospitality, or delighted in her wit; and her death left a blank in the higher circles of French society which only the appearance of another Madame du Deffand could have filled up. To Horace Walpole she wrote, about a month before her death: "Divertissez-vous, mon ami, le plus que vous pourrez; ne vous affligez point de mon état; nous étions presque perdus l'un pour l'autre; nous ne nous devions jamais revoir; vous me regretterez, parce qu'on est bien-aise de se savoir aimé. Peut-être que par la suite Wiart vous mandera de mes nouvelles; c'est une fatigue pour moi de dicter." Madame du Deffand preserved her memory and understanding unimpaired till within eight days of her death, when she fell into a lethargic insensibility. Her remains, agreeably with a wish which she expressed in her lifetime, were interred

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without the least display in her parish church of St. Sulpice.

*Madame du Deffand to George Selwyn.*

Ce Vendredy, 25 Novembre, 1768.

Mes dettes sont acquitées. J'ai remis hier au Chevalier Lambert six louis pour les six livres de thé que je vous devai. Je n'aurai pas besoin à ce que j'espère de vous prier de m'en envoyer, et ma provision durera jusqu'à votre premier voyage, à moins que vous n'oubliez vos promesses, accident auquel vous êtes un peu sujet dans votre païs. On dit que nous allons avoir M^r^ Craufurd; il a mandé à son père de lui arrêter un logement à l'Hôtel du Parc Royal; il ne sera écrit-il que peu de jours ici. Il y a long tems que je n'ai vu votre petit Milord Carlisle. Tous les jours sont remplis par les festes qu'on donne au Roi de Danemarck; c'est à qui se surpassera en magnificence; c'est le triomphe du faste. Mardi 22, il y eut un bal magnifique chez M^r^ de Soubise hier au Palais Royal. La table du roy était de 72 couverts, celle de M^r^ le Duc de Chartres de 100, trois centres du même nombre, et six centres de 30 chacune. Il devoit y avoir du beau lansquenet de vingt coupeurs qui devaient porter chacun milles louis. La Grand' Maman se mit d'un centième avec son mari, et moi d'un dixième sur son centième, ce qui fait que j'ai été d'un millième. Jamais je n'ay eu tant de désir de

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gagner. J'ai baisé la main de cette Grand' Maman à votre intention, et je lui ai fait votre cour, elle vous en sçait beaucoup de gré. Vous n'êtes point oublié dans ma coterie; vous y êtes aimé, estimé, et desiré. Je n'ai jamais montré qu'une de vos lettres; cette lettre étoit de cinq ou six lignes et fort plaisante. Vous me disiez, "Je vous écris quand il m'en prend fantaisie, et cette fantaisie me prendra Vendredi." Jugez si cela peut vous avoir donné des ridicules. C'est dans votre païs qu'il faut les craindre, vous devez vous en croire à l'abri dans toutes sortes de pays, mais surtout dans le mien, et pardessus tout, par tout ce qui m'environne. Vos lettres sont jettées au feu aussitôt que j'y ai répondu; d'ailleurs votre prudence ne vous laisse rien à craindre, et les gazettes m'instruisent bien mieux que toutes vos lettres, ainsi, mon cher Lindor, les inquiétudes que vous me marqueriez auraient l'air de me chercher querelle, et cela serait injuste. Je suis charmé de votre correspondance, mais je ne la désire qu'autant qu'elle vous sera agréable.

J'ai distribué tous vos complimens; on y répond avec toute l'amitié possible. Je ne fermerai cette lettre que Dimanche, pour pouvoir y ajouter un article de Danemarck.

Ce Samedi, 26.

Le lansquenet a été fort beau, et j'y ai gagné 26. 8., calculez ce que M^r^ de Choiseul doit avoir

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gagné. Le souper a été magnifique, le bal superbe ; il y avoit 196 femmes, toutes couvertes de diamants. Sa Majesté Danoise se repose pour se préparer un voyage de Chantilly, qui sera depuis Lundy jusqu'au Jeudy, le 1er Decembre. Le Dimanche 4 il ira à Choisy ; le Mardy 6 à Versailles ; et il partira le Jeudy ou Vendredy d'après pour regagner ses états. Voilà, mon cher Lindor, tout ce que je puis vous mander de plus nouveau. Je ne me porte point trop bien, et si vous avez véritablement envie de me revoir, il ne faut pas beaucoup diférer, mais toutes mes invitations n'aurons nul effet, c'est votre fantaisie qui en décidera, ou plûtôt celle de Milord March.

Il n'est pas trop vraisemblable que je fasse connaissance avec Milord Harcourt ; il n'aura pas besoin d'en faire de nouvelles, celle qu'il a et sa famille lui suffiront. Si vous étiez ici je vous donnerais à diner tous les Lundy ; c'est un établissement depuis trois mois. Le fond de la compagnie est le président, Mr de Grave, et d'autres gens que vous seriez fort aise de connaître. Je m'engage à me charger de Raton, comme je n'ay ni chien ni chat, il sera maître chez moi. N'allez pas me croire assez dupe pour imaginer de vous revoir. Oh, non ! vous ne reviendrez point, ni aucun autre de mes amis — pas même le petit Craufurd, quoiqu'on lui ait arrêté un logement. Adieu.

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Ce Dimanche, 27.

J'aurai ce soir à souper trois de vos compatriotes; l'Ambassadrice, la Milady, et M^elle^ Floyd. Tout le monde sera demain à Chantilly, excepté la Grand' Maman,[1] qui est très enrhumée.

Adieu, monsieur, ne m'oubliez pas si vous pouvez.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, Dec. 7 [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I must begin with desiring you to condole with me upon the unfortunate end of poor Rover, who was run over by a coach and expired immediately. He was buried in the garden; *ibat et ad Stygias nobilis umbra plagas.* Indeed, I am very sorry for him; I never had a dog die a natural death. I will never have another.

We have had magnificent fêtes; Harry St. John will tell you how he was diverted at Chantilly.[2] The king [of Denmark] leaves us on the 9th; I had the honour of dining with him; I believe *en*

[1] The Duchess de Choiseul.

[2] A few days previously, the Prince de Condé had given a most magnificent entertainment to the King of Denmark at Chantilly. According to a letter from Paris, dated the 30th of November: "The entertainment continued three days and three nights; during which there was an open house kept for all comers and goers, without exception. There was likewise a most grand hunt in the forest of Chantilly, by candle-light. After a wild boar had been chased for a good while, he was killed by a nobleman with a bow and arrow."

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*famille*, for we were but twelve; but four strangers. You know how such honours turn my head. The old blind woman [1] is outrageous against St. John for having told you that she sent your letter to Fontainebleau. For Heaven's sake, do not tell her it was me, for I am very great with her at present, and am of all her suppers.

Mrs. Pitt and Miss Floyd left us this morning. I have charged them to puff the spring exportation of Macaronis; we shall come in with the nosegays. You said I was to have some commissions for Lady B. Stanhope at Poiria's, but I have heard nothing more of it. Miss Floyd is charged with March's embroidery; if there had been time to have ordered one, I would have sent one much prettier. If they tell you I am in love with Lady P., do not believe them. As for taking Lady Hervey's servant, it is impossible, so you may tell them. Remember me to March, and believe me to be Yours, etc., etc.

*To G. A. Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, December 11 [1768].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had not time by the last post to answer your obliging letters, but I take the first opportunity. I expect to hear from you today, and have something to humbug Madame du

[1] Madame du Deffand.

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Deffand with. I told her two or three great lies yesterday. She has no opinion of our ambassador's [1] understanding, because she does not live well with the family of the Harcourts here. The King of Denmark is gone, but he is to come back to meet the emperor at the dauphin's marriage. What fools people are here! They have been very jealous of the English with the King of Denmark: I believe he likes us better than them. The Duc Duras, who was the Sir Clement Cotterel, never let him out of his sight.

I long to hear what you intend doing with Wilkes. What kind of evidence did M. give? [2] The old blind woman was very curious to know why Lord C. and Lord T. did not talk about politics and George Grenville at their meeting.[3] I did not know why they did not, so I told her Lady C. was afraid he would grow too strong for his keepers if they touched upon that point. All this she, unfortunately for me, believes, and I shall hear of it again at supper to-night. God bless you, my dear George. Believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc.

[1] Simon, first Earl Harcourt. He died September 16, 1777.

[2] Wilkes, having been permitted to plead at the bar of the House of Commons (on the occasion of his presenting his famous petition to the House for the redress of his grievances), had demanded to examine Lord Temple and Lord March.

[3] Lord Chatham and Lord Temple, between whom a reconciliation had been effected on the 25th of November, through the mediation of their mutual friend, Mr. Calcraft.

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Monday morning, 4 o'clock.

I am just returned from the Sunday night's supper, and found your letter before I went out, which has overjoyed me. I look upon the last part of your letter as a promise. Every day after Christmas I shall expect you: I wish you was to pass the sea now, as it is such fine weather. Tell me if I shall take lodgings for you. Where shall I take them? If you disappoint me I shall be furious. The blind woman is in raptures. She charged me to say a thousand things to induce you to pursue your intentions.

Lord Holland's health afflicts me. Pray tell him I esteem the statues very highly, and think them cheap. They wanted a good deal of restoration when I saw them, but what there was, certainly was fine and good antique. They are all pleasing figures. Again, God bless you, my dear George. Do not let the old fools at White's persuade you from setting out the first moment. Why did you not mention Lady —— in your last?

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

Paris, 25th [December, 1768].

My dear George: — I was sorry I was not able to write by the last post (I am afraid by the two last), but I know you will excuse me. Why are you not here? The shops are all as fine as if they expected you, and the people belonging to them all in wind to answer your questions.

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The night before last I was at the premier's;[1] they had given each other presents that must have cost above a hundred pounds apiece. They asked much after you and March. You need not be afraid of being forgot while whist is played in that house, for at every egregious blunder I am sure to hear your name. You are the constant simile.

I am very happy that March likes his trimming. I wish I had been at the supper the other night. Pray remember me to Mrs. Pitt and Miss Floyd, who is the best-humoured creature in the world. She is extremely loved here.

I am returned from supper, and very sleepy; I will therefore wish you a good night. Tell Harry I shall send his sword by the first opportunity. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be,

Yours most affectionately, etc., etc.

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

My dear George: — You may easily imagine how happy your two last letters have made me, which brought an account of Lady ——'s safe delivery, and of her good health. Pray assure her, the first opportunity you have, how warm a part I take in everything that concerns her happiness, and how sincerely I congratulate her upon an event that I am sure must give her so much pleasure. I believe you are convinced that my

[1] The Duc de Choiseul.

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concern for her now springs from no other source than from the warmest friendship. Pray send in my name to inquire after her often.

We have had two or three days of fine weather lately. I wish you had been upon the sea then; shall you come or not? I suppose Charles[1] games all day and night, as he has never wrote to any of us; I had no right to expect any letters, but Fitz[2] has had no answers to his. People will think your visit to the Bishop of Carlisle[3] was not made with an intent of finding him alive, but they cannot think you did not mean to find him at home.

I am glad to hear you doused Lord Barrimore, and let in Sir William, but am sorry to hear you still play. As to the Duke of Northumberland's prosecution for a murder, it is possible he may get into a scrape for hiring a mob, but he certainly did not hire them to knock Tom Stiles and John Nokes on the head.[4] Do you think it possible that it will be a match between Fanny and Bully; one all fire and sentiment: the other with as much

[1] Charles James Fox.

[2] Lord Fitzwilliam.

[3] Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, the early college friend of George Selwyn. He died on the 22d of this month.

[4] During some riots, at the recent Brentford election, a young gentleman, of the name of George Clarke, had been killed by a blow on the head, which he received from a bludgeon of one of the mob. A jury sat on the body, and returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

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fire, but without a guess what sentiment is? Pray tell Harry I have received my boots, and am much obliged to him for the trouble he has given himself about them. I had very near supped *tête-à-tête* (that is to say with her two ladies only) last night with Lord Farnham's friend, Madame de la Marche, but I ran away, and used her as ill as he did.

The planet Saturn has disappeared; so has a *fermier général;* absolutely lost; nobody can give any tidings of him. Lady Pembroke desires her compliments to you. God bless you, my dear George. I hope, and indeed have reason to expect, to see you soon. Etc., etc.

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, January 10 [1769].

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I received a long letter from you yesterday, and am afraid I shall have ingratitude enough to write you a short one in answer to it. Our ambassador is come, but I have not yet seen him. Is Wilkes made an alderman? He will next be lord mayor.[1] I am sorry to hear there was such deep play at Euston, as your circumstances seldom are more flourishing after such a week. As to the lady with whom

[1] Wilkes, about this period, was elected alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without; in 1772 he was chosen sheriff; and in 1774 elected Lord Mayor of London.

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we have dined, I believe it is all up with her. The Rena is gone to Italy. How you was humbugged about that woman!

Lady Fitz. leaves us the 15th. The blind woman has invited herself to supper with me; with Mademoiselle Faukolkice (how the deuce her queer name is spelt I do not know), and half a dozen more. She says I must ask the Duchesse d'Aiguillon; I have no chair large enough for her. I would have wrote to Lady —— upon her delivery, but I am afraid of killing the child by it, for my letter of congratulations to the Duke of Buccleugh came a few days, I believe, before he lost his son.

I have been with the Prince de Condé and Duc de Bourbon this morning. The latter is to marry Mademoiselle Chartres. The Duc de Chartres's match with Mademoiselle Penthicon is to take place as soon as possible. Marquis Fitzjames was this morning married to Mademoiselle Thiard at St. Sulpice. He is a great puppy, and I think I do him too much honour to send his name across the sea to you.

I have this moment had another letter from you, of the 4th instant, for which I thank you very sincerely. It was agreed by Lady Pembroke, etc., etc., that you was amusing yourself with Mrs. Horton, when you talk of your philosophical retreat. Monsieur de Francès[1] asked me gravely

[1] Afterward the French chargé des affaires in London.

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if I thought you would ever marry? Alas! poor George, — do you remember the nine Muses?

You need have no fears about my relapsing; at least I have none about myself. In regard to her, in every other light but as a friend, you shall see I shall be as cold as a stone, or as yourself. *Eh bien! Monsieur Selvin viendra-t-il?* Remember me to Lord March, and believe me to be your most affectionate and sincere friend, etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, Sunday, 29th January [1769].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — We were all last night alarmed with a report that the fools had propagated (upon inquiries without any reason), that Lady —— was drowned getting out of a boat in Suffolk. It was some time before we could get any lights into the affair. During that time I was, as you may imagine, very miserable. I expect with impatience your letter to-day, as that will clear up everything; or, if I do not receive one, I shall be as certain no accident has happened.

I supped last night at Madame d'Aiguillon's, where I was tired to death. I believe I shall sup at the Convent St. Joseph to-night, and to-morrow the blind woman brings a posse of people to sup with me. The president[1] is quite gone, and sees nobody but the old Sibylle. You will lose your two guineas. What have you done with

[1] The President Hénault. He survived till the following year.

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W., or with yourself, at hazard? I thought the changing the game from quinze to hazard would be a very bad change for you. The French send sixteen battalions to Corsica. It is wonderful with what freedom they express their contempt and detestation of these measures.

February 1st.

I had not time by the last post to send the few lines I had wrote. I must now mention another business to you. Do you think you could borrow me some money? I have too many obligations to you already, not to insist that you should meddle no further in this affair, than, if possible, transacting it with some Jew, or rascal, that will be paid for it. If I can get it, I shall want two thousand pounds. By insuring my life, and usury, I believe it will not be very difficult. Return me an answer soon. My mother seems to wish my return. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be, yours most affectionately, etc., etc.

*The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

[PARIS,] February 29 [1769].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had not time to write the last post; I was out all the day at the shops. I do not think the china so pretty this year as usual; but I will take care you shall have some of the newest pattern. I hear you had lost a great deal of money, but got home upon Crauford; is it true? I do not believe everything I hear.

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Lady Harrington has *chassé'd* Sir P. Lambe, notwithstanding he said he would give Lady Henrietta[1] mint sauce. What says March to all this? I think he is too old a jockey to venture so much upon so young a thing. I hear Lady Bell[2] would not go to bed the first night till it was very late. Backwardness has not been a family failing. I dine to-morrow with François and all his family. Some of them I know and like extremely.

The blind woman has sent me a set of china that is magnificent; at least I believe it is her; but M. Poiria assured me he was *trop discrét* to tell me; and as I see so little discretion in the *noblesse* in general, I was very glad to encourage it in the *bourgeoisie*, and therefore asked him no more questions. Discretion puts me in mind of Bully. How do he and Fanny get on? I wish you could contrive to send me half a dozen of the glass baskets for fruit; could they come with our ambassador's baggage? I have read Wilkes's last papers.[3] The insolence, and bad intention, with which they are written, is too great an affront both to our laws and government, not to be considered

[1] Lady Henrietta Stanhope, fourth daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, was born October 26, 1750, and married, March 15, 1776, Thomas, fourth Lord Foley.

[2] Lady Bell Stanhope, elder sister of Lady Henrietta. She married, November 27, 1768, Richard, Viscount Molyneux, afterward first Earl of Sefton.

[3] His comments on the secretary of state's letter to the civil and military authorities, who had been employed in quelling the

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in the most serious light. It seems written with an intention to infuse a spirit in the mob, that may, if necessary, rescue him from any public punishment that his crimes most justly merit. He is willing to inflame the people to sedition, because he knows too well that it has often delayed the execution of justice. But I hope he will soon find that the clemency with which he has been treated does not proceed from apprehensions of his power. So much for Mr. Wilkes!

Madame Montauban has teized me to death to write to March about a letter she has wrote him, and which he has never answered. What shall I say to the foolish old b——? Fitz is coming over directly; I stay for you here. I hope Lady —— continues well, and the child. God bless you, my dear George; continue your letters; they cannot be too long and particular. Remember me to March.

*To G. A. Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

### *The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, 12 February [1769].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received yours late this morning, and have only time to write you a very few lines. Your readiness to serve me overcomes me; but, upon looking into my affairs, I find I

riots occasioned by his recent imprisonment. It was on account of these inflammatory comments that Wilkes was subsequently expelled the House of Commons, for the second time.

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can at present do very well without the money I spoke to you about; but you may be sure I have as lively a sense of the friendly offers you made me as if my life depended upon it.

You will not be surprised, and I hope not sorry, when I tell you this will be one of the last letters I shall write you from hence. I intend being in England by the beginning of next month. I shall write you a line by the next post to tell you the day I intend leaving Paris, and when I shall be, if the weather gives leave, at Dover. I wish you would send to my coachmakers, Berry and Barker, to hasten my coach. What has Harry done about my horses? If my coach will not be finished, they must let me have one. You know I am a coxcomb, and do not like to have a carriage like a tooth-drawer's. Yours, etc., etc.

*P. S.* The blind woman desires a thousand compliments.

### *The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

I wrote you a note with a pencil upon the road, which a turnpike-man promised to send to you, to desire that you would inquire about two lottery tickets, which I have lost, if they are not in my room on some of the tables, or in my pockets. I received them this morning of the Batton, and I think the numbers are, 22. M. 133. and 22. M. 134.; but very likely he remembers; and I wish

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you would inquire of him, as the knowing the numbers may be the means of recovering them, in case they have been taken by any of my people.

WHITE'S, Wednesday, past eleven.

I have just returned from Whitehall. I wrote to you while I was dressing. Lady Harrington was bled yesterday, and complained at dinner of a pain in her bosom, which has increased so much that we were obliged to leave Vauxhall, where we were to have supped. Lord Winchelsea [1] died to-day at two o'clock. I shall go to Lady Harrington, and, if she does not grow worse, shall sup there. If she sends us away, there are eight or ten of us who are to sup here; so that you see London is not quite deserted. I give a dinner to-morrow to Vernon, Boothby, and anybody else of our friends that I happen to meet. Farewell, my dear George.

Yours very affectionately,

M. AND R.

*Mr. Thomas Jenkins to George Selwyn.*

LONDON, August 21 [1769].

SIR: — In obedience to your commands, I have been at your house to see the bust, which is of

[1] Daniel, eighth Earl of Winchelsea, and third Earl of Nottingham, K. G. He successively held the appointments of a lord of the treasury, of the admiralty, and president of the Council, and died 2 August, 1769.

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exceeding good sculpture; and the portrait, though rather a thinner face than what others of the same subject have, is doubtless meant to represent Scipio Africanus; and I really think it highly worthy of the place you mentioned to have destined for it.

Your old maid-servant desired I would, with her humble duty, let you know that the little dog is very well, and that she continues to sleep with it at my Lord Carlisle's lest the smell of the paint should hurt it.

Permit me, by your kind means, to offer my most respectful duty to my good Lord Carlisle; and I shall be much obliged to you if you will be so kind as to ask the Countess of Carlisle if she has Salvator Rosa's etchings by himself. If not, they are such things as I think her ladyship will be glad to have.

I hope your diversions at York will turn out well. I shall be very glad of the honour of paying my respects to you when you come to town, and, in the meantime, remain most truly, sir,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

THOS. JENKINS.

*Right Hon. Charles James Fox to George Selwyn.*

MARSEILLES, October 31 [1769].

DEAR SIR: — We shall embark in half an hour's time, which is much sooner than we thought of, *moyennant quoi*, I shall have but little time to

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answer your obliging letter of the 20th, which I received the day before yesterday. Lord Holland has been much better in general since he came abroad, but I cannot think he has been so well this last week as he was at Lyons. To-day, however, he is much better, and full as well as I have seen him for a long while.

You may be sure I shall always be glad to hear from you or Carlisle, whenever you will be so good as to give yourselves the trouble to write, and that I will never fail answering your letters. I am glad to hear Carlisle is likely to *réussir* at Paris; not only for his own sake, but because he may be of use to me when I return thither. If he is not a fool, he will learn French perfectly during his stay at Paris. When he once knows a little of the matter, I do not know any way more likely to give him that facility of speaking it (which is not only useful, but necessary *pour un homme fait comme lui*) than answering Madame de la Valière's advances.

You say it is not in the power of the bishop even to make a quarrel between Lord March and you. Very true; because you would give up your brother for his footman's most distant acquaintance. I shall not attempt to write in Italian till I have the *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*. I wrote to Carlisle just before I left Lyons; I hope he has received my letter. The report you mention, of Crawford's death, seems to be so uncer-

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tain, that we may hope it is without the least foundation.

I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

*P. S.* You shall certainly have something out of Herculaneum. Direct to us, *chez* Messrs Hart and Wilkens.

*Right Hon. Charles James Fox to George Selwyn.*

NAPLES, November 21 [1769].

DEAR SIR: — Knowing the interest you are so good as to take in what concerns *nous autres*, I ought, perhaps, to have written before this to acquaint you with our arrival at this place. After having had a very pleasant passage of eleven days, we arrived here last Tuesday se'night. The sea had agreed with my father as usual, and the fine weather we have had ever since we left Marseilles, till yesterday, contributed, perhaps, to make him pretty well. He has had two or three bad nights, but is otherwise pretty well, and I make no doubt he will be better when Lady Holland, Lady Mary, and my brothers, arrive, which will be about next Wednesday, as I guess, by a letter we had from my mother to-day, dated Rome.

I have not yet been at Herculaneum. I will certainly steal something from thence to send you, if I cannot come by it honestly. I will inquire

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about the false dice, and if I can possibly get them, or one of them, I will certainly give it to you to make a present of to White's. I should be much obliged to you if you would put the enclosed into the English post. I did not choose to trust it to Serçal, because I believe it is necessary to put some money with it. If you can find any one going to London immediately, give it them to put in the post there.

I should have directed this whole packet to Carlisle, and not have given you any trouble about the matter, but Lord Holland insisted that I should not, and hopes you will not introduce the bearer to his acquaintance, who has the reputation of playing extremely well, as well at games of chance, as at all others. I have written, in my letter to Carlisle, the little account I am at present able to give of this place. Whenever I know more, one of you shall hear it; and, in return, I expect constant accounts of everything that is doing at Paris. I am afraid I shall not have anything so entertaining to write you from hence. Sir John Lambert informs me that Lord March does not come to Paris; this being the case, it is possible that this letter may not find you there. Pray write me word impartially how Carlisle speaks French, and whether he still continues to have a taste for their best company. I am, dear sir,

Yours ever most sincerely,

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

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*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NAPLES, December 2 [1769].

DEAR SELWYN: — You are much mistaken if you think I intended to quarrel with you. I have lost too many friendships, which I had spent my life in deserving, to fling away one that, without my having ever deserved it, is so sincere and valuable as yours. I really did not know what to say, and if I had written, I was afraid I should harp upon the old string, and perhaps too harshly; but I did send you a message in Charles's last, and repeat, that I hope you will not recover your acquaintance with Affligio, Renac, etc., through or with Lord Carlisle. As to my health, which you so kindly inquire after, I certainly am better: no swelled legs; no symptom of dropsy or of asthma; but it is too late to think of recovering what is worthy to be called health, at sixty-two; and there is one question which, I hope, will not be asked:

"Has life no sourness drawn so near its end?"

Indeed it has; yet I guard against it as much as possible, and am weak enough sometimes to think, that if Rigby chiefly, and some others, had pleased, I should have walked down the vale of years more easily; but it is weak in me to think so often as I do of Rigby, and you will be ashamed of me.

We are all determined to get you something out of Herculaneum, if possible. They tell us it will

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be difficult, but we have long learned not to believe a word they say. The Marquis of Kildare gives his service to you. The principessas, and they are all principessas here, have fourteen or fifteen children apiece; yet Lady Caroline's friend, a relation of Madame de Guerchy's, told her last night, qu'elle n'a pas voulu se mettre à la mode de ce pais-ci, and would have but two; everybody in their way, you see. You, I believe, are in no great danger of such inconvenience. I heartily hope you will meet with no other, nor anything but what is pleasant and agreeable; and, if I did not know it would be a vain wish, I would wish you a companion as agreeable as yourself. Adieu.

Yours ever most affectionately,

HOLLAND.

*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, December 28, 1769.

I expressed myself stupidly; but a just regard for Charles should have told you who was *la coqueluche.*

I thank you, my dear Selwyn. If Charles has eloquence, let him employ it all to express my feeling of your very great kindness. He knows it, and thinks I ought to think of it as I do. Adieu.

Yours,

H.

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*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NICE, Feb. 9, 1770.

MY DEAR MR. SELWYN: — Your letter of the 9th of January, written in the House of Commons, tells me Charles had not delivered my letter, — that whenever he did you would write to me again, — so I did not answer your kind letter immediately, as I should have thought myself in duty bound to do, in expectation of another from you. Last post brought a letter to Lady Holland from Charles, of the 23d. Had not he given you my letter yet?

Letters to this place are full of his praise.[1] I wonder you have not joined in the chorus. Lord Carlisle, too, we hear, is lord of the bedchamber,[2] though not chamberlain to the queen. If he liked that better, I wish he had had it; but if I was king I should like him vastly about me, and not so well about the queen as my Lord Coventry.

The newspapers, I am told, have forgot me.

[1] Charles James Fox (who had been returned to Parliament for Midhurst previous to his coming of age) had completed his twenty-first year on the 13th of the preceding month. By his early speeches in Parliament, he had recently afforded the first evidence of those brilliant abilities, the effect of which nothing but his misjudgment, misconduct, and wrongheadedness, could have had the power to counteract. He was at this period a supporter of most of the obnoxious measures of Lord North's government, and more particularly distinguished himself by defending the conduct of ministers in regard to Wilkes.

[2] The report was not a correct one.

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You, I see, remember me. The excessive fine weather we have here, and Charles's fame, — all these things together have certainly, for some days past, made my spirits better than they had been since I saw you; and yet, it is true the man I envy most is the late lord chamberlain, for he is dead, and he died suddenly. If that dog Beckford [1] should be dead, I must not envy him, for to be sure he is d——d.

Madame Tresdane is here, — *femme raisonnable qui a des sentiments*, — and Monsieur Tresdane, who says you have a great deal of wit. You will have a better opinion of the *séjour* of Nice. But, alas! I, who was really very well yesterday, have had a bad night, and am this morning almost as low as ever, so the sooner I conclude the better.

Yours ever obliged,

HOLLAND.

*P. S.* You must not direct to me at Sir John Lambert's, but at Nice de Provence, paying 1s. 3d. with the letter. If you pay but 1s. it wanders through Italy, and is God knows how long

[1] William Beckford, alderman of London, celebrated for the ultra-liberality of his political principles, and the fearlessness with which he advocated them. It was not impossible that he drew up the famous address of the City of London, in which Lord Holland was unhesitatingly declared to be "the public defaulter of unaccounted millions;" this, indeed, would account for the bitterness with which Lord Holland more than once records his name. Alderman Beckford died four months after the date of this letter, June 30, 1770.

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a-coming. If you direct to me at Paris, it is a week's delay.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

### *Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NICE, Feb. 13, 1770.

MY DEAR MR. SELWYN: — Your letter of the 26th of January (so kind to me and to Charles) was very welcome. The post-boy that carried my last letter to you, returned with yours of the 26th of January to me. I told you that Charles's fame had made Lady Holland more curious about politics, and your last letter, being of the latest date we could have, makes her hope that the news of Nice is not true, which is, that the ministry are routed. I am asked my opinion, and I can only say that it does not seem to me necessary that it should be so. But I do not know what stuff they are made of, and if the ministry runs away, who can help it? The Bishop of Winchester, I hear, said "the contest was between king, Lords, and Commons, and tag, rag, and bobtail," who will soon have the worst of it. He described the contest well, and I hope he foretells the events truly, as a bishop should do; it will be the event, if your friends have firmness; have they?

Whilst Beckford lives, I think you must expect to hear of my name; there is so much cruelty and absurdity in his attack upon me; two things which he loves much to deal in.

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I like yours: I would not give twopence for some people's [opinion], though I should be sure they spoke their opinion; but what I wish most to hear, is Charles's of his own speaking. Lord Chatham's extraordinary appearance in the House of Lords[1] gives *beau jeu* to the Duke of G——, Lord W——,[2] and, indeed, whoever will speak with spirit there. Cannot you persuade my Lord Carlisle to begin? I look very wistfully out of this window, at the house he lived in two years ago; and yet the sight of him would not make me smile as it used to do. The misfortunes of this year, and the ill-usage I have met with, have taken too strong a hold upon me. And yet, when I see such weather, I almost wonder how I can be out of humour. If there is any fault to be found with the weather, yesterday and to-day, it must be its excessive heat. England will have good luck if it sees three such days next summer. I think you must pick out, from the melancholy part of this letter, how infinitely, my dear Selwyn, I think myself obliged to you, and am

Yours,

HOLLAND.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

[1] Lord Chatham's celebrated speech on the state of the nation, on the 2d of January, 1770, so highly eulogised in Junius's letter to Wilkes, of 7th of September, 1771.

[2] The Duke of Grafton and Lord Weymouth.

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*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

NICE, March 31, 1770.

DEAR MR. SELWYN: — You will write to me no more to this place, but you will do well to write immediately to Lady Holland, *chez Monsieur Blanc, Baigneur, à Lyons*, where she will most readily execute your commission, but desires your instructions as to the colour and the price.

You know by this time that your panegyric upon Charles came about an hour after I had wrote mine to you on the 9th. He writes word, that upon February the 12th he spoke very ill. I do not mind that, and when he speaks so well, as to be, as Lady Mary says, the wonder of the age, it does not give me so much pleasure, as what you, very justly I think, tell me *de son cœur*. And yet that may not signify, for, if I know myself, I have been honest and good-natured, nor can I repent of it; though convinced now that honesty is not the best policy, and that good nature does not meet with the return it ought to do.

I never envied Mr. Yorke[1] whilst he lived, but I must take leave to envy him, and everybody else, when they are dead. I comfort, by persuading, myself it is happier to wish for death than to dread it; and I believe everybody of my age does

[1] Charles Yorke. On the 17th of January he was appointed lord chancellor, and created Lord Morden, and three days afterward died by his own hand.

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one or the other. But I do not find myself near a natural death, nor will you see me hanged, though I verily think they will never leave off abusing me. I suppose it must be an aggravation of a misfortune to feel that one has brought it on oneself. I have not that, and that is felt bitterly, I believe, at Carlton House, when they look back to the time when they encouraged what, I may believe, they do not now approve; and when George the Second might have said, as James the First did, "By G——! you will have enough of this in your time;" or, as he [George II.] once said to me, "I oblige her,[1] but she wants to reign before her time." I could write till to-morrow morning about how this might have been prevented, and lately too, and my observations on what passes now; but I have nothing to say as to what is to be done, and, thank God, it is not my business to consider it.

I will mend this letter a bit by mentioning the name of Lord Carlisle, to whom I beg my most affectionate compliments. As the newspapers impute so much wit to you, I hope they give you the invention of that pretty motto they have put upon Lord Carlisle's cap; I do not think it is much either in his or your style of wit. Do you call the D—— of G——'s a vagary? Do you think the fury of the times of as little consequence now, as in a letter I received from you here

[1] The Princess of Wales, mother of George III.

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two years ago? When will the Parliament be up? Shall you come to the dauphine's wedding?[1]

I have been in worse spirits than I am now, but I am in such now that I am very glad, — as I dare say you will be, — that there is no room for anything more, than to assure you that I am, dear sir, your excessively obliged, and excessively affectionate, humble servant,

HOLLAND.

[In the handwriting of Lady Holland is added:]

"The colours I will venture to choose, but wish to know about the price, and if it is to be a *demi saison* or a winter velvet. I have not room to add how much I am,

"Your humble servant,

"C. H."

*The Earl of March to George Selwyn.*

HINCHINBROKE, Thursday morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Our party at Wakefield[2] went off very well. We had hunting, racing, whist and quinze. My horse won, as I expected, but the odds were upon him, so that I betted very little.

After hunting on Monday, I went to Ossory's,

[1] The marriage of Marie Antoinette of Austria, with the Dauphin of France, afterward the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth.

[2] Wakefield Lodge, the seat of the Duke of Grafton.

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where I lay in my way here. He came with me and went back yesterday. I imagined he would have liked to have stayed if Lady Ossory had not been alone. They live but a dull life, and there must be a great deal of love on both sides not to tire. I almost promised to go back for Bedford races, but believe I shall not. I go to Newmarket to-night, and to London to-morrow.

Sandwich's house is full of people, and all sorts of things going forward. Miss Ray[1] does the honours perfectly well. While I am writing, they are all upon the grass-plot at a foot-race. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Villiers were here on Tuesday, and Lord Farnham, Orford, Shafto, Blake, Bunbury, Lord Spencer Hamilton, and Sir J. Hinde Cotton are here now. The horse I ran at Wakefield runs to-day, but I think he will be beat. Vernon is expected from London.

Farewell! my dear George; when I have absolutely determined about York, you may be sure that I will let you know. I rather think I shall not come, though I long very much to make Carlisle a visit, and therefore rather wish to persuade myself that I shall. God bless you, my dear George.

Yours,

M. AND R.

[1] Lord Sandwich's mistress, who, in April, 1779, was shot, in a paroxysm of jealousy, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, at the entrance of Covent Garden Theatre.

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*George Selwyn to Lord North.*[1]

CHESTERFIELD STREET, April 5, 1770.

MY LORD: — I do not know by what accident it happened, but the letter which your lordship has done me the honour to write to me, in relation to the boroughs of Wigton, etc., although dated the 3d instant, did not come to my house till eight o'clock last night, and I did not receive it till I came home to go to bed.

I cannot say anything, in answer to that part of it which relates to Lord Garlies's boroughs, but that I never once apprehended that I had anything to do with them, and that my being named occasionally as their representative was only to serve a convenience of government. As to my own, all I can say is, that it was proposed to me at the last general election, for reasons not necessary to trouble your lordship with at present, that if I succeeded in my election at Gloucester, where I was very warmly opposed, I should allow the nomination at my borough of such two members as his Majesty thought proper; and it was signified to me that Lord Garlies and Sir Peniston Lambe would be the persons recommended, if I had no objection to them.

I returned them accordingly. It was not once hinted to me, either then or upon similar occa-

[1] Lord North had recently succeeded the Duke of Grafton as first minister.

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sions, that if a vacancy happened, I should be under any obligation whatever to fill that vacancy up, but at my own option. I should not, indeed, have listened to such a proposal, neither could the engagement, in my situation, have been made. It was therefore impossible for me to expect, that if a vacancy happened at Lord Garlies's borough, I should have the least interest in it, when it was impossible, in a like contingency, for me to have returned the compliment. However, there is no occasion for me, at present, to trouble your lordship with a more minute discussion of this point, as I see no probability of any such event, unless Lord Garlies thought proper to accept a place, in which case I should most certainly think of nothing but his convenience, from my personal regard to him, as well as from my great respect and attachment to those with whom he is connected. I have the honour to be, my lord, with all due respect, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

G. SELWYN.

*W. Brookes to George Selwyn.*

[The following note is in a feigned handwriting, but is evidently that of Lord Carlisle.]

ALMACK'S, 8 o'clock in the morning.

SIR: — Nothing but your honour's great piety, resignation, and experience in such matters, can

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prepare you for the following account, which is, that the Earl of Carlisle and Colonel Scott met last night, in which the former was run through the body, having received thirty thrusts before he expired. I am, sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. BROOKES.

*The Hon. John St. John to George Selwyn.*

[The three following notes, together with the annexed memorial to the king, have reference to a criminal trial, which, for many reasons, excited an extraordinary interest at the period. Two brothers, Matthew and Patrick Kennedy (persons, it would seem, moving in a superior rank of life), were indicted, on the 23d of February, 1770, for the wilful murder of John Bigby, a watchman, in a riot on Westminster Bridge; of which offence, after a trial which lasted eight hours, they were convicted, and sentenced to be executed on the Monday following.

The cruel suspense in which the brothers were afterward kept, month after month, shows how brutal was formerly the administration of the laws. On the morning on which the sentence was to have been put into execution an order was received for the respite of the prisoners, and they were subsequently informed that their sentence had been commuted to transportation for life. For some reason, however, Matthew Kennedy, on

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the 12th of April, was again ordered for execution, which sentence was again commuted to transportation. Agreeably with this milder sentence, Matthew was actually on board a convict-ship, on his way to a penal colony, when the widow of Bigby lodged a fresh appeal against them at the Sessions. In consequence of this appeal, Patrick was once more brought to the bar, and an order issued for bringing back Matthew.

On the latter being produced in court, he is described as being "in double chains, in a blue coat, with a handkerchief about his neck, and looking greatly dejected." Among the persons on the bench are mentioned Lord Spencer, Lord Palmerston, George Selwyn, Esq., and "several persons of distinction, friends to the unhappy prisoners." At the close of the hearing, both brothers were transferred to the charge of the sheriff, in order to afford time to investigate the merits of the widow's appeal before the next term.

In November following the two prisoners were again placed at the bar; but it appears that the widow had, in the meantime, been induced, by the receipt of a considerable sum of money, to relinquish the pursuit of the appeal, and consequently allowed herself to be non-suited. According to one of the public journals of the period, "When she went to receive the money (£350), she wept bitterly, and at first refused to touch the money that was to be the price of her husband's blood;

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but, being told that nobody else could receive it for her, she held up her apron, and bid the attorney, who was to pay it, sweep it into her lap." In April, 1771, after suffering more than eighteen months of suspense and misery, the two brothers were again placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, and informed that his Majesty had been pleased to extend to them his royal clemency, and that their punishment had been commuted, Matthew, to transportation for life, and Patrick for fourteen years. The latter appears to have been subsequently pardoned.

According to Junius, the Kennedys were indebted for their escape from the gallows to the interest which their sister, Miss Kennedy, made with her paramours to procure their pardon. "The mercy," says Junius, "of a chaste and pious prince extended cheerfully to a wilful murderer, because that murderer is the brother of a common prostitute, would, I think, at any other time, have excited universal indignation." Whether the Kennedys, however, were indebted for their lives to their own innocence, or to the influence of their sister's charms, certain it is that the cruel state of suspense in which they were kept for so many months, was thoroughly disgraceful to the ministry who had their lives at their disposal.]

*The Hon. John St. John to George Selwyn.*

[John, third son of John, second Viscount St. John, was the brother of Frederick, second Vis-

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count Bolingbroke, whose name has so frequently occurred in the present collection. He afterward sat as member of Parliament for Eye, and held the appointment of surveyor-general of the Crown lands. He died October 8, 1793.]

Mr. J. St. John's compliments to Mr. Selwyn, and desires him to excuse the shortness of this note, which is nothing more than to inform him that the widow of the watchman, last night upon the breaking up of the Sessions, presented an appeal of murder against the Kennedys. I have been with Mr. Wallace and others this morning, and make no doubt but that they have already defeated themselves in their conduct in this appeal, which is the most difficult matter to conduct of any in the law. I want very much to know where Matthew is at present, and hope he is out of reach. I have sent to inquire. It is certainly the Bill of Rights people that have spirited her up.

*The Hon. John St. John to George Selwyn.*

BOSWELL COURT, Saturday morning.

Mr. St. John's compliments to Mr. Selwyn; would be infinitely obliged to him if he would be so kind as to remind Lord Rochford of the situation of the poor Kennedys, who are still in irons in the King's Bench, though all proceedings against one are entirely at an end; the eldest having had a free pardon made out for him before the appeal

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was brought against him, and the youngest having suffered an additional year's imprisonment.

### *The Earl of Fife to George Selwyn.*

[James, second Earl of Fife in Scotland, and first Baron Fife in England. He married Dorothea, daughter and heiress of Alexander Sinclair, ninth Earl of Caithness, by whom he had no children. The earl died on the 24th of January, 1809, at the age of eighty.]

WHITEHALL, April 28, 1770.

DEAR SIR: — Just after I wrote to you this morning, I went to Mr. Stuart, on Tower Hill. I settled the free passage for Kennedy, for which I gave him fifteen guineas, and I got a letter of credit for ten, in order that the poor fellow might have something in his pocket; I also got a letter of recommendation to a person in Maryland, who will be vastly good to him. Mr. Stuart told me he believed the ship was sailed; however, I resolved to spare no pains to relieve the poor man, and therefore directly set out for Blackwall, and very luckily found the ship not gone. I went on board, and, to be sure, all the states of horror I ever had an idea of are much short of what I saw this poor man in; chained to a board, in a hole not above sixteen feet long; more than fifty with him; a collar and padlock about his neck, and chained to five of the most dreadful creatures I

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ever looked on. What pleasure I had to see all the irons taken off, and to put him under the care of a very humane captain, one Macdougal, who luckily is my countryman, and connected with people I have done some little service to! He will be of great service to Kennedy; in short, I left this poor creature, who has suffered so much, in a perfect state of happiness. I am thus tedious, because I know you will be glad to hear that his afflictions are over, and I am sure the poor man will succeed, and do well. Pray, do all you can to obtain the pardon of the other. Methinks, as Matthew has been at least four times hanged, it may satisfy for the crime alleged against the two. If you make any contribution, I humbly think it should be very private. What is laid out for this man to-day I insist on being by myself, for I never, in my life, had a more ample return for money. Pardon my long letter, and believe me to be, with much respect,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

FIFE.

*To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.*

The Memorial of ———

Most humbly showeth,

That your memorialist having been informed that some doubt hath arisen whether your Majesty, in that justice to your people which is the rule of your government, may receive any information,

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except what has been given in court, to stay the execution of an unhappy convict under sentence of death, we humbly beg leave to express our entire confidence in your Majesty's wisdom and goodness, and to implore your Majesty, for the sake of all your subjects, never to separate from your royal person that blessed branch of your prerogative, which the Constitution has planted in your Majesty alone, to extend your mercy to every person who shall seem to your own royal apprehension a fit object of your clemency, or who may allege somewhat, that may of right induce your Majesty to exercise your power in the very instance that is most grateful to the benignity of your heart.

We therefore presume, most humbly, to recommend to your royal consideration the case of one Matthew Kennedy, now ordered for execution; for, were every fact alleged against him incontrovertibly established, yet, as his character is fair, and the fatal event happened, not from any corruption of mind, but a most unfortunate, not habitual, deprivation of sense and reason, we conceive that the tenderness of his years, added to the innocence of his heart, might render him, in your gracious thoughts, no unworthy object of compassion. But, since it has been said by the learned judge who tried him, that public justice ought to fall on him who gave the blow, we beg leave to suggest that public justice ought not to fall on him who, it can be proved, did not give the blow.

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The fact against Kennedy, as stated to the jury, was founded on evidence doubtful in the nature of things, and very suspicious from circumstances of corrupt behaviour in the single witness who fixed it on him. But with great certainty it may be made clear to your Majesty, that Matthew Kennedy did not give the blow, by evidence which could not possibly be produced at the trial; but we pray God to forbid that any person, however wretched his condition may be, shall ever be precluded from alleging any plea that can dispose your Majesty, consistently with public justice, to save the life of one of your subjects, especially a youth of unblemished reputation, who in the very act of which he is attainted, is free from every possible imputation of premeditated guilt.

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.*

Thursday morning [1770].

DEAR GEORGE: — After you was gone last night, I heard it whispered about the room that a bad representation had been made at the Queen's House against the unhappy young man. Do not mention this, as it might do hurt; but try privately, without talking of it, if you cannot get some of the ladies to mention the cruelty of the case; or what do you think of a hint by the German women, if you can get at them?

Yours, etc.,

H. W.

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*Lord Holland to George Selwyn.*

LYONS, May 2, 1770.

DEAR MR. SELWYN: — I came here late the night before last, and I found your kind letter of April the 13th. Lady Holland immediately set about your commission, and has executed it as well as she could without perfectly understanding it. We will bring it with us to Calais, but desire we may find there a letter from you, telling us what we shall do with it; for if we should happen not to land at Kingsgate, we shall not venture to bring your fine clothes with us.

We shall stay here till the 16th; nor could we go from hence sooner without difficulty. We found some difficulty in coming from Avignon, every post-house being obliged to send so many horses to Lorraine to attend the dauphine. If you consider the distance, I think this very strange. They say there are ten thousand post-horses sent to her; in short, till she is in bed at Versailles, we shall stay here, and then, I believe, go directly to Calais; and though we should not arrive before the last days of this month, we may yet be there, I am afraid, before your Parliament rises. It would do you and Charles no harm to risk a letter, as soon as you receive this, directed to me at Sir John Lambert's, though I cannot be sure when or where I may receive it.

I cannot imagine what you mean, when you

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speak of joining with me about Lord Gower. I do not remember I said anything about whom he loved; I know I do not love him, and can give good reasons for it. You saw Mr. Delme the night before he shot himself;[1] I suppose you took care to see him the night after; I suppose he had his reasons, but if his wife does not guess, or does not tell, you will never know them.

I am very sorry for Lord Mounthermer,[2] because I understood he was happy himself, and necessary to the happiness of other people.

Lady Holland says she always admired Lord Carlisle, and everybody says it is impossible not to admire Lady Carlisle,[3] so I wish them and you a good night; you will sleep most, I believe. I hope neither of the three will ever have so bad a day as I have to-day, and often.

*P. S.* Yorke[4] was very ugly whilst he lived; how did he look when he was dead?

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

*To George Selwyn, Esq., in Chesterfield Street, London.*

[1] Peter Delme, Esq., died in Grosvenor Square on the 10th of April, 1770.

[2] John, Marquis of Monthermer, only son of George, first Duke of Montagu, died unmarried, April 11, 1770.

[3] On the 22d of March, Lord Carlisle had married Lady Caroline, daughter of Granville, second Earl Gower, created in 1786 Marquis of Stafford.

[4] Charles Yorke.

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## THE HON. GEN. FITZPATRICK.

RICHARD FITZPATRICK, celebrated as the friend of Charles Fox, as well as on account of his own accomplishments, was the son of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, and was born on the 30th of January, 1747. In his youth, he served with some credit in the American war. In 1780, he was returned to Parliament as member for Tavistock; in 1782 he was appointed secretary to the Duke of Portland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the following year was nominated to the office of secretary at war. His person is said to have been extremely striking; he was tall and handsome; his manners were peculiarly prepossessing; and there was a charm in his conversation which rendered his society more courted than almost any other person of his day. As secretary at war he is said to have given general satisfaction; in the House of Commons, he was admitted to have been an able, if not a powerful speaker; and his lighter poetical compositions have no mean merit. Like his friend Fox, he was a libertine in every sense of the word. Their friendship had commenced in early life, and they continued to be inseparably attached to each other to the last. The same love of pleasure; the same fatal attachment to the gaming-table; and the same redeeming taste for literature, distinguished them both. In his later

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years, the mental as well as bodily faculties of Fitzpatrick appear to have been impaired by the excesses in which he had so fatally indulged. "I witnessed," says Wraxall, "the painful spectacle of his surviving almost all the personal and intellectual graces which nature had conferred on him with so lavish a hand. During the last twelve or eighteen months of his life, it might be said of Fitzpatrick, as the King of Prussia observes of Prince Eugene in the trenches before Philipsburgh in 1734, '*Ce n'étoit que l'ombre du grand Eugène.*'" General Fitzpatrick died on the 25th of April, 1813, in his sixty-seventh year, and was buried in the churchyard of Sunning Hill. At the time of his death, he was a privy-councillor, a general in the army, and colonel of the 47th Regiment of foot. It is needless to remark, that Fitzpatrick was one of that brilliant circle, consisting of men of wit, pleasure, and literary attainments, with which George the Fourth delighted to surround himself in the earlier period of his life.

*The Hon. General Fitzpatrick to George Selwyn.*

August 28, 1770.

DEAR GEORGE: — I am heartily sorry for your *malheur*, though it is some satisfaction to me to find the resolutions of others are not more binding than my own. I am just going to set off for Winterslow, where I shall communicate your mis-

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fortune, not only to Charles, but to Stephen, for as he is in my debt, I hope to be able to pay you by his means. This will sound like a very bad prospect, but perhaps you do not know that he is going to sell an estate, so that I think there are some hopes from "this Mr. Fox." I am very sorry to say that I can give you no other. However, as soon as I arrive, I shall represent the case as it stands, and I think by October he will probably be able to pay me. I dined with March today, who read me a paragraph in a letter from you, relative to the unfortunate Captain O'Kelly. Charles intends going to Castle Howard next week; I am afraid I shall not be able to go there at all. Adieu, dear George; I hope I shall see you soon in town.

Yours sincerely,

R. FITZPATRICK.

### *Sir John Ramsden to George Selwyn.*

[Sir John Ramsden, fourth baronet, married, 7th July, 1787, the Hon. Louisa Susan Ingram Shepherd, youngest daughter and coheir of Charles, Viscount Irvine. He died 15th July, 1839.]

Sir J. Ramsden presents his compliments to Mr. Selwyn; is extremely sorry it really has not been in his power to pay him the four hundred guineas sooner, but hopes Mr. Selwyn will excuse

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it, and Sir John will certainly leave it for him at Brooks's to-night.

*Cleveland Court, Monday, 4 o'clock.*

*Right Hon. Charles James Fox to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, October 25 [1770].

DEAR SELWYN: — I am very much obliged to you for your letter. I wish I knew in what paper I could find that advertisement of the lord mayor's that you speak of. Pray remember that we have no newspapers here. If there should be anything material there relative to my father, either instructions to members, or advertisements with names, I wish you would mention it in your letters. I may read it or not to my father as I may think proper; but though I would not have him teased with such stuff, I think it right that I should be *au fait* of this matter.

I am very much ashamed to say that I have not yet executed your commissions, but they shall certainly be done. Madame Geoffrin *m'a chanté la palinodie.* I dine there to-day; she inquires after you very much. I have supped at Madame du Deffand's, who asked me if I was *déjà sous la tutèle de M. Selvin.* I boasted that I was. I gained great credit there by guessing a *logogryphe.* She says you have neglected her of late; that you used to write to her. There is hardly anybody at Paris but these old women. The court, you know, is at Fontainebleau.

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My father continues very well. Lady Cecilia is as she was; Frouchin visits her, but does not give any hopes. There is no English here of your acquaintance or mine, except young Crawford, whom I charge with this letter. Lady Holland says it is French to grudge the expense of postage. I suppose the sessions are not yet begun at Almack's. When they do, pray let me hear how they go on. I take it for granted you will lie by, but you will hear what is done. Surtout donnez moi des nouvelles de Monsieur Shafto; je m'interesse à lui on ne peut pas plus. Has the second Newmarket meeting been as lucky to him as the first? Has Carlisle got any horses yet? He had taken the house before I left England. I am just going to write to him about some china. Adieu.

Yours ever most sincerely,

C. F.

*Right Hon. Charles James Fox to George Selwyn.*

PARIS, November 19 [1770].

DEAR SELWYN: — I deferred answering your last letter till I could inform myself properly upon the question you proposed to me. After having consulted the most indisputable authorities, I have the satisfaction to find that I shall give you the same answer as if I had consulted none at all; which answer is, that *jolie figure* relates indifferently to every part of the body which is susceptible of beauty. When the *résultat* or *tout ensemble* please

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you, you may always say, *c'est une jolie figure.* You will easily comprehend that it cannot be said of anybody *bossu*, because it is impossible that the *tout ensemble* of such a person can be pleasing; but it may be said of one who is not very well made, or one who has not very regular features. Madame Geoffrin says it takes in the whole, but relates rather more peculiarly to what we call in English the person; Madame du Deffand says likewise that it takes in the whole, but that it relates rather more peculiarly to the face. You see great authorities here clash a little, as well as *là bas;* but I think it is very fair to take the medium between these two opinions, and to conclude that it relates to the whole; and the more so, because this slight difference of opinion may proceed more from their different ideas of what is most essential to make a woman pretty, than from anything else. They both agree in saying it takes in the whole, and where they are both in a story we may believe them; and I can assure you that it happens so seldom that we need not fear being toy credulous by following that rule.

I am sorry for what you say about your place, but I hope some remedy will be found. Some expressions in your letter make me suspect that you are not content with the D—— of G——. I hope to hear better news in your next. I hear Wilkes and his friends are disappointed at the

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damages being so small. I think them very great, but I am glad they are disappointed.

My father desires me to tell you that he likes full as well to hear from you by your letters to me, as if you writ to him. I think he has better health in this excessive cold weather than I have known him for some time. Quantities of cousins visit us; amongst the rest the Duke of Berwick.[1] What an animal it is! I supped last night with Lauzun, Fitzjames, and some others, at what they call a *Clob à l'Anglaise.* It was in a *petite maison* of Lauzun's. There was Madame Briseau and two other women. The supper was execrably bad. However, the champagne and Tokay were excellent; notwithstanding which the fools made *du ponche* with bad rum. This club is to meet every Saturday, either here or at Versailles; I am glad to see that we cannot be foolisher in point of imitation than they are.

I suppose you are now with Carlisle at Langton; I wrote to him lately. I sent you your snuff-box by Lord Dunmore. The ambassador is arrived. As to English, I think General Irwin cuts the principal figure. He seems to be very happy at

[1] Charles Fitzjames, son of the celebrated Duke of Berwick, natural son of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough. Charles Fox, through his mother, Lady Caroline Lennox, was great-great-grandson of Charles the Second, and as the Duke of Berwick was grandson of James the Second, this, of course, is the relationship alluded to in the text.

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supping often with Madame de Choiseul. *C'est un fat achevé*, but good-humoured. Madame du Deffand complains you neglect her. Adieu.

Yours ever most affectionately.

*P. S.* I had chosen you a velvet, but it was not bought, so I have forbid it.

[Gen. Sir John Irwin, whose name occurs in this letter, was a celebrated person in his day. "His person, manners, and conversation," says Wraxall, "were all made for the drawing-room, where he seemed always to be in his native element. Though declining in life, yet his figure, tall, graceful, and dignified, set off by all the ornaments of dress, accompanied with a riband and a star, rendered him conspicuous in every company. He constantly reminded me of a marshal of France, such as they are described by St. Simon, under Louis the Fourteenth. His politeness, though somewhat formal, was nevertheless natural and captivating. Perhaps (at least so his enemies asserted) his military talents were not equally brilliant with his personal accomplishments; but he had not risen the more slowly on that account to the honours, or to the eminences of his profession. Besides a regiment and a government conferred on him by the Crown, he had held, during several years, the post of commander-in-chief in Ireland, with very ample

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appointments and advantages. But no income, however large, could suffice for his expenses, which, being never restrained within any reasonable limits, finally involved him in irretrievable difficulties. The fact will hardly obtain belief, that at one of the entertainments which he gave to the lord lieutenant in the year 1781, at Dublin, he displayed on the table, as the principal piece in the dessert, a representation of the forces of Gibraltar invested by the Spanish forces, executed in confectionery. It exhibited a faithful view of that celebrated rock, so dear to the English nation; together with the works, batteries, and artillery of the besiegers, which threw sugar-plums against the walls. The expense of this ostentatious piece of magnificence did not fall short of fifteen hundred pounds, and so incredible must the circumstance appear, that if I had not received the assurance of it from Lord Sackville, I should not venture to report it in these memoirs." Sir John Irwin was a great favourite with George the Third, who once observed to him, "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your Majesty, have done me great injustice: they should have said a bottle." His extravagant mode of living subsequently involved him in great pecuniary difficulties, and while abroad, and in distress, George the Third on two different occasions sent him a present of five hundred pounds. "His debts,"

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says Wraxall, "became so numerous, and his creditors so importunate, that, though as a member of Parliament his person still remained secure, he found it impossible to reside longer with comfort in this country. Quitting, therefore, privately, his elegant house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, he retired to the Continent; and landing in France, he hired a château in the province of Normandy, where his military rank secured for him every testimony of respect from the surrounding gentry. He nevertheless soon experienced such pecuniary difficulties that, as he could nourish no hope of ever revisiting his native country, he removed over the Alps into Italy." Sir John Irwin is said to have died at Padua, about the month of May, 1788, in obscurity, but not in distress.]

END OF VOLUME II.

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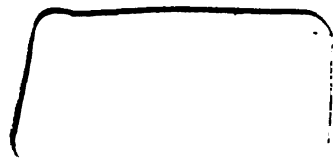

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